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Everybody's Magazine

APRIL

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The Ridgway-Thayer Company

THE DAINTIEST SOAP MADE is HAND SAPOLIO for toilet and bath. Other soaps chemically dissolve the dirt—HAND SAPOLIO removes it. It contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a perfect complexion. Test it yourself.

THE FAME OF SAPOLIO has reached far and wide. Everywhere in millions of homes there is a regard for it which can not be shaken. Sapolio has done much for your home, but now for yourself—have you ever tried HAND SAPOLIO, for toilet and bath? It is related to Sapolio only because it is made by the same company, but it is delicate, smooth, dainty, soothing, and healing to the most tender skin. It pleases everyone.

ITS USE IS A FINE HABIT—ITS COST BUT A TRIFLE.

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. X. APRIL, 1904. No. 4.

THE CLOSURE: ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND COURT.

The Greatest World's Fair

By DAVID R. FRANCIS

President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

With Pencil Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be the most remarkable ever held, because it will cover more ground than any previous exposition; because the appropriations from home and foreign governments are the largest ever made for a single fair; because not only will there be more exhibitors than ever before, but the intention is to show processes not products, that is, how goods are made rather than the goods themselves; because there will be many special exhibits like the Airship Contest, the Olympian Games, the Model City, which have not been seen in this country; because the attractions along the Pike will outclass those of any former "midway," and because the hill effects within the grounds will make the exposition the most beautiful yet planned.

For every man, woman, and child whose ancestors took part in the development of the Middle West the Exposition will have a personal significance; and, for the rest of the world, that significance which must always attach to new high levels of achievement. For exposition-giving seems to have developed a Frankenstein, in that each effort must outclass not merely each previous effort, but all previous efforts combined. Public expectation rises by leaps and bounds, and the exposition that does not keep pace with it will not be accepted by the world as a measure of progress. The constant striving to produce something bigger, costlier, more interesting, more artistic, more instructive, more amusing than ever before has been going on year after year until the problem of 1904 has been well nigh gigantic. Yet we believe we have solved it. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is indeed the biggest and costliest project of its kind on record, and in the opinion of experts it will be more interesting, artistic, instructive, and amusing than all previous expositions.

With 1,240 acres we have twice the area of

Hon. David R. Francis has been Mayor of St. Louis and Governor of Missouri, and was Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's last Cabinet. He is prominently mentioned as the possible nominee of the Democratic party for President at the forthcoming National convention. The series of drawings illustrating the article shows the great structures of the Fair as they will look when the Exposition opens next month. They were made in St. Louis by Mr. Bailey.—THE EDITOR.

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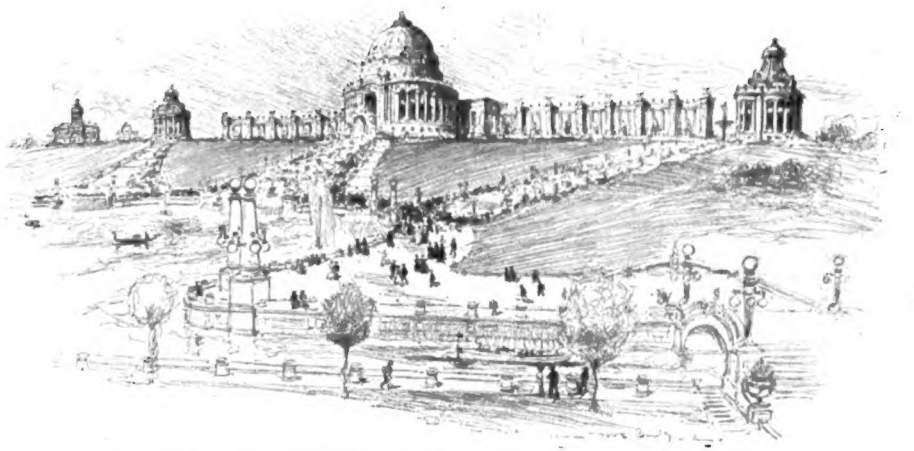

FESTIVAL HALL, COLONNADE OF STATE, AND CASCADE GARDENS.

the Columbian Exposition, four times that of the last Paris Fair, over four times that of the Pan-American, and over five times that of the Centennial. Or to put it in another way, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will embrace within its six-mile boundary line an area larger than that of the Chicago, Buffalo, and Philadelphia Fairs combined; so that our modern exposition has come to bear about the same relation to the old-time fair that a metropolis bears to a village, a great machine, every part of which is interrelated with every other part, a tremendous moving picture of the art, the science, and the industry of the age.

But the massing of all these parts, the piecing together of the mosaic so that it might be comprenended as a unit, called for revolutionary methods in exposition planning. Take the general picture. Previous expositions had been elaborately laid down upon flat surfaces, exquisite to look at from the viewpoint of a bird's eye, but requiring an Eiffel Tower or a Ferris Wheel to supply that viewpoint. We have the original Ferris Wheel, but we determined so to arrange our picture that it might be viewed and enjoyed by the spectator standing upon the level. So we painted it upon a rolling landscape, constructing artificial hills where they did not exist naturally, with the result that the pedestrian entering the main gate will behold the various exhibit palaces spread out before him like an immense fan, the avenues between the structures corresponding to the ribs.

ENTRANCE TO THE PALACES OF ART.

Our fan radiates downward over the sides of a hill, on the apex of which, fully half a mile from the gate, stands the Hall of Festivals. This hall has been likened to the central jewel in an architectural coronet. The simile is apt. It is a beautiful structure overlooking a natural amphitheatre. From each side of it, in semicircular formation, columns alternating with square pylons stretch away, forming sections or bays, in front of which are fourteen great sculptured figures representing in allegory the States and Territories carved from the Louisiana Purchase. From the centre and sides of this coronet three cascades, the largest artificial creations of the

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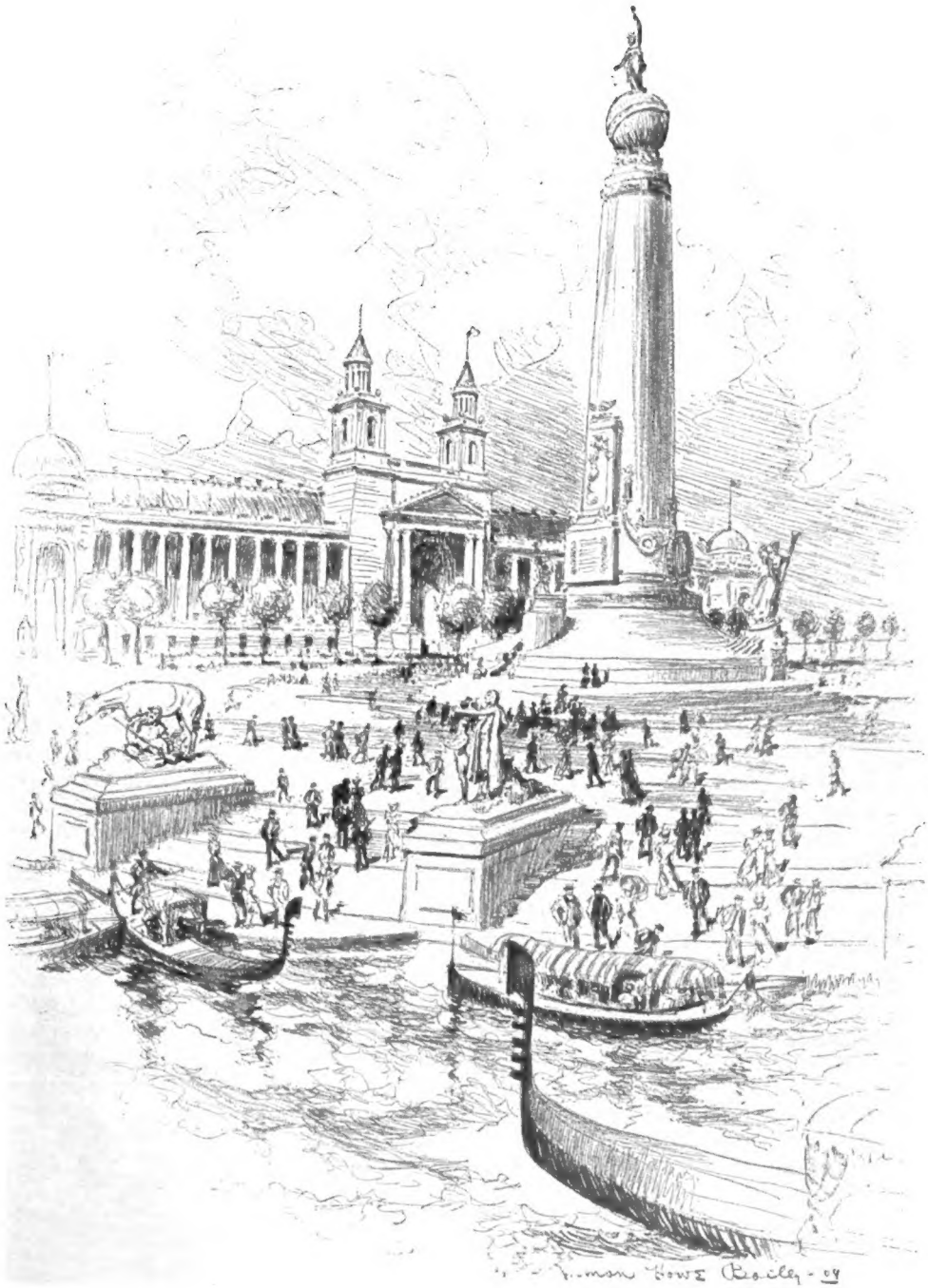

LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT AND MAIN LANDING; PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES IN THE BACKGROUND.

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LOUISIANA STATE BUILDING; THE CABILDO WHERE THE PURCHASE TREATY WAS MADE.

kind ever made, leap from terrace to terrace into the lagoon that winds for a mile or more through the grounds.

Now consider the exhibits. It was determined to have as many outdoor attractions as possible, and to place out-of-doors all those which naturally belonged without. Thus we saved the house-room of many exhibits of a class which in former expositions took up valuable room under roof. In spite of this and the enormous space at our disposal, we have had enough applications for space to fill every available square foot of ground many times over. For instance, we have had enough applications from breakfast-food manufacturers alone to more than fill the entire Agricultural Building, which is 500 feet wide and a third of a mile long. But, reversing the practice of previous expositions, we do not charge for space and this has given us a free hand in dealing with exhibitors, enabling us to exact rigid conditions. By cutting down each allotment, we have in every case forced to the surface what is vital and best in each exhibit. Where a man asks for 100 square feet and gets ten square feet, he is compelled to concentrate his energies in order to make what he considers is a sufficient showing. But mere acquiescence with our scheme of concentration has not been sufficient to insure admittance. Above all, our watchword has been "processes, not products."

The chief requisite for admittance to our buildings is that a manufacturer shall show not his wares, but machinery or workmen in the act of making them. Who, for instance, would care to see a great stand of hats or of shoes? Every person who visits the Fair will wear them. But who on the other hand will not be interested in seeing a hat take shape in the hands of expert workmen, or in following a shoe as it passes from one machine to another? There will be many instructive exhibits in still life, but it is human nature to be more interested in the things that move and grow, and we have given these the preference in all cases. Of course, other expositions have had moving exhibits, but with us it is the principle that dominates the entire enterprise. Probably this will be the greatest example of concentrated movement ever attempted.

These ideas have prevailed since the first more or less modest plan of a Purchase Exposition was seriously discussed, when I do not believe that any of us thought that we should break all exposition records in the matter of size, cost, etc. But the moment it became known that we intended holding an exposition the scheme began to grow like a snowball rolling down hill. We intended spending $15,000,000—approximately what was paid for the Purchase Strip—but the public attitude has been that ours is not an interstate, nor even a national, but a world's fair, and the cost has been leaping up and up until the final total will be at least fifty million dollars. Of course, this increased expenditure is being met by appropriations. The National Government appropriated $6,483,000. The State governments followed with over

BRIDGE OF SPAIN OVER THE PASIG; ENTRANCE BRIDGE TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PHILIPPINE EXHIBIT.

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$6,749,986 and the foreign governments, with nearly seven million dollars expended to date, have vied with one another in extending their appropriations. Germany and France are spending a million dollars each; Great Britain, Mexico, China, and Japan are spending $500,000 each; and every country of consequence has adopted the attitude that this is a world's fair in which it were well to be represented.

PALACE OF TRANSPORTATION, FROM THE WEST WATERWAY.

With the money thus appropriated, there has been constructed the most remarkable series of exhibit palaces ever brought within an enclosure. The main buildings, their dimensions and cost, are as follows:

	Feet		Cost
Transportation	525 by	1,300	$696,000
Manufactures	525 "	1,200	712,399
Varied Industries	525 "	1,200	604,000
Machinery	525 "	1,000	496,000
Mines and Metallurgy	525 "	750	490,000
Liberal Arts	525 "	750	475,000
Electricity	525 "	750	399,940
Education	525 "	750	319,399
Agriculture	500 "	1,600	529,940
Horticulture	400 "	800	228,000
Forestry, Fish, and Game	300 "	600	171,000

The eaves line of these principal buildings is sixty-five feet high. The color-tone is ivory white, so that the smoked glasses so commonly to be seen at the Columbian Exposition will not be in evidence. The style of architecture is described as a "free treatment of the Renaissance." The words "free treatment," however, seem to have been taken to mean *carte blanche* by the architects. Thus the designers of the Palace of Education surrounded the building with a Corinthian colonnade. Those of the Varied Industries Building topped their structure with Spanish steeples. The architects of the Manufacturers Building used a domed roof and triumphal arch *motif*. Liberal Arts has quadriga-crowned entrances five stories high. Machinery Building is a forest of towers. Mines and Metallurgy has Egyptian obelisks standing guard beside the entrances. Transportation has a domed roof, massive entrance-arches and a bottle-shaped pylon. Agriculture is a plain succession of heavy piers. There is, indeed, variety in our architecture and yet the mass, taken as a whole, is harmonious. There are no jarring effects. This is true also of the State buildings, many of which are elaborate.

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GREAT TOWERS FLANKING MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF MACHINERY.

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HALL OF CONGRESSES.

MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

Of course we like to talk of the paramount excellence of the Missouri Building, but our opinion will hardly be approved by the citizens of other States, whose buildings have cost just as much and doubtless represent the taste of their sections. Most remarkable among these State buildings are those of Texas, in the form of a "Lone Star," and of Washington, which has great pillars cut from the giant trees of the Pacific slope rising from foundation to roof-cap. Louisiana reproduces the Cabildo at New Orleans, in which the formal transfer of the Louisiana Territory took place. New Jersey reproduces Washington's Headquarters at Morristown. Connecticut does likewise with the Sigourney Mansion at Hartford. Virginia sends a replica of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. Mississippi reconstructs Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis. These will probably be the meccas of local admirers, but we can all unite in admiration of the United States Government Building, one of the handsomest on the grounds.

The United States Government Building is 800 feet long by 250 feet wide, and has been erected at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. Its architectural features are a big flat dome, an Ionic colonnade, and a "classic pediment lifted in the air by a caryatid attic." Within and near by this fine structure the United States Government will install the largest collection of exhibits ever shown by it at an exposition, the intention being to illustrate in a familiar manner the great things Uncle Sam is doing constantly for his people. For instance, the Post Office Department will exhibit a model post-office, through the glass partitions of which the visitor may see how a large post-office is operated, witness labor-saving devices in daily use, and learn how mail is handled in Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The Treasury Department will show the original warrant for the Louisiana Purchase; the War Department will illustrate methods of national defence; the Navy Department will show prevailing naval methods, a huge model of a war

MISSOURI STATE BUILDING.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

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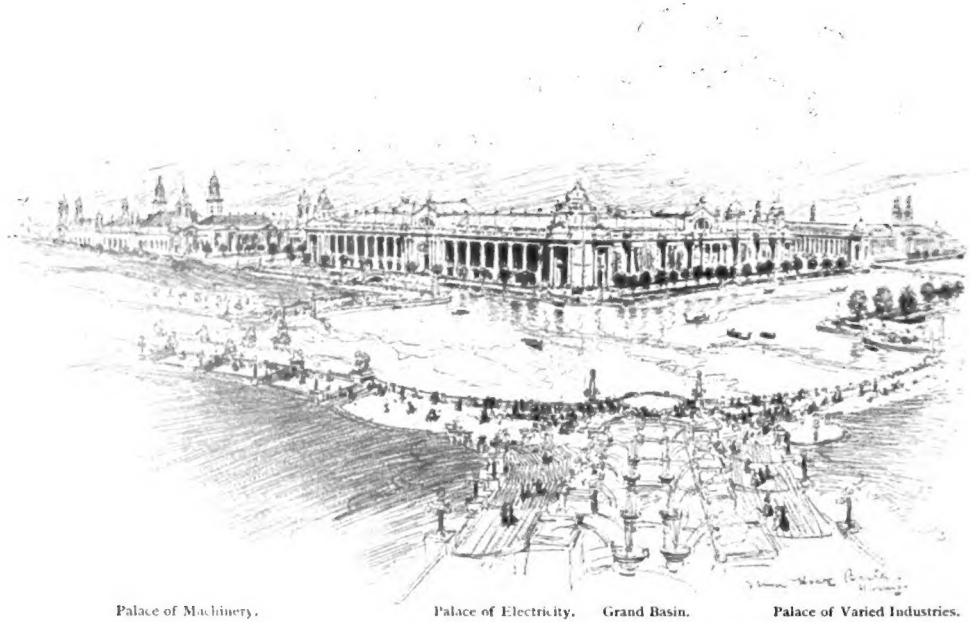

Palace of Machinery. Palace of Electricity. Grand Basin. Palace of Varied Industries.

PANORAMA SEEN FROM

vessel, and a chart on which the movements of every United States naval vessel in commission will be plotted from day to day; the State Department will exhibit curios of historic value; and all the lesser departments will give moving exhibits illustrating as much as possible their public utility. The Agricultural Department will have exhibits showing new ideas in farming, new inventions in farm machinery, illustrations of the practical worth of the departments, climate and crop service, the Weather Bureau in its relation to farming, new economies in animal industry, etc. A remarkable outdoor exhibit will be a great planting of the United States, covering several acres and illustrating the proportion of the various crops raised in each of the United States. The Fish Commission also has a building of its own.

As to reproductions of famous places, no previous exposition has had so many. Most of the foreign governments have used the idea as the *motif* of their exhibits. Thus Great Britain reproduces the famous Orangery of Kensington Palace; France, the Grand Trianon; Germany, the Imperial Castle at Charlottenburg; Belgium, the Antwerp Town Hall; China, the Palace of Prince P'u Lun. So there will be much historical interest in the foreign displays. For ourselves we have several historical displays which are not reproductions. One is General Grant's log-cabin, moved from the Dent farm and rebuilt of the original material.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is fortunate in being held subsequent to those stirring events that have given us our insular possessions, since we are enabled thereby to present as our own an exhibit which for many persons will be the most interesting on the grounds. Indeed, the assurances of popular interest in what the Philippines might exhibit have been so many, that forty acres have been devoted to those islands alone. It is the largest single exhibit and has cost $1,000,000. It is, undoubtedly, the most convincing educational feature. The forty acres sloping down to a lake, here named Laguna Bay, have been converted into an epitome of the arts, industries, habits of life, recreations, and amusements of the people of the Philippines. The visitor should be able here to obtain a comprehensive impression of life in and around Manila. One thousand Filipinos, comprising 200 Macabebe scouts, who will police the reservation, a Philippine band of 85 pieces, 300 tribes-people from native villages, and over four hundred other natives who take part in the industrial features, will populate the reservation. Manila has been reproduced with historical and geographical accuracy. Laguna Bay has three bridges, the central one of which is the famous Puente de Espana over the

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Palace of Education. Palace of Manufactures. Palace of Mines and Metallurgy.

THE TERRACE GARDENS.

Pasig. It is built of masonry; the others are constructed of bamboo. From the Puente de Espana you may enter the Walled City of Intramuras through the Barian Gate, and see the Cathedral and the public square, and the markets of Manila at first hand. Leaving the town through the Royal Gate you encounter phase after phase of Philippine country life, native Moro houses built upon poles in the lake, Luzon villages on the shore inhabited by Negrites in native costume, Macabebe camps, pearl fisheries, rice-growing, copra-raising, lace-making, in short, a complete representation of life in our Asian possessions. The value of this exhibit to merchants in search of trade openings in the Far East cannot be overestimated.

Attractions like the above, however, are the result of national, State, and foreign aquiescence with the general plan. They are provided as a matter of course by governmental exhibitors. But under the head of Special Exhibits we shall present some notable features which will make this exposition the most unique on record. Foremost among these is an Aeronautical Tournament. This will be a serious contest, in which airships, gliding machines, balloons, and kites will compete for a grand prize of $100,000 and subsidiary prizes of $50,000. The course will be L-shaped and staked off by captive balloons, and the grand prize will be awarded to the competitor who shall make the three fastest trips over the course in both directions. The contests will be in full view of all parts of the fair grounds.

We shall present the quadrennial Olympian Games. The modern world first saw them at Athens in 1896, where they were conducted as nearly as possible in accordance with the practice of ancient Greece. At that time everyone seemed surprised when a young American walked off with the discus-throwing championship. The games were again revived in Paris in 1900 and Americans won nine-tenths of the prizes. But this will be the first time they will have been held in America. The sum of $150,000 has been appropriated for the purpose, a great gymnasium has been built, and a stadium erected with a seating capacity of 15,000. Of course, the programme of sports will be more comprehensive than that provided for the original Olympiad, but this is necessitated by modern conditions. The following contests are intended:

Two days devoted to deciding the national championships by the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States: bicycling, national interscholastic championship, quoits, national swimming championship of America, short and long distance racing, diving, water polo, lawn-tennis, cross-country running, cricket, association foot-ball, Gaelic

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foot-ball, international hurling-match, roque championship, basket-ball, Young Men's Christian Associations' and college athletic clubs' gymnastic championships, archery for men and women, equestrian polo, lacrosse, contests among the German Turners of America, fencing for the championship of the world, wrestling—all weights—automobile racing, base-ball, etc. And aside from the sports enumerated the committee is arranging for other exhibitions and contests of an attractive nature.

Then we shall have International Congresses similar in a way to those held in Chicago, but, by virtue of the experience there gained, of greater significance. Our committee, consisting of Professor Simon Newcomb, of Washington, Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, and Mr. Albion W. Small, of Chicago, visited Europe last summer and secured 114 acceptances from the leading men of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Russia. They will discuss problems and read papers on Religion, Science, Literature, Law, Medicine, Sociology, and Politics.

In a similar way our musical events will have international significance, for we have secured the attendance of all the great bands of the leading nations: such as the Grenadier Band, of London, the Imperial Band of Berlin, the Garde Républicaine, of France, the President's Band, of Mexico, etc. Sousa's Band will open the Exposition, and every national band will thereafter be featured in order. We have also the largest pipe-organ ever built. It was made in Los Angeles, Cal., and has 145 stops, twelve more than the famous Sydney organ, which has held the record heretofore for size.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WITH THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS ON THE LEFT.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

A prize in the form of Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents has been secured for the Exposition. The presents were tendered to the President of the Exposition, during his tour of Europe, in February, 1903, by King Edward; the thought having no doubt been suggested to him through the agency of the Exposition's Special Commissioner to England, Miss Florence Haywood. They are now stored in St. Louis, and will be exhibited in a fireproof building.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is installing a testing laboratory, in which the locomotives of all countries will be given a competitive trial; and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has sent an exhibit which will show progressively the history of railroading, from the first effort of Stephenson to the latest transcontinental flyer.

We shall have a mining-gulch covering twelve acres in which all features of modern mining will be shown in action. There will be shaft-houses, coal-breakers, smelters, gold-washing, etc. We shall show models of the Simplon Tunnel in the Alps, the hanging railroad at Elberfeld, the great dam at Assouan. We shall have a model city, a model hospital, which in case of accident may be put to practical use, a day nursery equipped for the care of over six hundred children, and we shall have along our

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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES.

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Pike and elsewhere within our grounds the most comprehensive human-interest show ever attempted.

The chief characteristic of the human-interest show is the marvellous, whatever the side of human nature attacked. And as such shows have been very well attended at fairs and watering-places during the last decade, it behooves the concessionaire to surpass his previous efforts. From what I have seen along the Pike I should say there will be sufficient to give the most *blasé* visitor a new interest in life. To describe these shows in detail would be impossible here. Some of the more elaborate have been many months in course of construction, and cost well up toward the million dollar mark. "Jerusalem" is a reproduction of the Mosque of Omar, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives. "Creation" is to be found under a blue dome bigger than the Pantheon or St. Peter's. Therein one will seem to pass back through the ages to the beginning of all things. "Mysterious Asia" embraces scenes from India, Ceylon, Burmah, Persia, etc. The Siberian Railway takes one across the Russian steppes. The Tyrolean Alps, Cairo, Irish village, Chinese village, Japan, Seville, The Hereafter, are shows with titles which suggest their character.

INNER COURT OF THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY.

But our relation to the Pike is one rather of necessity, the result of a demand. We should much rather dilate upon the solider substance of the Exposition itself. People usually succumb to the fascination of such thoroughfares after days of sight-seeing in the true exposition, but they inevitably revert again to the original show. You may come to St. Louis determined to be impressed with what the Exposition may have to teach of the wonders of modern life. Mayhap, after days of such study you will plunge into the mad whirl of the Pike. We do not say you will. But you may, and if you do, our word for it you will at last turn back, surfeited, to the more lasting, if more tranquil, sensations of the Exposition itself, to the peace of the rose-gardens, to the beauties of the art display. You may not extract much emotional ecstasy from the fact that the 3,000-H.P. turbine engine and the 5,000-H.P. reciprocating engine are the largest ever exhibited at an exposition; but there is a world of material satisfaction in beholding the evidence of their combined power operating everywhere for the conservation of your comfort.

Comfort—there is an element which will permeate the entire Exposition and upon which its success will ultimately depend. No other problem has been given so much thought as this of the public comfort. It has been said that we would not be able to care for the crowds that will come to St. Louis during the season, but that is a fallacy. The hotels in the city are preparing to entertain guests in great numbers, and the Exposition Company, in order to insure reasonable rates, has granted a concession within the Fair grounds for the erection of an immense hotel capable of accommodating 6,000 guests. Low rates for board and lodging in this hotel have been fixed by the Exposition officials and will not be changed, however great the press of visitors. The hotel will be three stories high and built on the gridiron plan, so that each room will have daylight and free circulation of air. The house will be surrounded by a veranda, to be used for lounging and purposes of observation. Guests at this hotel will pay fifty cents daily in addition to the regular charge, to compensate for the admission to the grounds which would otherwise be lost to the Exposition. The advantage of being domiciled within the grounds and of being able to retire to one's room at pleasure will appeal to many persons. But if one on the other hand should prefer to reside in the city, shuttle-trains, running to and from the grounds

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FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADES—CHIEF FEATURE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL SCHEME.

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every ten minutes, and numerous trolley lines will amply accommodate the largest crowds.

Once within the grounds, visitors will find so many means of conveyance available, that it will be possible actually to view every exhibit within and without the buildings without walking a single step. The main artery of intercommunication will be the Intramural Railway, an overhead trolley system with seven miles of track winding in, through, and about the grounds, and with stations at every conceivable point of interest. There will be automobile and 'bus lines; gondolas and launches on the lagoons; automobile-chairs and push-chairs on the footpaths; and in the foreign concessions every form of conveyance native to the people, from the "rickshaw" of the Jap to the donkey of the Alexandrian. Even the babies will be looked after, for there will be stations from which perambulators can be hired by the day.

So with all these modes of conveyance the most languid visitor may see the sights with the least possible amount of exertion, from the Model City on the east, to the Physical Culture Gymnasium on the west; from the foreign concessions on the north, to the great stock-yards on the south. And *en route* one may idle away an hour in the groves of a thousand trees that adorn the grounds, or dawdle it away in the restaurant of whatever nation one happens to be passing, gastronomically secure in the assurance that all water used has been filtered, all foods regularly inspected by a committee. If the weather be warm in the open, there will be the Auditorium and the Exhibit Palaces cooled to a comfortable temperature. If the weather be downright hot, there will be the Natatorium, where one may bathe according to the fashion of one's country, in the biggest tank on earth, and have one's linen washed and ironed while one waits. And there are rest-pavilions with roof-garden effects from which the madding crowd may be viewed as it surges back and forth.

ALPINE VILLAGE IN THE GERMAN TYROL.

These rest-pavilions have been designed especially for women, but they are about the only evidence that will be found of the interests of women having been singled out as separate and distinct from those of men. In all other expositions woman and her interests have been segregated to special buildings, as though she were a thing apart from mere man. We have considered her, her likes and dislikes, as of equal importance with man and his interests. And so woman figures in every building, in every display. She will hold places on the juries of award. She has executed some of the finest paintings and sculpture on view in the Exposition. She has assisted on Government, State, and other boards in the collection of exhibits, in the general exploitation, etc. There are even women concessionaires, and a woman contractor competed with men in the actual physical construction of the Exposition. Woman has done as much as, if not more, than man for the development of the Middle West, and the dignity of her struggle and the grandeur of the result is the *motif* of nine-tenths of our sculpture.

After all, it is futile to attempt to convey on the printed page an adequate conception

PLAZA OF ORLEANS.

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WATERWAY, WITH ENTRANCE TO PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY ON RIGHT; BEYOND, PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

of what the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be like. With millions of dollars at our disposal, and thousands of men and women to do the work, the task of collecting and organizing has been one of years. There are more exhibits in one of our buildings than there are words in this entire magazine. The mere catalogue will be as large as an encyclopedia. But it is upon such a framework of glittering generalities that one buiids the substance of one's special impression. Whatever that impression may be—whether of the significance of the Fair as an historical memorial, its greatness as an enterprise, the wonder of its panorama by day, the beauty of its electrical illumination by night—whatever the character of your impression, I am convinced it will be a life-long remembrance.

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The New Moon

By BLISS CARMAN

With Decorations by Ernest Haskell

THE new moon through the firs
Shines like a silver lamp,
Tranquil and bright.

The purple mountain wall
And the dark-shadowed gorge
Glimmer and pale.

Serene, untroubled thoughts
Come to me out of the night,
So blue, so still.

The ancient life of the Gods,
With knowledge and calm and desire,
Flows through the world.

And we, too, lovely friend,
Partake of their endless joy,
Having known love.

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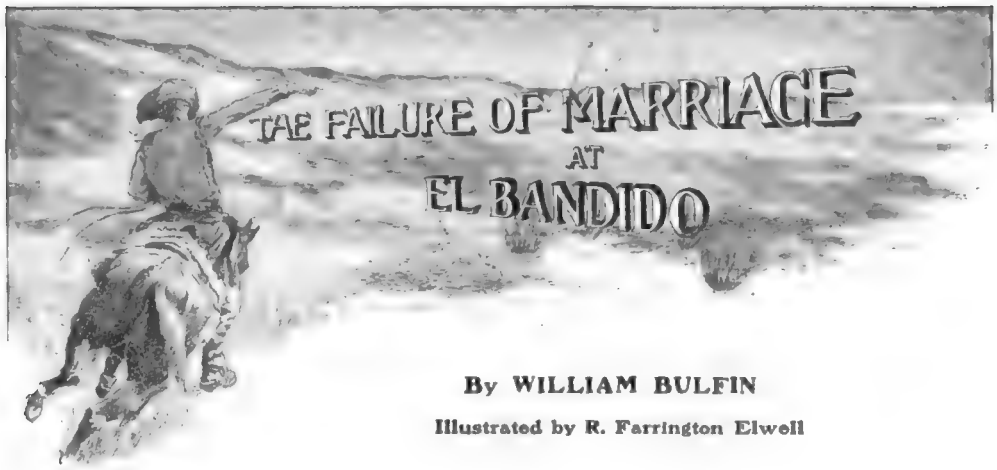
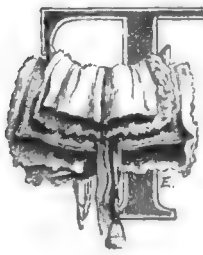


By WILLIAM BULFIN

Illustrated by R. Farrington Elwell



THE major-domo of El Bandido, Don Eduardo, as everyone called him, would carry out his employer's instructions to the letter, although he had grave misgivings and forebodings as to the result thereof.

"It is going to end badly, this crazy business," he told himself, "but orders are orders, and one must carry them out in all seriousness and formality. So let us put our hands to the work and set this great matrimonial agency in motion."

He opened the office door, and was confronted by a score of gaucho shepherds and cattlemen who had assembled in obedience to his summons. Their appearance was strangely dejected. There was little of the jaunty air about them with which they usually carried themselves. It was pay-day, but nevertheless sadness was enthroned in their hearts. They were standing in the warm sunshine which the gaucho loves, but it brought no brightness to their spirits.

"Caballeros," said Don Eduardo, with solemn unction, after the usual salutations had been interchanged, and after he had satisfied himself by a rapid general survey that all his men were there, "I suppose you have given full consideration to this thing of which the Patron has been speaking to you?"

The Patron was owner of the broad leagues which lay between the boundary wires of El Bandido; and Don Eduardo was speaking in his name.

There was silence for a few moments, and nineteen pairs of eyes were turned upon a certain graybeard who was nervously patting the leg of his horse-skin boot with his riding-whip. This individual, whom his comrades evidently regarded as their spokesman, raised his head at length and, having cleared his throat, replied respectfully and deliberately:

"*Si, señor;* we have seen that the Patron had reason in all he said, and that it corresponds to us to do as he told us."

"So that you have all resolved to get married, no?"

"Precisely, señor—as the Patron orders it."

"Then I am to tell you that your marriages are to be solemnized to-morrow."

"*Dios mio!* so soon!" exclaimed the spokesman, combing his hair, in dire agitation, with the butt of his whip-handle.

"So soon, señor!" chorussed the other nineteen, while their faces visibly lengthened.

"To-morrow evening," repeated the major-domo; "the Patron commands it."

"But it cannot be, Don Eduardo—it cannot be so soon."

"It must be, or ye know the alternative, I suppose?"

They had been duly warned of this impending crisis; but they had been hoping that it might be staved off. As a matter of fact, they had resolved to make a formal acceptation of the principle of matrimony in the abstract, and then stop there, if possible, by means of diplomatic promises and still more diplomatic postponements. Now, however, that they had come face to face with the dilemma, their native subtlety did not desert

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them; and, gaucho-like, they would play the game to the last card.

"You see, Don Eduardo," pleaded the spokesman, in his most wheedling manner, "one must have time to make some preparations for such an event."

"The Patron says ye are prepared enough," was the answer.

"But as to clothes, señor, we have none, as you might say, and our women are, with all respect, in a worse case, señor."

"The Patron says ye have clothes good enough for horse-racing and dancing."

"But, Don Eduardo, figure it to yourself if getting married is the same as horse-racing or going to a bit of a dance!"

"It is evidently not the same; but what can be done about it? The Patron says that when he attended the church in La Trinidad on Sunday evening, he saw the missioners marrying couples whose clothes were in tatters."

"No doubt, señor, no doubt; but we thought, señor, for the credit of El Bandido, eh? that we would present ourselves dressed in a manner corresponding to the importance of this establishment, and to its honor. The Patron himself would surely see reason in that."

"No, he would say it was absurd. He told me to say to ye, if this question of honor were raised, that it would be far more honorable to El Bandido for its men to get married, even if dressed only in sheepskins, than for ye to go on living as ye are. 'It is shameful,' he said, 'to think of all these men and women living together and rearing up families without a single marriage having been celebrated amongst them. I cannot permit this state of things to exist any longer on my land. They must marry or go.' These were his words."

"But, Don Eduardo, why such a hurry? You know yourself, and so does the Patron, that we are living just as our fathers lived before us. We said this to the Patron himself, and he could not deny it."

"He told me about that, and he also told me the answer he made ye. He said that whatever may have been the case in the days when people lived in the trackless wilderness, far from civilization and churches, and far out of the reach of a priest, it could be no excuse for the present. Now there are churches in every camp-town, he told ye, and at La Trinidad there are holy friars giving a mission, who will marry ye for nothing. It is only five leagues from here to La Trinidad and ye can gallop it in an hour. For any of the women and children who are not able to go on horseback there are brakes and vans. Did he not say all this to ye?"

"Ah! yes, he said it all and spoke to us much that we could not understand. He has not your knowledge of us Criollos; but he respects you; and who knows but he would heed you, if you spoke to him for us? He is young, señor, and——"

"See, caballeros," interrupted Don Eduardo, gently but firmly, "we are only wasting words in this discussion. I do not pretend to judge between another man and his conscience, nor am I competent to judge between man and woman, for I am only a Criollo myself and an old bachelor, and I have not the learning of the Patron, who is college bred, and who has just married a devout lady; and who has now to give more respect than ever to morality and the correctness of life, eh? And above all, my children, the Patron has given his orders, and if I do not carry them out some other majordomo will. Is not that the case, I ask you?"

There were murmurs of doleful assent.

"And *en fin*," proceeded Don Eduardo, "my orders are stringent. I am to take you all, with your women and children, into La Trinidad to-morrow, and have you christened and confessed and married; and any man refusing to come with me is to be cleared off the land. The Patron meant to take ye in himself, but he was suddenly called away this morning to Buenos Ayres; and so the job has fallen to me. It is not work I covet. But what would ye have?"

"Come on now," went on Don Eduardo, encouragingly, "why look at it in that gloomy way after all? Have not ye and the women ye are going to marry lived together for years? Therefore my advice to ye is, to go through with it, and get it over in a rush. It cannot be such a terrible thing when all is said.

"Ah! Don Eduardo," said the graybeard, sadly, "it is because you have not the experience in such matters that you say it is a small thing. I swear to you, señor, it is a compromise most tremendous."

The others grimly nodded assent. One swarthy, bow-legged, hairy character, whose avocation was the taming of wild horses and the trooping of cattle, broke into speech and asked permission to observe that marriage was calculated to spoil a woman. "It is a calamity," he said, "for, look you, once she

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gets hold of the marriage-certificate, then it is good-by to your authority over her. This have I seen myself in the case of my cousin."

Next day nearly the entire population of El Bandido, headed by Don Eduardo, concentrated on the little camp-town of La

HE OPENED THE OFFICE DOOR AND WAS CONFRONTED BY A SCORE OF GAUCHO SHEPHERDS AND CATTLEMEN.

"Well, let us hope for the best," said Don Eduardo, philosophically. "I see no other way out of it for ye but to get married—that is, if ye are for remaining here."

Trinidad. The heads of all the families had come to the conclusion that marriage was preferable to eviction; and, having thus made what they considered to be a choice

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"I LIKE IT LESS AND LESS," MUTTERED DON EDUARDO IN HIS BEARD, AS HE LOOKED BACK THROUGH THE YELLOW DUST-CLOUD.

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of evils, they galloped in moody silence in the tracks of the major-domo. Their offspring averaged three or four to each family and nearly all of them could ride. Most of the women were also on horseback. The vehicles, with a few invalids, and old people, and nursing mothers with their infants and younger children, brought up the rear.

The women were in good humor, although they did not make too great a parade of their joy; it would be time enough to show their exultation to the men later on, when the bonds would be secure. But they smirked and winked at each other in secret; and Doña Ernestina said to some of her sister brides:

"Eh, but this is wonderful! The Patron is a great man! With one word, see, he makes us *people*—makes us wives with rights. But think of it—with *rights*, eh?"

She had lived with her lord and master in peace for more than twenty years—ever since the night on which he stole her from her father's *rancho*, and galloped home with her behind him on his best horse. But now she was going to be elevated to the rank of *people* and that made a great difference. Why should she not be *people* as well as her man? Why not, indeed!

"I like it less and less," muttered Don Eduardo in his beard, as he looked back through the yellow dust-cloud upon the people whom he was leading into righteousness; "you'll see hair flying for this!"

"Such a job as it has been!" he said in great weariness of spirit, to some of his cronies as they sat around a table in the cool patio of the Hotel San Martin that evening at a late dinner. "I am more fatigued, señores, than if I had been on foot all day in the corral."

Which was the bald truth. It had, indeed, been a trying day for Don Eduardo. He was not a religious man, and religious work did not suit him. He was not a marrying man, and to have such a deal of matrimony thrown on his hands was a sore trial to his patience, and to his loyalty to the Patron.

For instance, consider what occurred when the pessimistic rough-rider, Carlos Monsalvo, came to speak his nuptial vows.

"Wilt thou, Carlos Monsalvo," said the zealous missionary, "take Delia Peralta here present, etc.?"

Carlos glanced sourly at Delia, drooped his mouth, shrugged his shoulders, and looking in sorrowful resignation at the missionary, answered in this wise:

"As there is no other remedy but to accept the compromise, I will take her, padre. But remember, I do not respond for the result of this business, as——"

Don Eduardo's strong hand gripped his shoulder and shook him gently.

"It is all right, señor," said the unhappy bridegroom. "I have now obeyed the Patron and put my neck into the lasso, and——"

"Enough, enough!" cried Don Eduardo, soothingly, while his iron grip almost crushed the bones beneath it. Then he ground his teeth softly, and wished he could choke the man.

"Wilt thou, Delia Peralta, take Carlos Monsalvo here present, etc.?" continued the good father, glancing mildly at Delia.

"I will," she replied, stoutly. "I will take him, to have and to hold, padre, in spite of himself, even though ten years' experience of him has taught me what a barbarian he is."

"There, there!" remonstrated the holy man, "that will do; let us proceed," and he proceeded.

But it was in the matter of baptism that Don Eduardo's experiences were most harrowing.

"I am not so young as I used to be," he said to his friends, as he helped himself to a mighty draught of Mendoza wine, "but before I would get all this baptism done again, señores, I would prefer, if I had the choice, to mount the wickedest colt of our mark."

"Were the babies so cross, then?" asked one of the guests with the meek sympathy of a man who knows that he is quietly probing the sorrows of a friend, and that his inquiry is bound to elicit something drastic.

"Babies! what babies?" growled Don Eduardo in his broadest pampa Spanish, well seasoned by vernacular profanity. "Had it been only a question of babies it would have been simple enough; but we had to baptize them all, old and young. To begin with, there was trouble in keeping the stock together. If you took your eyes off the round-up for a moment it cut, and one had to scour the plaza and all the bars for the missing heads. And then those boys! May I never put foot in stirrup again if I would not sooner knock down a yearling calf and kneel on its head to keep it quiet under the branding-iron, than hold one of those young gauchos inside his skin at the

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font. The shins of that holy friar must be black and blue—and—but no, I cannot say 'well done' for, truly, I have to take off my hat to him. I respect him greatly—a most holy man!—a man of a saintly patience. But his methods are too fine for missionary work amongst the gauchos."

"'What would you say, padre, to putting a spancel—a little fetter—on this tiger?' I asked, as two of us dragged in a fourteen-year-old gaucho, from whom I had just taken a knife ten inches long in the blade.

"'Oh! God deliver us from such a thing,' he said, turning up his eyes in horror, 'that would not be Christian, my señor.'

"Imagine to yourselves such delicacy as that, when the case was one for chloroform! I made the holy man no reply but I put my knuckles into that young barbarian's throat and shook him. "Let yourself be made a Christian of,' said I to him, 'or I'll have you hamstrung.' Naturally, I did not mean all I said, but the padre thought I did, and, in full church, before all that matrimonial pilgrimage, he said:

"'Such words should not use themselves here!—a scandal the most grave they are, my son—a culminating atrocity, señor!'

"And I only doing my best to help the poor man! After that I kept my advice to myself; and on we went with our missionary labors. A nice piece of work this, to fall to my lot at my time of life! And such a storm as it will raise later on! I pray fervently the Patron himself may be at El Bandido when it bursts, so that he may see the results of his new morality."

In this respect Don Eduardo's prayer was heard.

Some weeks later the Patron went to El Bandido for two or three days' relaxation from the strain of political life. He was a young man of high ideals; one of a band of wealthy and youthful public men who were trying generally to put new wine into old bottles.

"And now what about the people here?" he asked after he had politely but not very attentively listened to the major-domo's report on other matters. "What is this trouble to which you have been alluding in your letters?"

DON EDUARDO.

"Ah señor," said Don Eduardo, shaking his head sorrowfully, "it has been a month of torture—worse than a drouth, worse than a locust invasion, worse than a revolution! The men would lay their case before you, señor."

"Tell them to come to me at once," said the Patron.

Don Eduardo went forth and in a few minutes returned, marshalling twenty bridegrooms whose souls were up in arms against fate. Hat in hand, they stood before the Patron; some of them with bandaged features, others with black eyes, all of them with grievances.

The Patron graciously acknowledged their salutation, and asked with kindly dignity: "What is this that has come to ye, my children? What can I do for ye?"

It was Carlos Monsalvo who was now the spokesman. It had been decided to put forward a speaker who would not bite on awkward words:

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vigor of expression, rather than delicacy, was what the occasion demanded.

"What has come to us, Patron?" said Carlos, stepping to the front. "It is this, señor, we have been wronged. Our authority in our own houses has been taken from us. Our women defy us."

"You are speaking of your *wives*, are you?" suggested the Patron, laying stress on the word which expressed what he meant to convey.

"Of *them* am I speaking, Patron," replied Carlos, firmly. "They say that now they have rights, and that you told them so."

"Yes, I told them so."

"And they tell us that now we are no longer their masters—that we are only their partners; and they give you as their authority for this."

"In advising them to urge ye to have your marriages celebrated I certainly pointed out to them the improvement it would mean in their moral and legal status."

"*Efectivamente*, señor, it is this marriage business that has turned their heads. They are insufferable since that unlucky day on which we gave them a hold on us. We tell them to catch a horse for us now, and they refuse. We tell them to give the flocks a turn for us in the camp, and they tell us to go to the devil. When they were unruly in the old days we could always settle them down again by a few smacks of a halter-end or of a coiled lasso. But now if one looks crooked at them, they take knives and shears and lengths of fence-wire to a person. You may observe the marks of violence upon some of us, señor; it is theirs. They promised the holy friar to obey us, but they pick and choose as to that in which they shall obey. Some of the children side with them, señor, and some with us; so that there are two factions in nearly every house; and it is like the cats and dogs all the time. You ask us, Patron, what we want of you. We want back the authority that has been taken from us."

"Have you finished?"

CARLOS MONSALVO

"I have finished, señor, but I would also say that we feared all the time it would come to this. I said it to the major-domo, as he will remember, and I said it to the holy friar; but no one would mind. And now it has come."

"Tell me," said the Patron, "do your wives cook for ye still?"

"Of course they cook, señor, but——"

"And do they still wash for ye and mend for ye?"

"Naturally they do, Patron, but then——"

"And do they still sweep, and mind the houses, and tend the children?"

"Why, of course, they do, Patron, but——"

"And do they ever ask ye to cook, or sew, or sweep, or tend the children?"

"Indeed, no, señor, for in truth that would be the last straw!"

"And if they do not ask ye to do part of their work, how comes it that ye expect—command them to do part of yours?"

There was silence.

"Are ye cripples or infants?" continued the Patron, indignantly; "are ye paralytics or blind men, that your wives must catch horses for ye or herd the sheep?"

Silence still.

"Who gave ye the right to make those women do your work as well as their own, while ye squatted under the trees drinking

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maté, or sprawled in the sun, or lay sleeping in the weed-clumps? Answer me."

"We have seen these things from our childhood, Patron," said the rough-rider, doggedly. "They were good enough for our mothers, and they were good enough for our own women, until the other day."

"Then they are good enough no longer. If your mothers, lived in slavery, that does not give ye the right to perpetuate it. Am I not speaking the truth?"

"It will be the truth, señor, but observe——"

"Of course it is the truth. It is also the truth, my children, that we must progress. It is necessary to have morality—no?"

"It will be so if the Patron says it, but——"

"It is so, no matter who says it, for it is true. And now, my children, go home and live in peace. I will get another holy friar to come amongst ye soon with good counsels. Soon, also, I shall put up a school here on the camp for your children; but of this we shall speak further when the plan is matured. Meanwhile remember that ye are now married men, and that your wives are not slaves and drudges, but queens of your homes, eh? And so, good-morning, and God be with ye."

They went; and the Patron said pleasantly to the major-domo, as the clanking of the gauchos' spurs died away under the eucalyptus trees:

"You see, Don Eduardo, how easy it is to deal with these poor fellows, when one goes about it in a certain way. One must take one's stand upon morality, my friend, and the rest is easy, You will find there will be no more of this bickering to complain of now.

"*Quien sabe?* Let us hope so, at least, señor," said Don Eduardo, dubiously.

"Oh! it is all right," said the Patron; "you will see!"

Next day there was commotion at El Bandido. Twenty husbands had disappeared during the night, and in the early morning twenty grass widows tumultuously assembled in front of the portico. The distracted females came to bewail their desertion and to clamor for help in their distress.

"What is this disgraceful thing your husbands have done?" asked the Patron in virtuous indignation, as he made his appearance to the twenty wife-widows, several of whom were in tears.

"We are ruined—lost!" they exclaimed, all speaking together, and crowding around him. "Maledictions on this marriage freak that has made fools of us all! Our men are gone from us, señor. Get them to come back to us, and we will throw to the winds all our trumpery rights. They came home to us yesterday, señor, and sat in sadness amongst us. Not a hand raised to us, not a loud word!—they just sat there at the doors and smoked and sighed. 'Ye have your rights now,' they said, 'and we, your husbands as they call us, are nobodies.' That was all, señor—think of it for the love of God! And then in the dead of the night they saddled their horses and bade us good by. 'We are nobodies,' they said, 'and ye are now the masters—ye are the queens here. The Patron says it. He says also that he will bring another holy friar to increase the sanctity of the camp and there is to be a school. We are not fit for such grand things,' they said, 'we are but poor ignorant gauchos, mere barbarians, and we are off to seek our fortunes and live amongst people like ourselves. Ye are going to be holy and wise now, and ye are the masters here—the queens—and we are nobodies. And so it is *adios* forever and ever.' And then they kissed the children and galloped away from us. But we want them back again, señor, we come to you for that."

The Patron asked for further particulars, and got them in shrill and tearful abundance. He implored them to calm themselves, and to speak one at a time; but he might as well have implored a shower of rain to fall upward. And to make matters worse, when he had been given account of what had taken place, he angered and disgusted them by saying:

"Do not afflict yourselves for such a slight thing. Let the ungrateful fellows go; do not heed them. They will be glad to come back. Stand firm by morality. Stand up for your rights. Flinch not!"

"Ah! this is the talk that has ruined us!" they broke out. "We want our men back. The houses are lonely without them. The children are crying for them. And there are other women who will be glad to take our places. Our rights! We want no rights. We want our men, and the old days, and the old ways, back again!"

"Then," said the Patron in anger, "I can do nothing for ye. Ye are wasting my time. Good-morning."

He turned on his heel and left them. He

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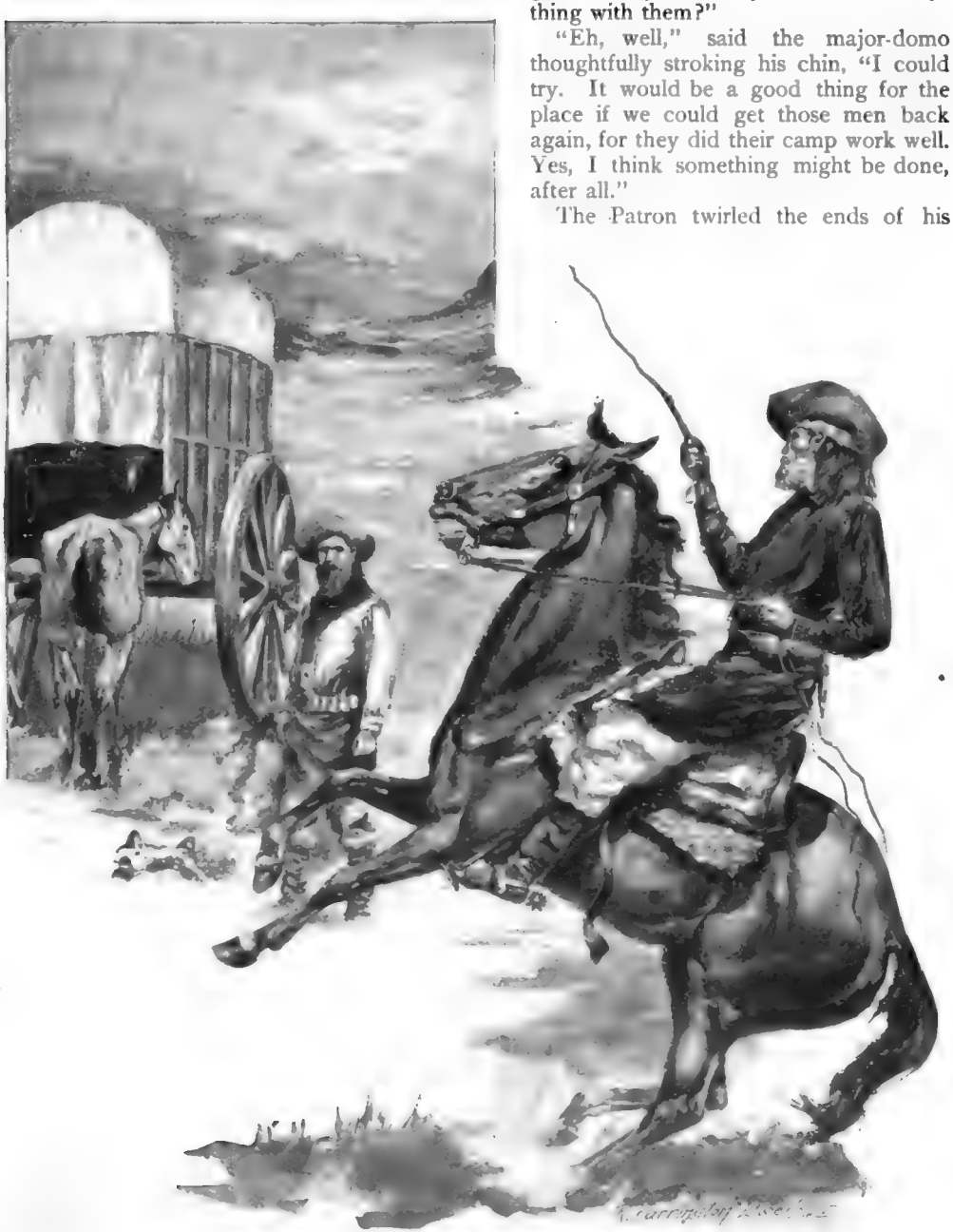
was disillusioned and sick at heart and he did not show himself to anyone for hours. Then he sent for Don Eduardo.

"I am off back to town" he said, wearily. "I came here for rest and I have only been irritated and exasperated by these preposterous idiots. What in heaven's name is to be done with them? What would you suggest? Do you think you could do anything with them?"

"Eh, well," said the major-domo thoughtfully stroking his chin, "I could try. It would be a good thing for the place if we could get those men back again, for they did their camp work well. Yes, I think something might be done, after all."

The Patron twirled the ends of his



A GRAY-BEARDED GAUCHO GALLOPED UP TO THE MAJOR-DOMO AND SALUTED.

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mustache for a few moments, looking in perplexed thought on the open countenance of Don Eduardo. Then he said abruptly:

"Bueno; settle it as best you can, for it has sickened me, and I leave it in your hands."

. . . . . .

About a week afterward a gray-bearded gaucho galloped up to the major-domo in the open camp and saluted; and when Don Eduardo asked what was the matter, the grizzled one said:

"It was to give you thanks, señor, here where we are all alone. Only for your wise counsel to us we would never have thought of going away——"

"Shut your mouth," interrupted Don Eduardo, sternly, "Did I not command you never to speak of this? Did you not swear to me that a mention of it would never pass your lips?"

Then as the old gaucho was turning away:

"How have matters been among ye since ye returned?"

"But, señor, the very grandest!" said the ancient bridegroom with a broad and naughty grin.

Work!

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

FOR every suffering of sense,
For sadder mental impotence,
There is a certain recompense
In work.

When Penury would Vision kill,
'Mid lassitude of flesh or will,
O keep this slogan ringing still,
To work!

There lurks no conjury of Fate,
No spider-web of human hate,
But thou canst shatter—only wait
And work!

Thine enemies are all within—
Deliverance must there begin—
Arouse thee, Soul, and thou shalt win
By work!

Thy triumph, from its final height,
May cheer some comrade in his fight,
Dispel his shadow—with the light
Of work!

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THE FIRING-LINE IN THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.

The Camera on the Firing-Line

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author and Others

MODERN warfare does not readily lend itself to photography. Action nowadays is too spread out, except under extraordinary circumstances, for one to get much of it within the scope of any camera. The new panoramic camera has promising possibilities, but even that will fail in most cases. I went through two wars before I succeeded in getting a good picture of real fighting. Soldiers are taught now (and good teaching it is, too) to conceal themselves as much as possible while in action, even when not actively participating in any movement. The immense range of modern fire-arms means that a great area is swept with projectiles during a battle, and troops to be within supporting distance are generally well within range, and lie down when not in motion. Then much depends upon the character of the terrain. I have often been right with troops on the firing line, with my camera in my hand, and yet waited for hours before I could get a single picture that promised any adequate photographic result.

Photograph by Thomas F. Millard.

C. F. ACKERMAN OPERATING A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA DURING AN ACTION IN CHINA.

Besides, generals do not conduct a campaign with reference to the convenience of photographers. Often most important operations will be carried out in the rain. Frequently a correspondent, with infinite exertion and trouble, will get into a position where he might secure a good picture, only to have the sun obscured at the most inopportune moment. On campaign one can, of course, very easily get any number of pictures of

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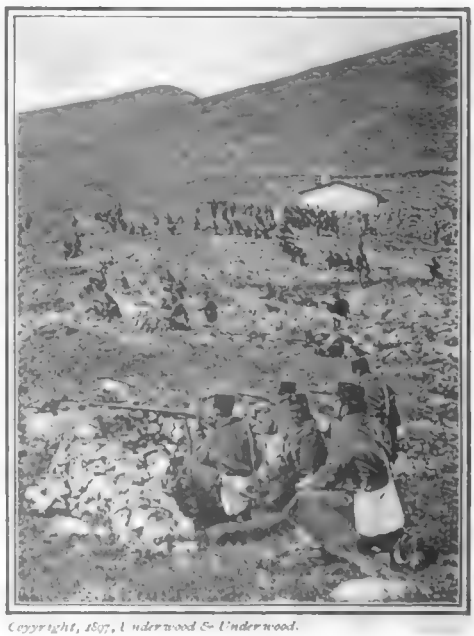
ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS AT HONEY NEST KLOOF, SOUTH AFRICA.

troops marching or doing a thousand things which illustrate life in the field and which are decidedly interesting and informative. But battle pictures are another matter.

While I was with the Boers in South Africa I succeeded in obtaining quite a number of photographs of real action. In nearly all the fights along the Tugela the Boers were on the defensive, which means that the British, as a rule, had to attack positions where the Boers were established. This enabled a correspondent with the Boers to foresee with tolerable accuracy just where the point of contact would be; and by taking his position there he stood a fair chance of getting some good pictures. Nevertheless, it was even then a very difficult performance and many were the occasions when I had to jump out of the trenches, and expose myself to fire, in order to take snaps.

One day I accompanied a number of foreign military attachés, who were detailed with the Boer armies, on a tour of inspection of the Boer positions around Ladysmith. Among the points visited was Lombard's Kop, where the Boers had one of their big Cruesot guns, called "Long Tom." Now "Tom" had no regular time for firing, but heaved a big shell over into the beleaguered town at erratic intervals. The appearance of the attachés was made the occasion to fire a shot or two. The first shell got no response, but the second provoked one of the big British naval guns on the Platrand. As those guns had been having daily duels for weeks, the gunners on both sides had the range pretty pat. The enemy's first shot was a bull's-eye. "Long Tom" was about to fire for a third time, and I had stepped away probably fifty feet in order to get a snap-shot of the gun just at the moment it was discharged. I had focussed my camera, was looking into the finder and had my hand on the bulb, when a five-inch lyddite shell from the Platrand lighted plumb in the fortification which protected "Long Tom" and exploded, enveloping the gun, gunners, and attachés in a cloud of smoke and dust. Quantities of dirt were thrown on me. Fortunately I had enough presence of mind to press the bulb. Then I laid my camera on the ground and ran over, expecting to find my friends blown into fragments. Strange to say, not a man nor the gun was injured. Before the cloud of dust had entirely blown away, "Long Tom" sent a shell screeching across the valley to inform the British gunners that he was still doing business at the same old stand. That photograph, when developed, proved to be one of the best I ever secured.



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A GREEK SKIRMISH LINE ABOVE TYRNAVO, TURKISH FRONTIER.

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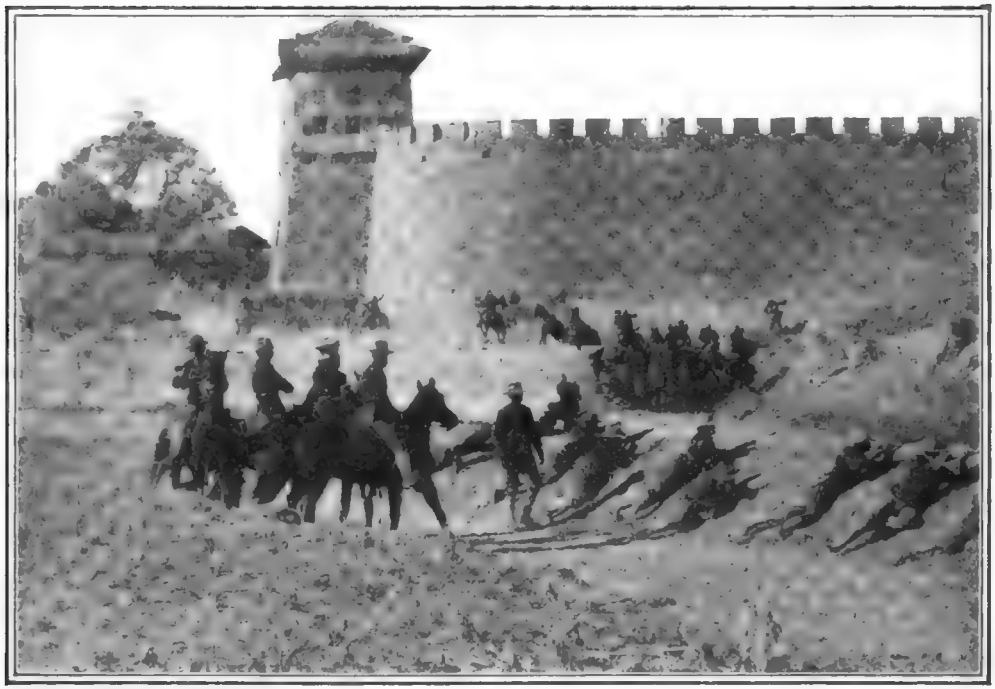

American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

SIXTH U. S. CAVALRY ASSAULTING THE SOUTH GATE AT PEKING.

In some respects one of the most remarkable war photographs ever made was secured by a man named Meyer, a correspondent for a German illustrated newspaper during the war in South Africa. Meyer was with the Boers, and one day during one of Buller's attacks along the Tugela he took a position on the firing line. The fire from the British batteries across the river was very heavy during the preliminary period of the assault, and shells literally rained on the low-lying kopjes occupied by Botha's army. Meyer

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FIRING LYDDITE AT THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES, BATTLE OF COLENSO.

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thought he saw a good opportunity to secure a fine picture, and he jumped out of his "schanze" to snap it. Just then a big lyddite shell exploded within a few feet of him, killing him instantly. I afterward secured his camera, which was comparatively uninjured. When the film it contained was developed, I discovered that Meyer had made a beautiful photograph of the huge shell which snuffed out his life. I sent a copy of the picture to his relatives in Germany.

One can easily perceive that more than knowledge of photography, coupled with good luck, is required to get actual battle pictures. The principal thing needed is nerve. Had Meyer been content with the ordinary so-called war photographs he might be alive to-day. Then the circumstances under which such pictures are made are not conducive to the best work. One is apt to forget such little, but essential, details as getting the correct focus, or regulating the speed of the shutter. A man must have his wits about him to get results with a camera on the firing line. Then, too, after the exposures are made, hundreds of extraneous circumstances assail the plates or films before they can be developed and spread before the eyes of the public. As a rule, they must be transported hundreds, frequently thousands, of miles before they can be developed, often passing through the hands of meddlesome censors. Frequently they never reach their destination, and weeks of labor on the part of a correspondent will go to waste. When a British transport went down near Cape Town during the war in South Africa, almost all the photographs made by the numerous correspondents on Lord Roberts's successful movement for the relief of Kimberley and the capitulation of Cronje went down with her. I lost several hundred exposures made during the Santiago campaign owing to a light-leak in my camera. Another time I had my camera and films confiscated by a revolutionary general in San Domingo. Such occurrences are excessively annoying and disheartening, but they are the chances of war.

I once secured a peculiar and striking picture by the merest accident. It was during the assault of the Russians and Germans upon the Pei-Tung forts, which were a part of the defences of the mouth of the Pei-Ho, in North China. These forts lay on a little spit of land which was submerged at high tide, and could only be ap-

Photograph by Thomas F. Millard

BOERS REPULSING A SORTIE FROM LADYSMITH

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NAVAL, FIELD, AND MOUNTAIN BATTERIES ON KRANTZ KLOOF.

proached from the land side over a narrow causeway, which was of course commanded by the guns of the forts. As a matter of fact, while the allies made great preparations for the assault, it was really a farce, because the Chinese evacuated the forts the night before the attack was to be made, leaving a few men behind to make a bluff. The allies had erected heavy siege batteries, which bombarded the forts during the forenoon, eliciting only an occasional response. Concluding that they had silenced the enemy's guns, the allied generals finally ordered an advance over the causeway. A brigade of Russian troops thereupon marched. No opposition of any account was anticipated, and the troops marched in close order.

Desiring to get into the forts at the earliest possible moment, I followed on the heels of the column. I had been making a number of pictures, and was carrying my camera carelessly in my left hand, open and probably with the shutter set, although I have no recollection about that. Suddenly, without any warning, a mine which had been placed by the Chinese under a part of the causeway, exploded with a terrific concussion and noise, making a big gap in the roadway and sending a score or so of Russian soldiers into the air. Although the explosion was fully half a mile distant, I was so startled that I allowed my camera to drop. A great column of dense smoke rose into the air to a height of probably two hundred yards, and then spread out at the top like an enormous tree. On undertaking to use my camera, as soon as I had partially regained my self-possession, I discovered that the shutter had snapped, and took the precaution to turn the film. When that roll was developed, a tolerable photograph of the explosion was found. It was somewhat out of proportion, but one could recognize the reproduction.

In very recent wars the motion-picture cameras have made their appearance. Considering the difficulties attending ordinary photography in war, one can imagine at what expense of money and labor—to say nothing of courage—moving scenes on the firing line are secured. C. Fred Ackerman, with whom I tented in China, is undoubtedly the most successful of the war motion-picture operators. His first experience was in the Philippines, where he secured, in the face of tremendous difficulties, some remarkable results. One picture, in particular, was a wonderful bit of realism. Ackerman had his camera right on the firing line, and two

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Photograph by Duffus Bros.

NEW ZEALAND BATTERY OF HOTCHKISS RAPID-FIRE MACHINE GUNS DISMOUNTED AND READY FOR ACTION.

American soldiers were hit, and fell directly in front of the lens, and only a short distance away. In the natural excitement of operating his camera under such circumstances, Ackerman did not know that he had photographed two men in the act of being

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IRREGULARS AWAITING AN ATTACK DURING THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

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BRINGING WOOD TO THE MONASTERIES DURING THE TURKISH INVASION OF MACEDONIA.

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struck down until many months afterward, when he saw the picture exhibited in a New York theatre.

Ackerman has had his share of narrow escapes. While photographing a charge of Bengal Lancers near Tien-tsin he was slightly wounded. It happened this way: Desiring to get a front view of the charge, Ackerman set up his camera directly in the path of the charging squadron. Now when, in times of peace, cavalry charges have been photographed from the front, a fortification has always been erected for the camera and operator. This day Ackerman had no protection. He placed his camera on the open ground and set it in operation as the Sepoy soldiers, their horses heated by a forenoon of lively work, swept down upon him. When within a few yards of the camera, the squadron separated so as to pass on either side. Going by the camera, a horse shied at it and stumbled, almost throwing its rider, whose lance passed through Ackerman's sleeve, scratching his arm. The lancers swept by in a cloud of dust, which for a moment obscured the camera and operator. When the dust lifted, Ackerman and his machine were found to be safe, but his face was white as a sheet. He afterward told me that when the lancers got within fifty yards of him, the impulse to abandon his camera and run was so strong that he only conquered it by shutting his eyes until the squadron had passed. On another occasion he, with much difficulty, got into position to make a picture, and General Linievitch, of the Russian army, sent a staff-officer to request that Ackerman retire, as his conspicuous position and apparatus were drawing the fire of the enemy.

It was largely the success of Ackerman's pictures, when exhibited throughout the world, that led certain concerns to manufacture "fake" moving battle scenes and palm them off on the public as the real article. The fact that the average person is not over-discriminating between real and "fake" war pictures made this comparatively easy. A great majority of the moving war pictures shown in the theatres have been "fakes." It worked well enough for a while, but the numerous wars of recent times have educated the public a bit, and in the future it will not be so easily fooled. An attempt to "fake" a picture of an armored train in action, during the early part of the war in South Africa, resulted in an accident near London, which exposed the matter. A short time after, a similar attempt to reproduce in New Jersey a scene from the battle of Spion Kop, was discovered through the explosion of a dummy cannon, which injured several people. The wide publicity granted to those incidents gave the war-picture "fakirs" a set-back, but they have by no means retired from business.

The desire of the public to keep pace with a war is the foundation on which the picture "fakir" works. Genuine pictures cannot be secured and exhibited, as a rule, until months after the events that they depict have occurred. By that time much of the popular interest will probably have been attracted to something else. So the "fakir," knowing that the average person will be more interested in manufactured battle-scenes, shown while the war is still at its height, than in the real productions later, hires a lot of "hobos" and produces battle-scenes galore. Of course, such pictures ought not to deceive even the most unintelligent part of the population, but so little does the average citizen know about war that he will unthinkingly accept them.

During the Boer-British War "fake" motion-pictures were responsible for some of the bitter feeling stirred up in England against the Boers. Upon my return to London after the fall of Pretoria, I one evening dropped into one of the large music-halls. In the course of the entertainment some motion-pictures were shown, and naturally most of them portrayed, or pretended to portray, the war in South Africa, which was the one engrossing topic in England at the time. Quite a number of the pictures were "fakes," but some were genuine, depicting marching scenes and the like. I had no trouble in picking the sheep from the goats, nor would anyone who had the slightest conception of the actualities of war. For the last, as a *pièce de résistance*, had been reserved a picture, of which the following is a tolerably accurate description: Into a typical South African landscape (the picture was undoubtedly made there) comes an English dispatch-rider, evidently on an important mission. As he passes, a Boer rises from behind a boulder and shoots him in the back. The rider falls from his horse, which stops and remains standing. The Boer hastily rifles the dispatch-bag, and secures its contents. But the Englishman, by a superhuman effort, raises his revolver and shoots the Boer, who falls over, apparently stunned. Struggling to his feet, the Englishman re-

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covers his dispatches and is about to depart, when the Boer apparently pleads for water. As the Englishman out of compassion stoops to put his canteen to his enemy's lips, the Boer, who has been feigning, stabs him in the back. The Boer rises and is about to make off with the dispatches, when another English soldier appears, brings the Boer down with a shot, and seizing the dispatches, mounts his dead comrade's horse and rides away.

The intent of the whole scene is obvious. Notwithstanding that the false beard and wig of the supposed Boer could plainly be perceived, and the glaring improbability of such a scene taking place directly in front of a motion-camera, this picture was greeted with thunders of mingled cheers and hisses—the cheers for the brave Englishmen, and the hisses for the dastard who treacherously ambushed them.

However, motion-picture concerns are not the only "fakirs" of war pictures. A clever photographer can do a good deal in that line if he wants to. I mentioned that in South Africa I secured a number of photographs of bursting shells. Curiosity as to how some of them would show up induced me to have one of my rolls developed in Pretoria. A local photographer did the work, which showed up very nicely, much to my gratification. A few days later that photographer called me into his studio and showed me some pictures of shell-fire that beat mine all hollow. He said that he made them himself, and I felt rather piqued that I had been outdone by a novice in war work. Finally, when he had sufficiently enjoyed my discomfiture, he told me that he had "doctored" some of his plates to secure the result. I afterward saw reproductions of those pictures in an illustrated paper, printed as the real thing in fight photographs. I suppose the editor did not know the difference. Anyway, they were splendid pictures.

Because I have devoted considerable space to a description of "fake" methods in war photography, it must not be assumed that many such pictures belong in that category. Nothing could be further from the fact. A vast majority of war photographs are exactly what they purport to be, and are the visible history of the conflicts of our own times, to be handed down for inspection of future generations. They represent the conscientious endeavor of courageous men, who in time of war strive against the most adverse conditions to give the public true pictorial impressions of what is going on at the front. In the main, they succeed better than could be expected. In many respects pictures tell a story better than the readiest and most vivid pen. Where the camera fails—and it must fail in many cases—the pencil of the war artist takes up the tale; but I have not attempted to deal with his work here. Much as the camera has accomplished in this direction, I expect it to surpass all former efforts in the next great war.

The Reason

By RALPH TELLER

IT seems as if the moon at night
Shines brighter since you went,
And that the stars more grandeur give
To all the firmament.
The reason? When I had your eyes
To luminate the night,
Their light which shone alone for me
Made stars and moon less bright.
And when I had your smile by day,
I cared not if the sun
Arose or set—nor if the day
Had ended or begun.
But now you're gone—like common men
I turn to nature's light,
And think the sun your smile by day,
The stars your eyes at night.

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Between Trains

By CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN

Illustrated by Henry S. Watson

THE clocks on Copley Square pointed to half-past four as Miss Celia Kent, a charming girl in a gray travelling-gown and with a gray veil floating from her hat, came out of the Fine Arts' Museum into the street. Miss Kent, if it were known, in the four hours between the arrival of the train that had brought her from the little town in New Hampshire where she had been visiting, and the departure of the express for Fall River which was to take her to the night boat for New York, was seeing what she could of Boston. She had made a tour of the library and the Fine Arts' building. "And now for Trinity," she said.

But to her disappointment, when she reached it, a placard on the door of the famous church announced that visitors were not admitted after four. Her eyes, straying up the plaza, fell on another church, on Boylston Street—one that had a tall, square bell-tower and a luxuriant growth of ivy on its walls.

"The Old South Church," she exclaimed, as she approached, drawn to it by its attractiveness, and read the lettering above the doors. "Any persons desiring to see the church," she repeated from the placard on a small door to the side, "should ring the sexton's bell." As on this notice there was no time set for closing, Miss Kent touched the bell.

There was a moment's interval of waiting and then the knob of the door before her turned. But instead of the old man with white whiskers and stooped shoulders, whom her fancy had placed on the other side as the fitting sexton of the Old South Church, she found herself confronted by a tall young person with frank blue eyes and a smooth-shaven face. His shoulders, to make more complete the contrast to the picture she had conjured, were square and broad.

They stood for a moment regarding one another. "Oh!" Miss Kent exclaimed, with a gasp of surprise and something like dismay, and she felt herself blush—she was credited with being very pretty when she blushed. "Are you the sexton?"

The young man bowed assent. If he, too, blushed, he had the advantage, standing back, as he did, in the shadow of the door.

"It said on the placard," Miss Kent continued, lamely, to hide her rather unaccountable confusion, "that anyone who wished to see the church should ring the—the sexton's bell. Will you kindly show me through?"

"I will with pleasure," the youthful sexton answered. His voice was very pleasant. He closed the door by which she had entered, in the subdued way with which one shuts a door in church, and together they went forward over the soft carpet, into the sacred gloom.

"Oh!" Miss Kent said again, this time quite naturally, as her eyes met the windows through which, at the other end of the long, dim aisle, the light from without was falling in a many-tinted halo. "How beautiful!" She had forgotten for the moment that the sexton was not an old man with white whiskers. Then, as the fact that he was not came back to her, she let her eyes wander up into the vault above and around the silent place.

"Tell me about the church, please," she said, with something of a brisk touch in her voice, to make it clear that she was merely bent on obtaining information. "Is this the original Old South Church?" She had never made a special study, be it said, of Boston.

"No," the sexton answered, although not in the least superciliously, "this is the new South Church. The New Old South Church, we call it," he continued, smiling. "The old Old South," he went on to explain, "is in the other part of the town."

"I see," Miss Kent replied. "I hardly thought that it could be the original Old South Church. The windows—" she continued, still under the necessity of making

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conversation, "I suppose that they were made abroad?"

"Yes," the young man answered, "they were made abroad. In London.

"In London," he repeated. Both he and she found themselves gazing at the windows with an abstracted air.

W. S. WATSON.

"THERE, THERE, DEAR GIRL"

There was nothing for it except to put another question, but there was only one, just then, which came to Miss Kent's aid.

"What firm?" she asked.

The sexton turned to her with a thoughtful puckering of the brows.

"Are you—are you acquainted with the London firms?" he queried, reading, at the same time, the blank disavowal on her face. "I thought, perhaps," he said, "you could help me. It has just slipped my memory. Hildreth's!" he added almost immediately, with a beaming smile.

Miss Kent moved on a little up the aisle. She looked very sweet and slender, the veil on her hat very soft, amid the shadows of the place, but doubtless the sexton of the Old South Church was occupied with other thoughts than such as these.

He told her, as they wandered slowly through the dimness, who designed the church, how long it had been in building, what it had cost, and where the materials of which it had been built had been obtained—these and other details of like kind, and half an hour slipped unnoticed by. The kindliness which she perceived behind the sexton's courtesy had put Miss Kent, at length, entirely at her ease, and neither she nor her guide gave heed to the fact that the light which fell in through the windows was quickly growing many shades more dim. Had Miss Kent turned, when she left the Museum, and seen the black banks that were gathering behind it, despite the fact that the sun was still shining in the square, she would have fled back without delay to hide herself in the darkest corner of the big South Union Station. For, although brave about almost all other things, no one ever suffered more from childish terror in a thunder-storm than she.

She had not looked back, however, and so was quite unprepared when a peal like the Last Angel's trump rang through the vault above her head. The sacred figures in the windows flashed out in fire, and Miss Kent did what she could not have helped but do—grasped the sexton by the arm and screamed.

The first crash was followed by a

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second, a third, a fourth; and the sexton did what no sexton nor any other man should hope to be forgiven, and what no thunderstorm, however frightful, could excuse. He put his arm around Miss Kent and said, "There, there, dear girl!"

The rain broke with a roar upon the roof. The figures in the windows flamed in unremitting splendor, but Miss Kent did not see them—for she had hidden her face against the sexton's coat. Not the wealth of all the world would have induced her, clinging in the abandon of her terror to the refuge of his shoulder, to raise her head.

There was a rather curious expression on the sexton's face—had there been anybody there to see it—as he looked down at the coil of brown hair that the veil did not entirely hide. And there was something a trifle grim about the firmness with which he held his arm in place, as though he meant to keep it there.

"Don't tremble so," he begged, quite as though he had been in the habit of speaking to her in that tone. "It will soon be over. There is really so very little danger! We are quite safe here!

"I have known so many worse storms," he assured her. It could hardly have been true. From the sexton's face it is to be feared that it made little difference to him whether it were true or not. It merely pleased him to continue speaking in that way. Perhaps he realized that his opportunity would soon be over. "It always seems so much more frightful in a place like this."

At last the tumult subsided, Pandemonium ceased to rage, and Miss Kent drew back and looked up at her protector.

"Oh!" she said. And this time it was a heart-rending "Oh."

He removed his arm the instant that she raised her head.

"Don't feel badly. Don't be troubled," he implored. "It is only what—what I hope some other man would have done for my sister. Won't you sit down," he continued, as he led her to a pew. "You are trembling yet. Stay here a moment, while I see what it looks like outside!"

But as he left her, disappearing down the aisle, she sprang up and followed him.

"Why, I must go," she cried, a new distress in her voice. "I shall miss my train!"

He stopped and drew out his watch. "When does it go?" he asked.

"At six!" she answered, recklessly. "For Fall River. The only train that meets the boat. What shall I do?"

"You will make it, easily," he assured her, following as she hurried on.

But as they reached the church-porch there was a new and ominous mutter and a bright fork struck down behind the library. The rails in the wet street before them gleamed in its reflection.

"I can't take the car," Miss Kent announced, with the calm of desperation. "Will you call a cab?"

Unprotected as he was the sexton dashed out into the rain. "You'd better wait inside," he called back to her as he ran. But she waited there, in the porch, with a pale face and lips tightly closed.

It seemed to her, watching as in a dream the drops dancing in the puddles, that years had passed since she left the little group of friends that morning on the platform of the station in New Hampshire—so far away and of the past were they. The sexton's voice, belonging to the present, called her to herself. He appeared before her in a flash of light, a dripping figure, under an umbrella from each rib of which the water ran down in a stream. Outside the church, on Boylston Street, there loomed a rain-drenched cab.

"It's going to be worse again," he said to her, breathless still from running. "What will you do alone? Will you—there isn't any time to lose—will you let me go with you and see you safely on the train?" He hurried her out under the umbrella as he spoke.

"Oh, no, no," she cried, gathering her skirts around her. "I am not afraid! I couldn't think of letting you go with me. You have been very kind."

Was it a fiend or angel who sent the flash just then, that seemed to rend the heavens with a hiss.

Miss Kent turned back with one foot on the step. "You will have to come," she said. And with a slam and bounce the cab was off.

The shower was not nearly so severe as the sexton, and that one great flash, had prophesied. But to Miss Kent any shower was severe enough. She remembers little of that ride except that she sat back rigidly, one hand grasping the tassel of the curtain near her while the other held her handkerchief before her eyes. Occasionally, amid the rumbling of the thunder, and the flashes that the handkerchief could never quite shut out, she heard the sexton tap with his umbrella on the glass of the window up before them. It seemed each time

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to affect the cab, already going rapidly, with a slight increase of speed.

"Are we going to make it?" she asked once, in dull misery.

"I hope we are," he said.

"You said that I would make it easily," she reminded him.

"That was with the car," he answered, gently, in consideration of her sufferings. "I hoped that we might make it with the cab. I still hope we may. I'm doing all I can."

"Can you run?" he demanded, when they dashed at last into the station. "We will have to run for it. Take my hand!"

"Gate fifteen," she gasped, as they dodged desperately through the crowd.

The sexton, looking ahead of them, shut his teeth. They arrived before Fifteen to find it closed. The flag on the back of a disappearing train, on the track beyond, fluttered for a moment, tantalizingly, before their eyes.

"We've missed it," he said, simply, and drew her hand through his arm. No one would have gathered from the sexton's face, however, that he had missed a train. "Don't be troubled for a moment," he commanded. "There is a sleeper, later on. It will get you into New York in just as good time in the morning. I will stay and see that you are safe aboard."

They walked up and down for a little while in silence, while the waiting engines in the big, dim space behind the gates puffed in a complaisant, reassuring way. Finally the sexton stooped and glanced beneath Miss Kent's hat-brim; she looked up bravely with a smile.

"And now," he said, with the utmost cheerfulness, "we have several hours to spare. Don't you think the best thing we can do is to get a little supper? I'm sure that it would be the best thing for *me!*

"I know a place very near," he went on, without giving her a chance to answer, "where they serve the nicest little suppers. It's just the place to raise one's spirits. Will you come?"

The smile had faded from her face. Miss Kent knew what would be expected of her by all her friends and relatives, nay, by everyone, and she nerved herself to it although she found it hard.

"You will go out, please," she said, "and have your supper. I will stay here. It wouldn't be right for me to go. You are very kind, but I know that I ought not."

The sexton was at once as grave as she.

"Under ordinary circumstances—no," he answered. "You would be quite right. But aren't the circumstances rather extraordinary?

"It wouldn't be comfortable for you to stay here alone in the station," he went on, "at this hour, after six. Neither would it be comfortable for you to dine alone in the restaurant up-stairs, which you would have to do, for you cannot go without your supper. I could dine with you in the restaurant in the station here—but if it would be all right here, why not just as well in the little café up the street? The restaurant here is —just a restaurant. The one up the street is cozy. I thought perhaps I could give you a cheerful little time.

"It is really much more proper for me to stay with you than to leave you," the sexton urged, as they still walked and she made no reply. "It all comes to this"—he lowered his voice in deference to the ever-murmuring crowd around them—"can you trust me? You've had to trust me," he said, "a good bit already, and I appreciate your doing it. It is one of the things for which a man is grateful. Do you think that you can trust me a little farther still?"

Miss Kent looked up with the blush that made her charming.

"I think I can," she told him.

"*Will* you, then?" The sexton beamed.

There were several elements which went to make up her answer: The rebellion that one who has been conventionally brought up sometimes feels against conventionality; the conviction, prompted by his common-sense, that she would be very much alone without him, and, deeper than them both, a real desire to go. Had she not already proven him to be trustworthy? And was he not the sexton of the Old South Church?

"I think I will," she said.

"You won't be sorry," he assured her, "that you did."

The rain was over and the sky was showing through the rifts. Still tucked beneath his arm, Miss Kent let herself be guided by the sexton quite as though it were a customary thing for him and her to be found gaily chattering, on this Boston street.

"In here," the sexton said at length.

There was no glare of lights, as in an ordinary restaurant. Each little table, and each appeared to be settled in a cozy corner, was lit by its own candelabra with rose-colored shades. The chairs were soft, as one

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sank back in them, and one's feet lost themselves in a soft, deep cushion on the floor.

Miss Kent drew off her gloves with a sense of being very lazy, very happy; and the sexton hung his hat up on the peg and settled down in the chair opposite with a boyish anticipation of enjoyment on his face.

"A sexton has generally such a stupid time of it," he laughed across at her; "you don't know what you've done!"

And then from the lazy comfort of her chair, in the confidence invited by the rosy light, Miss Kent spoke out the thought that was in her heart.

"You aren't in the slightest," she answered, "like a sexton. How did you"—she made the plunge with the color in her cheeks a little deeper—"how did you come to choose—just that?"

The sexton looked down and described a pattern on the table-cloth with the handle of his knife.

"I have often thought," he replied, "that I was not cut out for it, myself. But I was obliged," he said, "to choose it."

He looked up and smiled again and she fancied that she understood. Doubtless he had had far other plans. She reproached herself for touching on a subject which might possibly be painful, and passed him the bread-sticks with a charming air.

"You said that you were hungry," she reminded him.

"I was so much disappointed," Miss Kent told the sexton a little later, "in not being able to see Trinity this afternoon. Is it as beautiful, the inside, as the Old South Church?"

"WE HAVE MISSED IT," HE SAID, AND TOOK HER ARM.

"You will have to ask someone else," the sexton answered. "It is very likely I am partial. I think," he added—while for some cause her own eyes fell—"that no other church will ever be as beautiful to me."

There was a little silence between them, while the waiter brought the iced sauterne.

The sexton raised his glass.

"To many," he began—"to many happy

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returns." He seemed about to pledge it, but she held up her hand.

"It will not return," she said. There was something almost solemn, as they looked across at one another, in the face of each.

"Then, if it should not return," the sexton answered, touching her glass with his, "we will drink to—to-night."

"To—to-night," she repeated, touching hers to her lips.

"We were going to be cheerful," he reminded her.

"And so we are," she cried.

"One can smoke here," the sexton announced contentedly, when the coffee had been brought them. "Do you mind?"

"Oh, no," she smiled.

Thus, in the fragrant rings from his cigar, the episode, as it was fitting, passed away.

"There is quite a while yet before train-time," he told her, when they felt the wind once more against their faces. "Shall we walk?" This time Miss Kent made no objection. She acquiesced.

They rambled through many a street and around many a corner, past dark buildings and windows where the lights burned brightly. He drew her, once, into the shadow of a doorway.

"Look there! Across the street," he said.

She looked where he pointed—at the window of a restaurant—in the second story of a house. A man and a woman were sitting at a table in the little square of light.

The woman—her profile was a sweet one—was leaning forward with hands clasped talking to the man. She seemed to be talking seriously, yet every now and then she laughed, and then the man laughed, too. He was listening with close attention to what she said and it appeared to please him. There was clearly a pretty bond of sympathy between the two.

Miss Kent and the sexton, from their nook in the shadow, watched with interest.

"Who do you suppose," she whispered, "that they are?"

It pleased the sexton to be whimsical.

"They are like you and me," he said. "They have met, this afternoon, under the most extraordinary circumstances, and have come to be good friends. They do not even know one another's names, yet they are managing, in spite of it, to have a very cheerful little time!"

When their walk came to an end at the brass-bound steps that led up into the sleeper, they shook hands in quite the ordinary way and said good-by. The sexton went back through the long space where the sleepy engines puffed, and Miss Kent went on into the train.

"I shall never see him again," she said.

When Miss Kent woke in the morning, in New York, she wondered for a moment what it was that had gone wrong. She also wondered for the moment where she was. Then her eyes took in the curtain around the berth and yesterday came back. She sat up and rubbed them with a determined air. Through the screen in the window by her bed there came the prosaic voices of men with mops and oil-cans, and the roll and rattle of a truckful of trunks as it was wheeled by. "I dreamed a dream last night," she said resolutely to her soul, "but this is morning, and it is gone."

"Only a few minutes more, before home," she assured herself as she made her toilet in the cramped and trying place. There was no looking-glass to show her that she said it with a somewhat dreary smile.

Miss Kent's eyes felt dazed and her head ached when she stepped out of the train, beneath the big dome at Forty-second Street. Other travellers, like herself, were straggling from the sleepers. She followed meekly in the wake of the porter who took her dress-suit case. "To a crosstown car," she told him. And then suddenly she stopped, then walked forward quickly, then slowly, then again quickly, with her heart beating fast. For there at the end of the long platform, tall and erect and unmistakably broad-shouldered, the first among those who were waiting, stood—the sexton. Her eyes did not deceive her. He held out his hand to her as she reached him and she gave him hers, but there was no smile on his face.

"I want to know if you can forgive me?" he asked.

"Forgive you?" she said.

Miss Kent had not had time to realize—it was so good to see him again—that there was something to be forgiven in the fact of his being there at all.

The sexton drew her to one side, out of the crowd, and motioned to the porter, frowning, to set the suit-case down. He still retained her hand.

"I've been waiting for an hour," he told her, "for fear that I should miss you. I came down on the same train, last night, to beg you to forgive me. I had never been

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"I AM STAYING WITH MY SISTER. WE WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU CALL."

before in Boston, either. I was only stopping for the afternoon like you. It was between trains, on my way home to Chicago. I'm not a sexton. I'm nothing but an ordinary—young man."

Miss Kent made no effort to withdraw her hand, but stood gazing at him with bewildered eyes.

"Can't you see," he entreated, "how I might have done it? On the impulse of the moment? I was coming out as you came in. The sexton had just been showing me around. I had my hat in my hand but you didn't notice it. I dropped it"—his eyes pleaded with hers—"behind a pew."

"Some of what I told you was true," he went on, wretchedly—"all that I knew myself. The sexton had just told me a good deal. You asked some questions that I hadn't asked him, though. The windows—I had an idea that they were generally made in London. There's no such place as Hildreth's—that's my name."

"The café where we dined," he continued, as though he were determined to make a clean breast of his confession, "I saw when I went by at noon."

"Can't you understand," he urged, as she still said nothing, "how I might have done it without—without wanting to deceive you? That I might have done it"—for her hurt was showing in a deep spot on each cheek—"without doing it for fun? Don't take away your hand, please, until I finish! Won't you believe that I didn't enjoy the light in which it put me, even though you didn't understand? That even though I did it I was as much to be trusted as you thought?"

Miss Kent asked the only question that there was to ask. Her lips quivered a trifle.

"Why did you do it?" she said.

The sexton, for so we must call him to the end of the chapter, looked away.

"Because—" he answered. He looked back again, quite frankly. "I told you in the restaurant. Because I couldn't help it!"

Miss Kent withdrew her hand. Her veil, as she lowered it, concealed her eyes.

"But the point is," he said, "will you forgive me? Even though I don't deserve it? In memory of our cheerful little time?

"Am I not to be allowed to see you," he begged, "somewhere again?"

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It is possible that Miss Kent would have done very differently had she been where she could have had a chance to think the matter over, wisely and deliberately, away from the influence of the sexton's eyes There was nowhere, however, in this great, bustling place, where she could fly from them. And it may be that she remembered, as the men with oil-cans trotted to and fro, and the trucks rattled by, how prosaic the world had looked a little while ago—without them.

"I am staying here with my sister," she answered, without raising hers. "If—if you are going to be in the city for any length of time we should be glad to have you call."

CONSOLIDATING THE CHURCHES

By Newell Dwight Hillis

Why Business-men are Compelling a Reorganization Movement for the Denominations: A Study of the Trust Idea as Applied to Church Unity in the American Town and Rural Community

EVERY age has its own task and every generation makes its special contribution. No era has had a character more distinctively its own than the present one, but different men characterize our era by different terms. The inventor, loving tools, calls our age the age of machinery and labor-saving devices. The scientist calls it the era when great principles have organized scattered facts, and put the truth in systematic form. Merchants call ours the age of commerce, because of the increase of comforts and conveniences. The educator calls it the era of pedagogy, with new methods in kindergarten and schoolroom, in lecture-hall, and library. The artist describes it as the era of the diffusion of the beautiful. The loveliness that once was concentrated in castle or cathedral is now spread abroad and become an integral part of the clothes we wear, the books we read, the parlors and libraries in which we live. But the practical man tests our age by results. From his material viewpoint, our age is pre-eminently the age of organization and efficiency, the era when wastes are saved, and the products of work are quadrupled. The outstanding words to-day, therefore, are organization, co-operation, unity, efficiency, the increase of the output, through dispensing with cut-throat competition.

Examples of this organization are numberless. It began with the common utilities. Instead of ten thousand wells in the city, we now have one far-away reservoir, filled with crystal water, supplying ten thousand homes; instead of thousands of lamps, we have one central electric plant; instead of scores of little shops with enormous wastes, we have been given a few great stores with cheapened goods; in the place of many factories, each duplicating the other's output, with enormous wastes and poor work as the consequence of rivalry and enmity, we see one central plant, the saving of the wastes, and for rivalry and undercutting, co-operation and efficiency. In the intellectual realm, the city long ago left behind the score of little schools, with small classes, and organized one great "high school," where each professor can lecture to a hundred students. Now also this movement toward organization has struck the rural districts. Twenty years ago, there were a dozen little red school-houses in the township, poorly heated, and with no appliances for teaching arithmetic, physiology, geography, or astronomy,

It is a radical innovation that Dr. Hillis puts forth. The economical advantage of the merger is obvious, but will the denominations ever consent to relinquish their separate identities even for the sake of so magnificent an ideal? We shall be glad to hear from our readers on this important subject, and in a future number propose to print some of the expressions of opinion evoked by Dr. Hillis's suggestion.—THE EDITOR.

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in each of which were assembled some thirty scholars, with two or three pupils in a class. To-day these little school-houses are closed and deserted. The principle of co-operation has built one central school, large, beautiful, full of light and air, with maps, charts, globes, laboratories, library, and everything that is calculated to make attractive the path that leads to the temple of learning; public servants, answering to the rural mail-carriers, drive from farm-house to farm-house, bringing the children and young people to the given centre, and carrying them home again at night. The many teachers, poor and scantily paid, have been replaced by three instructors of signal ability, with large salaries. The inevitable result is a renaissance of education and intellectual enthusiasm in the rural districts. The gains for the intellect have been unmeasurable.

THE MOVEMENT REACHES THE CHURCHES

Now, last of all, the organization movement has struck the churches. The epoch of church unity has fully come. It could no longer be delayed. The men who have simplified business, reorganized the banks under one management, reorganized the factory and the store and the shops, are the men who are now in the pews. Having learned how to save the wastes on Saturday, they are irritated by the ecclesiastical wastes manifest on Sunday. In the realm of the intellect, they have discovered that one central high school is practical and efficient for hundreds of children who are pursuing the life intellectual. At last these business-men have fully determined upon some form of church that will answer in things moral and spiritual to the high school and university in literature and science. The age of specialism has come. These business-men realize that it is unnecessary, illogical, puerile, and wicked, to duplicate many church plants, involving enormous wastes and lessened efficiency, when one central church plant could quadruple the results, at one-quarter of the cost. The church is a school of morals, a college for spiritual culture. And the great simplicities of Jesus Christ and Christianity are as universal as the axioms of arithmetic and geometry, or the law of gravity in astronomy. We now have 169 different denominations in the United States. Nothing is risked in saying that business-men are now engaged in starving to death 160 of them.

THE RESULTS OF DENOMINATIONAL RIVALRY

Now that this movement for church unity and co-operation has begun it seems all but incredible that our intelligent American society should have endured the old devisive conditions so long. When the great business-man thinks of Christianity broken up into 169 churches, he also begins to think about the one central high school system in each city broken up into 169 different kinds of school-houses. What if high-school teachers should open separate schools upon the ground that one wishes to use a certain kind of arithmetic, written by a man named John Killvan, and another a geography and a method of recitation by John Besley? What if different branches of the high school sprang up as the result of controversy as to the coat worn by Archbishop Gaud? Or as the outcome of peculiar theories about the way of explaining the bird tracks on the sandstone of New Jersey, or of some opinion on the subject of the name of the man who built the little red school-house? In the beginning, we are told, the Christian Church was "all with one accord in one place," but if Peter and Paul were to come to New York, or to New Orleans, or to San Francisco, or to Boston, they would find the members of this one Church in 169 different places, with a practical man, named James, leading one group of disciples; an emotional Peter leading another group; the æsthetic John leading still another; and the philosophic Pauls each guiding his own band. The cross of Christ stands in the centre, but each regiment with back toward that cross, marches away from his fellows, while his denominational leader beats the time. Yet unity, co-operation, could combine these scattered regiments into a solid army, marching to victory. The results of this division and denominational rivalry are a decline in the interest in the church and of the attendance upon it; a support waning to the point of extinction. I have before me the statistics of a town in a Western State, with a thousand inhabitants. Two of the churches are closed, with boards nailed over the windows, a third is used as a store-house for grain. Of the six churches in the place, but two are open and these meet with scant support.

In order that my facts should be first-hand facts, I recently visited several towns in as many States, to familiarize myself with all the conditions of churches, ministers, and the

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views of the people and the pastors. One of these towns has 1,800 people in the village and country round about, with eight churches and ministers. By reason of conditions of infancy, age, invalidism, and the necessities of the home, not more than 1,000 of the 1,800 people can possibly go to church. On the theory that every one of the 1,000 is a church supporter, this gives each church 135 people. It is obviously impossible for such a handful to support a strong church. The breaking up of the musical, the educational, the social and spiritual talent of the community into eight sections, is scandalous and wicked. What wastes result! Six or eight feeble choirs with a half-dozen voices in each one, instead of one splendid chorus of fifty voices, chanting the noblest music for the entire community. Eight little Sunday-schools, each with fifty children, instead of one great Bible-school, employing the teaching talent of the village, and duplicating the enthusiasm of the village high school in the enthusiasm of the Sunday-school. Eight little churches, each with a poor piano or organ, instead of one noble pipe-organ, the joy of the 1,800 people. Eight little churches with poor architecture, poorly painted, poorly equipped, with none of the comforts and conveniences to be found in the rich man's home, where there ought to be one splendid central church of noble architecture, with a pipe-organ, with all the musical talent of the town and the country round about, gathered in a choral union, preparing the oratorios for the Christmas season and the spring festival.

WASTE IN THE PULPIT

But the greatest waste of all is in the pulpit. Not one of the ministers in this town has a salary of over a thousand dollars. Out of a thousand dollars to-day, what man can buy the books he needs for his mental equipment? College and university bred men are in his pews, and this makes it necessary for the preacher to be the equal of the college man in learning, and his superior in those things that specially appertain to the clergyman's own profession. The minister should have a salary that will enable him to have the advantages of the business-man, who travels in the summer, who has his outing in the winter, his books and magazines, and opportunities for personal culture; but on a thousand dollars the minister cannot buy books, and starves intellectually. He cannot visit the nation's capital once each winter, and broaden out like the merchant or banker. He cannot once in ten years go abroad for the summer vacation. He does not so much live as exist, "at a poor dying rate." The merchants and bankers, and lawyers, and farmers, in the little rural towns and cities, on Monday noon stand looking at the central high school, and when they see how unity and co-operation have strengthened the intellectual life of the community, they turn and look at the eight or ten little church buildings, shake their heads sadly, and go away and think. Instead of dropping out one by one, by scores they are falling away from these little churches. Either the Christian forces of the ten thousand small towns and villages of the country must unite, or the churches will perish, and one-half of the ministers die or resign, with broken hearts. Indeed, to-day, there is no tragedy in this country so piteous as the tragedy of the broken-hearted pastors, who in many instances want to unify the forces of the community, but who are often compelled to struggle on, against their judgment and their better conviction.

Now, for the smaller towns in the suburbs, and certain unit neighborhoods of great cities, the ideal for the Christian Church is not far to seek. Given a country town of 2,000 people, of whom never more than twelve hundred can be in church at a time, the problem is comparatively simple. The great Roman Catholic Church will doubtless continue for a long time to come, because it is based upon a principle of government, and of unity through external authority. But for the Protestants surely church unity, on the basis of the great simplicities of Christianity, is not only possible, but practical, and easy of achievement. In scores of communities in this country, this union church has actually come. The many small church buildings have been given up, and instead of the many preachers, two or three have been secured.

THE IDEAL CHURCH

What an ideal is this? One noble building, centrally situated, crowded from Sunday morning until the next Saturday night, a church that is the centre of the social, the musical, the literary, the ethical life of the community; the home of light and joy; the pride of all the people. With numbers comes

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enthusiasm, economy, emulation, efficiency. When all the musical talent of the community is organized and unified, music, the highest of the fine arts, will become a great moral force. When all the teaching forces—and the art of teaching is a great gift, and there are only a few teachers out of two thousand that know how to impart wisdom—are united, the Sunday-school will again become popular. Instead of ten preachers there ought to be three. One of these should be the preacher or prophet man who sees the truth clearly with his intellect; who feels the truth deeply, and who is able to state the truth simply, so that the young and old, the wise and ignorant alike not only behold the clusters of God's fruit, but find the branches on which it hangs within easy reach. Men speak of "making" a sermon. *Making* a sermon, a message? Why, it is a crime to use the word. The prophet "receives" from the lips of God his message, does not make it. He must go apart, and think, and brood, and pray, and in solitude feed his soul, until at last he comes forth, a man of vision, who realizes what John Ruskin meant when he said that the thirty minutes on Sunday, when the man of God stands forth to speak to ignorant and sinful men, are the most important thirty minutes known to society and civilization.

But if the preacher makes public teaching primary, and his pastoral work secondary, there must necessarily be connected with the church another man whose pastoral work will be primary, and his teaching work secondary; a man who will pass from house to house and school to school, a light-bearer, a happiness-maker, a personal friend of every family; a man who will go through the community searching out the boys who wish to go to college, the boys who will, in the days to come, speak for the State, paint or carve for the State; a man who will organize the forces of the community against the saloon, the gambling-den, and the poor-house. The great library of this ideal church and its social rooms, equal to those of the best club-rooms in the great cities, will be the centre of the artistic life of the town, where the new painting, purchased by some merchant prince, will be exhibited for all to see; where the club life for young men, the literary life for young women, and the musical life for all classes will centre. Men who have now withdrawn from the church, would return to such a church as this. Men who have given a little to the church would give much.

In this church of the future, that in many communities of this country is already a church of the present, there will be a great sermon in the morning, that represents the thought and study and prayer of six days and nights, of a man whom God ordained through his ancestry for moral illumination. There will be a great Bible-school, toward which all the families will converge. There will be a great choral service in the afternoon, that will be more attractive than all the things of the park, or the ball-field. There will be a practical address to young people at night, that will lead men out of ignorance into wisdom, out of selfishness and sin into righteousness, and the manhood of Jesus Christ.

Some will say that this is an ideal, and therefore impractical. But the ideals of to-day will be the realities of to-morrow. Christ desired his Church to be one, and what Christ worked for, God will achieve. The ideal that Christ has proposed for his Church is the one thing that will be set up on earth, namely, a unified Church, where all with one accord shall recognize one God—our Father; one inspirer, comforter, and consoler—his eternal Spirit; one Saviour—Jesus Christ; one symbol of sin and sacrifice—Christ's cross; confess one need—the need of a heart of flesh and God's mercy and forgiveness; swear fidelity to one law—the law of love; and look for one hope—the hope of life immortal.

CHURCH UNITY A PRACTICAL IDEAL

Someone will object that church unity is impractical, and urge that men represent diverse temperaments—some impulsive, fervid, and emotional—men of feeling; some loving creeds, and putting the truth into symbols and systems, emphasizing the intellect; some living by rule and method, emphasizing government and the seat of authority; and some practical, wishing to *do* religion; caring nothing about church polity and government, church doctrine and creed, church litanies and liturgies, only concerning themselves with daily deeds, practical service. On the basis of these temperaments, it is said that denominations must exist to the end of time; that the 169 sects will divide us permanently. But Christianity is a system of universals. It deals with a system of universalities.

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The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and the teachings of Jesus Christ, are no more denominational than the multiplication-table. The principles of ethics are no more Presbyterian or Episcopalian or Congregational, than the laws of light and heat. The facts of geology, and astronomy, and physiology, and hygiene are the same for all people; and the simplicities and universalities of Christianity appeal to men as men. The essential things in the high school are the things of literature and science and mathematics. These are taught to all temperaments and classes by the school-teachers. The individual theories on political economy, tariff, and protection, can be taught at home by the parents. The things of God and Jesus Christ are the great essentials. The unessential things are the things of John Calvin, of the Congregationalist John Robinson, of the Baptist Roger Williams, of the Episcopal Archbishop Laud, of the Methodist John Wesley. The name of Campbell, or of Wesley, or of Laud, or of Calvin, was once the great name that eclipsed the Lord Jesus. Now the name of Jesus Christ fills the whole sky. This means that the Sabbath —the soul's library day—and the Church that Christ founded, are for teaching about God and Jesus Christ. Parents at home can teach their children about Wesley and Laud and Calvin on week-days, but Jesus Christ and God are so great that they demand every minute on Sunday. In other words, the temperamental things belong to the family and the parent; the universals of Church and Sunday belong to God and Jesus Christ. This is revolutionary—this destroys the basis of probably 165 out of the 169 denominations —this would leave perhaps one great Protestant Church, one Roman Catholic Church, and one Church named the Quaker, that would not believe in any form, but only in the uncontrolled life of the spirit.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TOWARD UNIFICATION

Fortunately these statements are not dreams: they are history. No man any longer can say these suggestions are impracticable, for the reason that they have already been adopted in a number of communities. Indeed denominations are at last coming together. Plans are now being consummated that look to the amalgamation of the Congregationalists, the Methodist Protestants and the United Brethren, which would mean the union of about one million one hundred thousand Christians. In Canada, the Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Presbyterians have come together and arranged that if one denomination has a church in the new Northwestern territory, into which settlers are rushing, the other three denominations will ask their members to unite with that one church. This means that in a generation there will be but one church in Canada. Already in Australia and New Zealand the churches are federated. In England, during the last few years, all the Protestant bodies, save the Episcopalians, have united in one great Nonconformist union. The Moderator of the Congregational Church, Dr. Bradford, believes that our Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches can unite so as to strengthen all, without losing any characteristic or idea or institution fundamental to only one. The Congregationalists represent English Puritanism; the Presbyterians, Scotch Puritanism; the Baptists are Congregationalists who believe in immersion. But many Congregational churches have already put in baptistries, and many Congregational parents dedicate their children to God in baptism, and rebaptize them in youth, when they unite with the church on profession of faith.

FURTHER UNIFICATION POSSIBLE

But, progressive as the existing movement is, it does not go far enough. All the Protestant churches can unite without loss of anything distinctive. There are gains in the beautiful liturgy of the Episcopal Church, in its ordered service, its unified, solid, and compact organization. Followers of John Wesley, one of the greatest minds and the greatest hearts that ever lived, have vindicated their position—"Whosoever will may come"—salvation is a personal experience. The followers of Calvin have established their view, and so far as the rule and will of God are concerned, his providence is the gulf-stream of history, and He does overrule all things for good.

It is perfectly evident that there can be no unity on the old lines. There can be no intellectual unity that comes by imposing one creed on all intellects. The ritualist seeks unity by reciting the same prayer; the externalist seeks unity by a common method of baptism, or a common method of church

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polity. Those who emphasize government seek unity by tracing everything to the same head and ruler of the church. But this is sameness and not unity. It secures the likeness of a sand-heap where all the grains are the same, and will remain so, because all are dead. But change the grain of sand into a blade of grass or a leaf, and you will find that life works a larger difference. The true unity in the church of Jesus Christ, therefore, is in the simplicities that Jesus teaches, manifest in the divergences of individual temperaments. It is the harmony of unlikeness, the grouping of dissimilarities. In the high school, or college, we have one class-room where literature is taught. But one of the pupils will become an artist, one a poet, one a novelist, one an historian, one an orator, and all will unite to give us American letters.

In the great communal church there is unity. A prophet teaches us the illimitable love of God and His dear Son, Jesus Christ, and these simplicities fuse the multitudes into one solid band of disciples on Sunday. But on Monday, in practical life, the different temperaments will work out their lives, fulfil their tasks, or career, by different methods of activity.

A PROPHECY

With many delays, with diverse differences and discussions, this movement is now going forward. But the tides are piling up like waters behind a dam, and the movement will soon break through every obstacle. The ten thousand rural communities in the great West, where the village is divided, and filled with discord, will become unified. The brightest intellects, the strongest young men in the college will enter the ministry. Every community will embody in splendid and noble architecture its church life. The musical and artistic genius of the entire community will be organized and unified. The church will become the social centre, the joy, the pride, the delight of the whole community. What ought to be will be. God has time enough and to spare—and strength also. Once the workmen about the great cathedral filled the air with strife and bickerings, while they carved the statues and lifted the capstone to its place. At last the strife has died out of the air, the noise hushed itself to silence, but the cathedral lives on. Now, under the dome of the building, the disputing workmen are assembled on the inside, and ten thousand songs and voices on the floor beneath are gathered up, united and blended into one strain of music, to Him whose cross is the centre of the dome of God. Men are uniting their dreams, unifying their hopes, reorganizing their aspirations and their plans, and when all is complete, we shall have in this republic a unit church—with the unity of the faith and the unity of the knowledge of the Son of God.

The Robin

By WITTER BYNNER

EXCEPT within poetic pale
I have not found a nightingale,
Nor harkened in a dusky vale
To song and silence blending;
No stock-dove have I ever heard,
Nor listened to a cuckoo-bird,
Nor seen a lark ascending.
But I have felt a pulse-beat start
Because a robin, spending
The utmost of his simple art
Some of his pleasure to impart
While twilight came descending,
Has found an answer in my heart,
A sudden comprehending.

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A Slow Man

A Story of the New York Ghetto

By ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated by Sigurd Schau

JOHN MILANSKY, tired, awkward, six feet tall, sat alone in his tenement room, close under the gas-jet, clumsily darning two big holes in a wee girl's stocking. She was five years old and her sister seven. They lay asleep in one bed in the one small bedroom, and beside them was another bed for Milansky and Sam. Sam was out playing ball on the big caged roof of the Settlement. Sam was small, quick and wiry, twelve years old, with big black sparkling eyes and a voice that always hid a laugh. About Sam and the two wee girls Milansky sat slowly thinking—harder to-night than he had ever thought since his wife died two years back. And he almost forgot that his eyes were aching.

It was only an hour since he had come from the Jewish dispensary where the doctor had said slowly in Yiddish: "My friend—you must get another job and get it quick. If you stay at this job one month longer—you will go blind. Do you hear? You will—go—blind."

Only an hour, but it seemed a year. All his small hopes for Sam and the two wee girls had been suddenly shaken. He had felt weak and sick and desperately frightened. Then he had pulled himself slowly together, and now was thinking—slowly.

Milansky had always been slow. He had been five years in America and still spoke only the Jewish dialect of his native Galician village. Five years in the button-hole shop—he was still the slowest worker. Being so slow he was kept at the machine in the corner where the light was poorest, and there for five years he had bent to his labor from seven in the morning until six at night. It was an amazing machine created by genius, kept going by steam—swift, strong, precise. All Milansky did was to shove in a coat at exactly the right places for button-holes. The machine in one buzz cut the hole, sewed it round, and then waited for Milansky. Milansky was forever behind and striving to catch up, bending close, shoving on and on, straining eyes, nerves, limbs, and then, as the day faded, feeling eyes, nerves, limbs, all slowly wearing out. At six o'clock, in the dial, in columns of hundreds and thousands, he found his day's reward—twenty-three hundred button-holes, which meant ten dollars a week.

On the night before this he had been making the old, unending effort. All afternoon he had shoved faster and faster until with his tall, awkward frame bent far over, he felt no will, no mind, no soul in his head, it was all sucked into the machine. At half-past five a heavy pain pressed suddenly behind his eyes. It grew worse, but Milansky set his teeth and shoved on until six o'clock. When after supper that night with his children he took out the old Hebrew prayer-book, he could not see to read. The pain had stayed all night, all through the day, and so at last he had gone to the dispensary.

"You must get another job—and get it quick." Yes—but what? What other job? "Light, easy house-work? Try for a place as janitor. Um! You don't speak English? That's bad, very bad." Then to his assistant he broke out in English: "That's what comes of these shops with their infernal long hours—cage a man in, use him up, and then leave him at forty as much an immigrant as when he landed!" But the doctor was busy. He gave Milansky a soothing lotion, told him to come again in three days, and gave him the address of an immigrant employment bureau.

Since then one slow hour had passed. The stocking now was mended. Milansky rose stiffly, tiptoed into the bedroom, and put the stocking with its mate on the chair by the bedside. Then he came back and stood for a moment by the table. Before him lay a pile of Sam's school-books. He began turning them over one by one, still thinking. To get another job he knew that he must

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SO THE NIGHT LESSONS BEGAN.

learn English. He was wondering how long it would take. And his eyes—would his eyes hold out?

The next night Milansky told Sam all about it. At first little Sam grew terribly frightened and stared at his father's eyes as though expecting them to suddenly close forever and leave him outside. But the eyes looked back steadily, bravely; the voice was the same old voice, slow and deep and quiet, and as Milansky talked on Sam grew more and more sure that nothing bad had really happened, that they were coming out all right.

So the night lessons began. At first Sam was greatly embarrassed by the many pathetic blunders. He was always fearing that "de kid in de next room" might be listening, for Sam had always spoken of his father proudly as "de highest man on de block." Milansky noticed Sam's embarrassment and began making poor jokes about his own slowness. Gradually the lessons grew more and more natural, more fun for Sam. In two weeks his father had laboriously learned every word in the first thirty pages of the "Beginner's Reader."

The third week of painful labor in the shop, of fruitless search in the streets, dragged slowly by. The pay had shrunk to seven dollars a week. The rent was already due. Then Sam one morning resolved "ter butt in an' help." For he had wakened the night before toward daybreak and watched his father lying wide-eyed and restless beside him.

By the dim light from the narrow hall-window Milansky lay watching the two little girls on the bed beside him. They had laughed at supper because his eyes looked so funny. He was a fool now to watch their faces; it was the worst thing he could do; he knew it—but kept on watching. He felt unnerved, sick, helpless. Would his eyes hold out? The throbbing pain said "No." Then what next? What next?

For himself he felt no fear. There was not much for eyes to see in the button-hole shop, and he had no hope of rising. His vague dream of American freedom had been brief. He had wakened to the machine in the corner. But Sam was different. Sam was quick as a flash, always telling at supper new bright things about school and the Settlement. One night Milansky had stood back in a corner of the basket-ball court, and looking over the heads of the crowd he had seen Sam make three goals for his team. The next evening at home Sam had explained the game and Milansky had laboriously learned all the rules which Sam translated into Jewish. They used to discuss the game and the players at supper. Milansky knew them all.

Then there was the Street, the unending restless Street with its deep, muddy wisdom. Sam was "wise," like all his friends. He

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had kept nothing back from Milansky. There had been several solemn handshakes and promises to leave certain people and places alone. To keep Sam away from evil, to give him all that was good, this was Milansky's life. To-night among all the memories the question came over and over again. Would his eyes hold out? And if they failed, what next? What next?

He turned slowly on his pillow toward Sam. Sam had one black eye open. It shut suddenly. Sam hardly breathed and seemed asleep. But he, too, was thinking.

The next morning Sam secretly left school and began selling papers. His gang helped him start. In a week he made $3.83, spent thirteen cents and handed the rest one night to his father. Milansky was silent for a moment, then suddenly caught Sam up and held him so tight he could hardly breathe.

TWO BIG HOLES IN A WEE GIRL'S STOCKING.

At this Sam was deeply embarrassed, for he saw his "kid" sisters watching. He slipped down and began reading rapidly, "See the dog how he runs." The next morning he was sent back to school with a note written in English by the janitor, and after school he went, under orders, to rejoin his club at the Settlement. "He wants me ter git all there is comin'," he explained.

Another week passed, a week of weary disappointment. Then one night Milansky told Sam that he had a chance to work for a Jewish family up on Seventy-first Street. They wanted a man to work about the house and sleep there at night, his board to be free and his wage seven dollars a week. He need not speak English. If he took the place the two little girls must go to a Jewish asylum. He began telling Sam of a good kind family on Tenth Street where Sam could board and go to school, where Sam could be with Americans and make strong friends who would help him. Sam said not a word, but stared up at his father's face just as he had done three weeks before. As Milansky talked on, suddenly the little girl of five woke up in the other room. She had been having a bad dream and was frightened. Milansky went in and hushed her asleep. He stayed in the little dark room for a long time. Sam listened, motionless, and a lump rose up in his throat. Later on they decided to decline the offer.

And now each morning the machine in the shop went slower as the eyes grew steadily worse. Each day the dial kept relentless account and at three o'clock showed Milansky just how much slower he was than the day before. Then he would start off on the afternoon's search. He was not alone, for in that dense square mile of humanity, the Lower East Side, there were at that very time twenty thousand men and women who wanted work and could not find it. He met their faces wherever he went, long lines of faces, waiting their turn at bureaus of employment.

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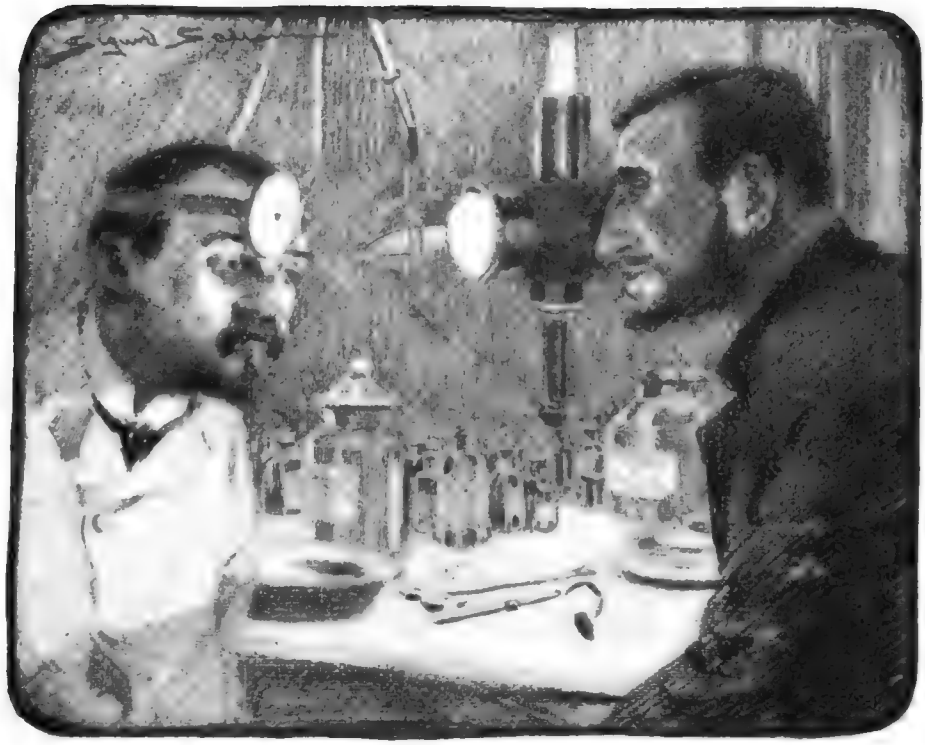

"UM! YOU DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH!"

In one line a starved, white-haired old man of forty-five sat next to him for over an hour. Twice Milansky held the old man up when sleep was weighing him over. The second time the sleeper turned with a drowsy "Thanks." His head nodded. "If they'd 'a' seen me I'd got fired," he murmured. Then he touched Milansky on the shoulder. "Say—take my advice—been at it years—no use—up all night—got list of this place an' eleven others. Let you doze if you don't fall over. Warm. No cop." Milansky missed the words, but he heard the weak, nerveless voice and watched the starved features. His hands grew suddenly cold and he threw an anxious glance at the head of the line. When at last his turn came, he bravely repeated the few English words he had learned by heart. The busy official pressed a few quick questions, and told him that he had no chance until he spoke English. Milansky stood staring until told to move on.

Twenty thousand faces forever changing, for many are young and strong; they get work and new recruits take their places. But the veterans, the slow, sick, weary old veterans, not tramps, but men who have worked half a lifetime, they shuffle on and on, ashamed, cast out by us all, condemned for the crime which of all human crimes is most heavily punished, the Crime of the Age—the crime of being slow.

Milansky was becoming one of these. But because he had Sam and the others to meet in the evening, he still fought bravely on, grew gaunt and haggard, but never gave up in the search by day or the lessons by night. Each evening the lessons grew longer and progress grew swifter, as the pupil grew more desperately eager to learn. Sam helped all he could. It was Sam who watched the red, swollen eyes and knew when to give the soothing lotion. It was Sam who bent eagerly over the table helping the tired eyes over hard places. It was Sam who brought the lesson sharply to an end at midnight.

Five weeks were gone. At last one night Milansky came home at six o'clock. He knew that the fight could last but a few days longer. He could not see the door-knob in the gas-light of the hall. He was let in by the girl of eight who was cooking gruel for supper. He fell exhausted on the lounge in the corner—and slept.

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A half-hour passed. The door banged hard below. Sam came up three flights two steps at a time. He burst breathless into the room. "Say!——" He threw his cap on the floor. "He's broke his leg, fell t'ree floors—mashed it! Yer can see de bone!" Sam was radiant. "He's a dead one fer two months—that's wot he is! A dead one!" Milansky had leaped up with his hand to his eyes. He was trying hard to catch the excited words. "Dead! Dead! Who? What?——" "De janitor—of de Settlement! Say, listen!" He gasped with excitement, but tried to speak slowly. "De—janitor—of—de Settlement—see?—is—down an' out—fer two months! An' youse—will get his job! I asked fer it before de ambulance come! De head lady wants yer ter come an' see her—come on! Yer gotter talk up! Yer gotter talk 'cause I says yer could. Come on an' bring de First Reader!"

TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED BUTTON-HOLES, WHICH MEANT TEN DOLLARS A WEEK

The scene at the Settlement was brief, but "de head lady" will never forget it. In her small front room stood little Sam proud and radiant. Beside him towered Milansky—bewildered, awkward, weak. As she came forward she could see his eyes suddenly grow anxious, and as she began to speak he leaned eagerly forward in strained attention. She had asked him where he lived. He could not catch the words. He struggled for speech. Sam stepped quickly from behind him.

"Two-t'irty-two Broome Street, top floor back."

"Wait, Sam, let your father speak."

"I speak," said Milansky. "I de fadder."

"Of course you do," she spoke slowly. "Have you any other children?"

"Sure, we have," cried Sam.

"Sam—wait." She repeated the question. Her eyes were still drawn to his while he answered. "Two—leetle—girls." "And—your wife?" "My vife—ees dead." "Bully," whispered Sam, from behind. "Yer speak bully!"

"And your work. Where did you work?" She was watching still the eager, strained pause, the anxious eyes trying to understand.

"Work!—yes—I work.—I work—for de—masheen. De masheen—he make—button-hole."

With an effort she drew her eyes away from his. "Haven't you trouble—with your eyes?"—"Excuse—please excuse—once more."—"Your eyes!" She pointed to her own.

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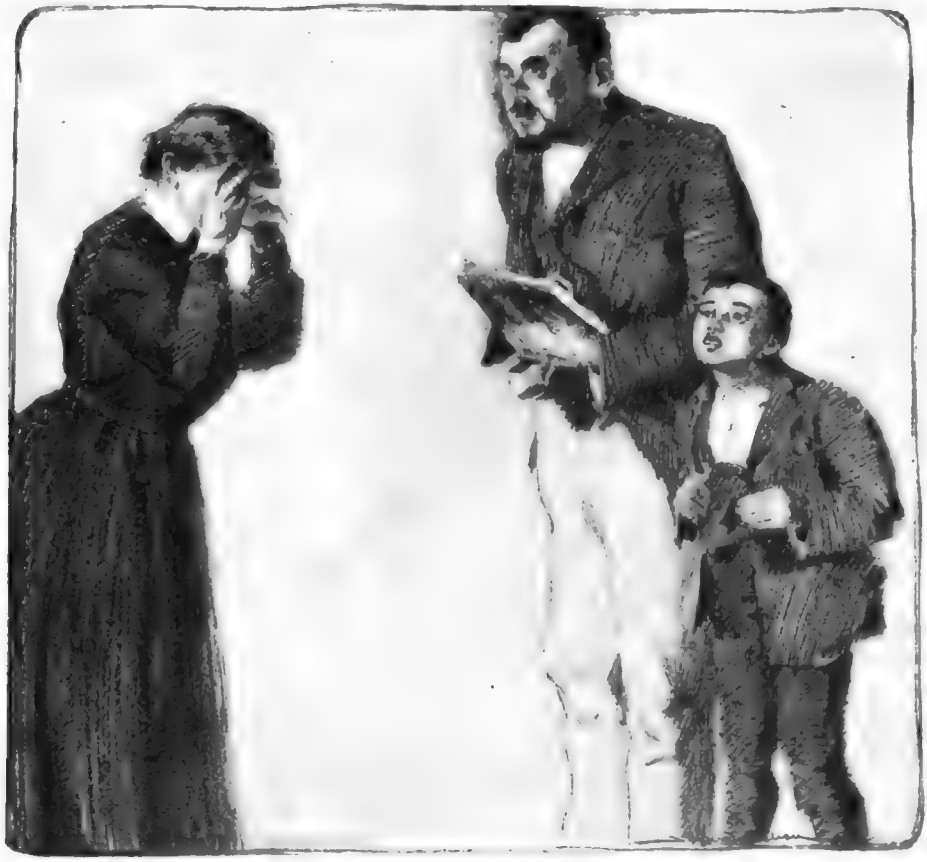
"Ah! Mein eyes! Yes. De masheen—er ist bad." His eyes spoke—the low broken words only followed. "De masheen—he get—too close—lady—too close—alles de time. When I try—to get sleep—he come—he stay alles de night—too close—too close." He

"De head lady" turned suddenly and walked to the window. There was a moment of tense, anxious silence.

"Yer think he can't speak good! He can, lady, he can." Sam suddenly touched her arm. She turned to speak—but stopped.



ONE SLOW, WEARY VETERAN HAD FOUND A JOB.

drew himself up and waited for the next question.

"Say, lady, his eyes ain't bad, dey ain't, dey ain't!" Sam, too, had suddenly grown anxious. "He's doin' fine. He's a-gettin' better. He can do de work, lady, he can, he can! He's de highest man on de block. Dat's wot he is, an' he's square—awful square! Oh, pop, you tell her, tell her yer is on de level."

"I ees—on de—level," said Milansky, slowly, standing very straight.

Milansky stood before her with his book open. His face was white and strained, his eyes fixed painfully on the open page. His breath came hard between set teeth. In a moment he began:

"Willie ees—haveeng a good—time see Willie—and hees dog—how dey—run—happy Willie—" The scene abruptly ended. For "de head lady" was "down an' out."

She put her hands before her face to conceal her tears.

One slow, weary veteran had found a job.

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EASTERN SOCIETY

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

MY difficulty, at the outset, is that I cannot fairly recognize the difference in tone between good society in the Eastern portion of our vast correlation of social force on this continent, and that of the West. Great wealth and swift locomotion; the incessant journeying of all of us abroad to drink at the common fountain of inspiration to the higher arts of living; the extraordinary rapidity with which the American woman absorbs and reflects the color of her surroundings, make, as far as my experience goes, the *grande dame* of New York and the *mondaine* of vogue in San Francisco and Chicago indistinguishable in externals. If there be any advantage to either in distinguishing between them, my voice would perhaps be for the greater simplicity and frankness of manner observable in the lady from the West. She is generally not afraid to admit that she is enjoying herself; and almost always she reveals a willingness to extend cordiality to a casually made acquaintance. This last concession we all know is not a mark of highest fashion in the East. Some haughty dames there are who would perish rather than accord it; and there is no one like your aristocrat of dollars and cents for putting people she does not know in their proper places.

MRS. ASTOR, NEW YORK

See page 950.

There is unquestionably something refrigerating in the social atmosphere of the close corporations of New York and its adjunct settlements and dependencies of clubs and country houses; this extends to Newport, Lenox, and many summer resorts along the line of the Eastern coast. Boston is not free from it. But the slight frost melts happily in the sun of hospitable Philadelphia and lively Baltimore, and is imperceptible in Buffalo and Cincinnati. Washington, where all cities of the republic send their tribute of feminine representation; where the leaven of foreign types and customs of entertaining has long been at work; where all the great houses are accessible to callers, and exclusion is defined by official position only,

In this article by Mrs. Burton Harrison, as in that by Mrs. DeKoven on Western Society, the author is responsible only for the text of the main article. The supplementary articles are furnished in explanation of the photographs. — THE EDITOR.

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has more of the reality of republican society of the best kind procurable, than any other community on our continent. Like the District of Columbia that enshrines it, it is a thing apart, a microcosm possessing a thousand forms of study for the observer, and concentrating an endless variety of individualisms, all of which meet on comparatively equal terms.

Guizot once said that an idea, to penetrate other of the countries of Europe than that of its origin, must permeate through Paris —or words to that effect. Thus it is that New York, for good or ill, not only supplies social forms and standards to the East, but sends much farther afield the influence of the doings and sayings of the segregated few children of Fortune who rule her. It is absurd and unbelievable how tremendous a force in the far-away semi-civilized portions of our country, is the "Society column" of the New York newspaper. Its favorite heroes and cherished heroines are intimately known, and quoted by their familiar names, on the lips of thousands who lead lives of constant, homely toil, and who can never in reason expect to emulate such habits and example. In this way, weak women and ignorant young girls are everywhere being trained in the belief that extravagant show and inane triviality are the chief aim and end of a successful social career. No wonder the ill-used word "Society" is rarely accepted by Americans in its broader sense, but is regarded as applying mainly to the capers cut by certain people in their summer diversions at Newport, and to the amount of cash embodied in houses, balls, dinners, clothes, and jewels in New York.

Incidentally, the gazing audience looks on with complacency at the marital vagaries of some petty deities of the Manhattan Olympus, who are pleased to marry, divorce, remarry, and again exchange partners, quite unconcerned by public opinion on the subject. This kind of thing is like the figure of "*cavalier seul*" in an old-fashioned quadrille—the one Thackeray depicted so amusingly. For a while, the partners keep together, then there is a cry of "Ladies change." The forsaken man thereupon takes his gloomy steps for a time alone; then suddenly the companion of his *vis-à-vis* flies consolingly over to join him, and all goes merrily once more.

What an admirable school for the youth of America is such a spectacle! How profit-

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., NEW YORK
See page 500.

able to its moral sense to know that nobo in New York, to all appearance, thinks t worse of the performers in such exhibitions

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MRS. J. MADISON TAYLOR, PHILADELPHIA.
See page 499.

Few writers upon the theme of social conditions in the cradle of American civilization —the long-settled, cultured, and wealthy caste—take pains in these days to suggest that there is any other, any better social movement astir in good society among us than that which is in the hands of the conspicuous minority I have referred to. Would it not be well, once in a way, to point out the existence of the large, important body of home-founders—of wives and husbands who side by side work out their life-problem to its end—of girls who are taking their intelligent share in the great vital processes of the world's progress—of young men with high and wholesome ambitions—all steadily at work building up the future of this century? Do we not all know houses where gossip and bridge-playing for high stakes are not the only means of getting rid of the evening hours at home; where the talk at dinner soars higher than small personalities about humdrum people of the "fashionable" world; where refinement and intellectuality have their opportunity, and improve it; where may be encountered a society in which money and money's worth is not the sole standard of fitness to participate in it?

Were this Utopian, and not actual, any discussion of the present condition of society in the East would be hopelessly monotonous, to put it in the mildest form. We will, therefore, decline to accept the buffet of reproach given us by almost all foreign writers and commentators, and by many of our own scribes and novelists. We are not all idlers, money-spenders, restless wanderers on the face of earth—giving no time to the culture of refinement of thought and domestic virtue. In proportion with the enormous growth of fortunes and the creation of stately homes with which the world resounds, we have acquired a general knowledge of comfortable living on a smaller scale, which has put to flight many of the nightmares of bygone fashion in decoration, and increased the elegance of daily custom in our homes. Into the life of the chief centres already named, the influx of foreign elements has brought a greater love of music, of art, and of living out of doors. Study of the best models abroad has

From a Photograph by Hasted

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH, NEW YORK
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taught us to suppress the horrors of furniture and fittings beloved by the generation ahead of ours, and to go back to the earlier, simpler, most charming belongings of our grandparents, and their immediate predecessors, of which our land is full.

Thirty years ago, the drawing-room, a dim chamber set apart for high-days and holidays, was furnished exclusively after the method in which plush and passementerie, looped curtains, a gas log, and heavy gilt frames enclosing paintings in oils at which few were ever known to look, formed the leading features. Now, the drawing-room — where, if you be fortunate, you may find the mistress of the house late of an afternoon behind her tea-tray—is expected to be a bright, uncrowded apartment, with white woodwork and darkly gleaming parquet floor scattered with rugs and skins, with windows lightly draped, through which every ray of sunshine is courted to come as long as possible; a room full of soft, rich colors, where the crackle of a wood fire, the presence of an open piano, plants, flowers, books, magazines, a dog nestling upon the hearth-rug, needle-work, children at discreet intervals—all signs and tokens of a habitable home—conspire to rob the visitor of inclination to depart. So much do we owe to the example of older civilization and continental habit, and, it must be owned, the gain to our own way of living is enormous. When I read in the newspapers articles darkly prophesying the total extinction of the American home through lack of good servants and the increase of apartment-houses and hotels—and remember the numbers of delightful and cheerful interiors of family life still upon the list of my acquaintance, I refuse to be depressed by such dismal portents.

MRS. FREDERICK THURSTON MASON, PHILADELPHIA
See page 499.

The fashionable love of sport—one of the governing impulses of society in the East at present—has its quaint as well as wholesome aspects. To have a charming and feminine young woman, soft of voice and slight of build, confess her achievements in the line of shooting big game and killing salmon, produces in the conservative hearer a queer sense of distaste. The more difficult the enterprise in search of such excitement, the more desirable. Their "records" are cherished with pride, and discussed after dinner among the women instead of that old, worn theme, the characteristics of the men of their acquaintance. To drive four-in-hand, to guide her automobile, to swim, to fence with superior dexterity, to sail a knockabout, to ride to hounds daringly, to accompany her husband or brothers in fatiguing expeditions, are athletic accomplishments that have quite superseded the afternoon ride and the game of tennis. Combine with this habit of life the way fashionable women in these days have of setting off together upon long journeys to the ends of the earth, of going with their maids to "visit" friends in Russia, Morocco, Turkey, India, China; add the busy days of their sojourn in their own country, the breathless race to keep up with acquaintances and engagements

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MRS. LARZ ANDERSON, BOSTON
See page 500.

—and one is tempted to wonder how Mother Eve could have been satisfied as long as she was in Eden, before eating the liberating apple!

Even the honeymoon journeys show the influence of this migrating spirit. Alaska and Japan are common objective points for young married people. One couple was encountered in St. Petersburg on their way to Siberia, to remain a year, during which the bride proposed to gather material for a book about the social and political conditions of the country. A cruise of six months in a schooner-yacht in the Pacific recalls the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. Another couple sailed around the Horn. But, all told, none of these American inventions have equalled in picturesqueness the honeymoon entered upon at Cairo by an English couple—the bride a great-granddaughter of Lord Byron—who drove across the desert to a settlement belonging to her family at Heliopolis. There they were met by such a train of Arab horsemen as Loti might have described, and as Gérôme has often painted, together with Bedouin camel-drivers and ancient, aristocratic Sheiks, who did them homage, escorting them to their new abode, through decorated villages and crowds of rejoicing natives, to whom the bride and groom had contributed a flock of sheep, then spitted and roasting for the wedding-feast! There is no knowing what American invention may yet devise to emulate this novelty, since novelty is dear as the breath of our nostrils, and honeymoons continue to go on.

Of course, much of the present fashion of women travelling together, or with maids, comes through continuous intercourse with European society, where it is admitted and practised freely. Englishwomen make nothing of trips from Piccadilly to the Antipodes and back—but then they have not an Atlantic or a Pacific Ocean to cross before reaching the desired goal. The custom is, how-

MRS. ALAN P. SMITH, BALTIMORE.
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ever, so modern and so marked among American gentlewomen, that one must emphasize it as a sign of the times in our society.

Another, more important, result upon us of Continental influence may be discerned in certain small circles and cliques who have created for themselves a false standard of exclusiveness, the best equivalent they can manufacture for the hereditary privilege of class rights they have seen abroad. This is no doubt increased and intensified by the translation by marriage from their republican ranks, of so many attractive young women, to be members of high aristocracy in Europe. The brilliant sheen of a title, of a tiara not bought, but handed down; of the right to walk in to dinner ahead of commoners, may not be in their case procurable; but they can at least duplicate the atmosphere of court circles, and console themselves by drawing lines to shut in a chosen few and shut out the wide majority.

An amusing instance of this fell to the lot of a visiting Englishman, a man of high rank and place, whose simplicity and *bonhomie* of spirit led him to ask a young woman with whom he was dancing at an Assembly ball, to go out with him to supper. "Oh! but I couldn't, possibly," she answered, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. "I know my place too well." Pressed for an explanation by the bewildered earl, she said: "I'm not in the set of the people who brought you here; of course they expect you to take in Mrs. ——, and if you didn't do it, and *did* take me to their table, I'd have such a horrid time, I couldn't stand it, really."

The singular part of this in the Englishman's eyes was that the pretty girl in question came of a family who had been a generation ago eminent in social place and fortune in New York; and that, although now poor, she could boast a line of ancestry representing the best in America. He was told, also, that the leaders of fashion who had him in charge were wholly without position in society by inheritance; that some of them were in trade purveying to the luxuries demanded by their "set" at the present moment. And, failing to understand the puzzle, his lordship calmly gave it up!

The passing of old families, and the supremacy of new people in most of our Eastern communities can perhaps have no better exemplification than the preceding anecdote of real life. But in Boston and Philadelphia, perhaps more than in New York, one still

MRS JOHN L. GARDNER, BOSTON.
See page 498.

hears the familiar ring of old-time names in prominent society; and in Baltimore, pedigrees are as much in evidence as Colonial silver candlesticks and mahogany furniture. In all these places, however, there is always to be found some respectable elderly soul to wail over the decadence of aristocracy, and the unpardonable prominence of certain families and individuals who have crept in and up from the shades of insignificance to the broad light of the favors of fashion.

As a matter of fact, Society everywhere is a mart, where one pays for what one gets.

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The person who contributes what is most in demand—amusement, entertainment, novelty, variety—wins the tribute of the suffrage of fashion. The members of old families who go out seldom, who sniff at existing conditions, and make no effort to be agreeable, are rewarded by the name of "Cave-Dwellers," and are left severely to themselves. Those, on the contrary, who philosophically adapt their ideas to the modern trend of things, who accept the present social evolution for just what it yields them in return, are made welcome, although they may not, perhaps, presume upon their consciousness of gentle breeding and ancient lineage.

MRS. HENRY BARTON JACOBS, BALTIMORE.
See page 497.

One is sometimes led to speculate upon the very apparent subsidence of the sentimental relationship of the sexes in our age. Certain it is that the young man who dares not, and the girl who cares not, to achieve matrimony, are a frequent spectacle. In the man's case, who can blame him, acquainted as he generally is with the stress of money-getting, and informed on every side of the expectations and the necessities, of a wife "in society?" As for the girl, it is the habit of well-to-do American parents so to equip and prepare their daughters for life among the highest; they so commonly provide her with luxuries unknown to their own youth, with suites of rooms, maids, horses, vehicles of her own; they carry her so much abroad that she cannot find herself tempted to give up this ease and variety for the humdrum estate of marriage and a husband who must daily work down town. Such a state of things seems abnormal, but is not unusual. And while I am quite unprepared to accept Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's declaration, in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the American woman is anarchical; that she is undermining the sociological foundations of the State—I think in this matter of wanting to remain single because she is better off than if married, there is a menace of grave import to the nation.

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It is not apparent, however, that we are tending toward the "arranged marriage," as in Continental countries. Even the children of foreign families resident in our chief cities seem to inhale liberty of choice with the air of the adopted country. Abhorrent as the idea seems to almost all native Americans in youth, there be some who, in maturity of experience, could wish that the question of a marriage-portion established for the woman, and a sufficient sum exacted from the man, might be made the foundation of more matches over here, before the tie is entered upon which is to make or mar the happiness of both. For a young couple to challenge the future, with no provision, seems in these hard, exigent days, an uncertainty in which prudence might be permitted a word of protest. But it is quite certain that American young people will go on doing as they please, no matter how the wind sets!

With all our faults, with all our shortcomings in taste and judgment—we are growing and expanding constantly. But the young people are still our real rulers. In Boston, where high thinking and intellectual supremacy once rode over the waters as if in an ark, we are told that Society is given over into the hands of the very youthful set, whose dinners and balls and house-parties are the chief social events and topics. In New York the elders of a certain set still meet at large functions with the juveniles, but the débutante and her playfellows usurp a large share of room and public attention. In Philadelphia, there still are dinners and suppers where the heads of the community assemble and maintain their old character for agreeability, but the young generation requires—and secures—its full share of entertaining. In Baltimore, where beauty and youth have ever shared renown with terrapin and canvas-back ducks, the mothers and fathers frankly stay at home and let their children have the fun abroad.

MISS LOTTA ROBINSON, BALTIMORE.
See page 500.

The same general conditions largely prevail in the other cities within our radius of observation from the metropolis; and, universally in this present year of grace, the gay young married couples who are modishly inclined, are the chief law-givers and dictators of society.

While this endures, we are not likely to see among us the fashionable interest in artistic and literary people, such as we note in London. A "celebrity" now and then may be found at an ultra-fashionable function; but his kind do not take root easily in that soil, and wisely find their pleasures in a wider sphere.

EASTERN SOCIETY AND ITS LEADERS

By MABEL F. HUNTING

IN the five great cities of the East, society is fully organized. Its conditions and membership are not the creation of the present generation as in the West. They represent slow growth, family tradition, and certain standards of manners and conduct. In addition, each city has individual traits which represent the prejudices or peculiarities of its inhabitants.

Admission to membership in the societies of the five cities is variously regulated. The golden key so potent in New York will not unlock the social portals of Baltimore or Philadelphia. In Boston an epigram will

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MRS. CHARLES DANIELS, BUFFALO, N. Y.
See page 500.

take an aspirant farther into the inner circles than a fortune. In Buffalo money means much, but good manners and worth are factors strongly considered. Cincinnati, like Baltimore, has its background of old families who are slow to extend notice to the newcomer, and view with stern suspicion the energy of the "climber."

Society proper in most large cities is made up of groups of people gathered together for one reason or another. The elderly people flock by themselves; the younger married folk and the maidens often find their pleasures together. Or, these groups may represent degrees of activity or gaiety. In New York there are scores of minor circles and many distinctions in the so-called "400." Philadelphia, however, is an exception. There is but one set in the Quaker City, and it is the largest and most homogeneous existing in any American city. In Cincinnati the "smart set" is represented largely by the membership of the Riding Club.

About leadership, seldom is there much dispute. Some women are more active than others and perforce become social leaders. No one denies Mrs. Astor's supremacy in Manhattan, but she has few prototypes in other cities and it is probable will never have a successor in New York. In Baltimore, the real arbiter is a man, Mr. William F. Lucas, secretary of the Bachelors' Cotillon Club. In Cincinnati, no one has arisen to wield the sceptre of the late Mrs. George Pendleton. In Boston, Mrs. John L. Gardner, distinctively one of the Hub's leading women, neither confines herself to nor is especially concerned with the society of functions and frivolities. Perhaps Madame Cary may be said to be the first lady in Buffalo, and one might accord Mrs. Henry Barton Jacobs a similar distinction in Baltimore.

In New York the smart set is frankly material. To keep the pace in it millions are essential. It lives in palaces and the importance of its entertainments are measured by the degree of their cost. Life within it is a strenuous round of balls, dinners, operas, with yachting, automobiling, and horse-racing. It is not suggested that anyone having a fortune has also a franchise to membership in Gotham's smart set, but great wealth is an absolute condition of membership. In Boston, on the contrary,

MRS. LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JR., CINCINNATI, OHIO
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money is of slight moment in measuring an individual's status. Among the leading families there is wealth in abundance, but ostentation is rigorously eschewed. Intelligence and talent are real factors in the city's social life. There are "Assemblies" and "Hunt Balls" and hunt clubs, but of equal, nay, greater importance are certain concerts and readings and exhibitions about which society is deeply concerned. Culture is not merely a fad in Boston, it is a factor in the life of the city. For instance, Miss Louise Chandler Moulton and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe enjoy distinct social importance there, and at their receptions one sees not only the literary crowd, but also the smart set—a phenomenon nowhere else observable in the United States.

In Philadelphia pedigree is the thing. In the "Assembly" set are the oldest families of the Quaker City, bound together by ties of blood and feeling and residential proximity, and they compose the social elect. Admission to this sacred circle is most difficult to obtain. It is not to be bought—indeed, it is never accorded to mere dollars. New people do make their way in, having passed the scrutiny of the guardians, but they

MRS. BELLAMY STORER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

See page 500.

MRS. HARRY HAMLIN, BUFFALO, N. Y.

See page 500.

find themselves among an innumerable company of cousins and brothers-in-law, aunts and nephews; for owing to its exclusiveness the members of this society have constantly intermarried with one another. There is no one social leader in Philadelphia, but two prominent society women may be selected as representative of the activities of the set. They are Mrs. Frederick Thurston Mason and Mrs. John Madison Taylor. The former rules the Monday Evening Dancing Class, which, next to the Assembly, is the most exclusive function of the season, and the latter is the patroness of the Saturday Evening Dances, which is made up of the younger sons and daughters of the first families. Both are women of distinguished lineage and real personal distinction.

Socially Baltimore is the least expensive of the great cities. The password to the ranks of the elect for all the generations Maryland can boast is "good family." Having that, the possessor may serve in any public capacity not absolutely menial without loss of position. There are girls in the best Baltimore society who "take dictation" in downtown offices by day, from the same men over

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whom they queen it at the cotillon at night. The chief social organization is the famous Bachelors' Cotillon Club, founded a quarter of a century ago. Without an invitation to its First Monday German, no *débutante* is really in society, and it often happens that girls have laid aside their working garb for ball-gowns and gone as honored guests where the daughters of Midas found access impossible. Still there is coming into prominence in Baltimore a new element that threatens to depart from this fine democratic simplicity. It is composed of young and wealthy people, gaily disposed, who are beginning to entertain on a scale much more lavish than has prevailed in the Monumental City. There is a sturdy tradition, however, to hinder radical departure from old-time custom. In Baltimore there are three great circles, the ultra-conservative, which comprises women of large means and cultured tastes, at the head of which is Mrs. Henry Barton Jacobs. Mrs. Jacobs, formerly Mrs. Robert Garrett, has a magnificent home on Mount Vernon Street. The second circle, which is formed of younger women, goes in for gayety of an artistic kind. At its head is Miss Lotta Robinson, of St. Paul Street, one of the most distinguished and charming women in the State. The third circle is composed of girlish young matrons, in whom the zest of life is strong and who have not outgrown the love for festivities and functions. Because of her unusual blonde beauty and individuality, Mrs. Alan P. Smith is mentioned as its leader.

Buffalo society rather takes its cue from New York and Newport. Its leading members are all very wealthy and its entertainments are lavish. It is distinctly an American-bred circle, and the leading members of it are women of life-long residence in the city. No one questions the sway of Madame Cary, a most gracious and dignified woman who has long been the arbiter of the exclusive set. There is also Mrs. Charles Daniels, widow of the late Judge Daniels, who is next in the succession; her daughter, Mrs. Harry Hamlin, the wife of the well-known horseman, is the most active member of Buffalo's smart set. Other leading figures are Mrs. John Clark Glenny, Mrs. Lawrence Rumsey, and Mrs. Charles H. Williams.

The society of Cincinnati has its roots back in the revolutionary period. The city's fathers were sturdy old patriots who had helped relieve the States of the British yoke, and they brought to it the best traditions of their time. Consequently there is deep respect for ancient institutions and the families of the founders are the pillars of the inner circle. The centre of the social life of the city for over a generation is the Riding Club, which is headquarters for the fashionable young people of the city. This institution's annual circus and *Mardi gras* masked ball, and its musical rides are the smartest events in the social calendar. The question of leadership is not especially a moot point in Cincinnati. There are many prominent and distinguished women—for instance, Mrs. Alphonso Taft, widow of the late Judge Taft and mother of the present Secretary of War—a splendid old lady whose advanced years detract little from her strength of mind and fine social qualities. Mrs. Bellamy Storer, a member of the wealthy Longworthy family and the wife of the American Ambassador to Austro-Hungary, is another important member of Cincinnati society. She is notable for her fine intelligence and her artistic talents. Her great achievement is the establishment of Rookwood Pottery, on which she spent a fortune. Mrs. Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., wife of the ex-Solicitor-General of the United States, is the President of the Women's Club and at the head of the May Music Festivals.

Many things have contributed to the prominence of Mrs. "Jack" Gardner in Boston. She has become almost a national figure through her art palace in the Fens. Mrs. Larz Anderson, who before her marriage was Isabel Weld Perkins, is the richest woman in Boston, and one of the most democratic.

In New York there are several women who may be called social leaders. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., has scored more triumphs than any of her competitors. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, a brilliant woman, is notable for the interesting entertainments she has given. Mrs. Mills unites the prestige of family with great wealth and bulks large in the affairs of the "400." The supremacy of Mrs. Astor, however, is undisputed. This lady has a strong objection to the camera, and is represented here by a portrait taken some time ago. Indeed this is the only photograph of her extant, and though the years have not passed without mark, it remains a good likeness of the distinguished woman whose sway in the great city of the Western Hemisphere will last as long as she chooses to exercise it.

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A COLORED PRINT THAT MEANS MUCH TO THE PENITENTES.

The Penitentes of New Mexico

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Illustrated with photographs by S. W. Matteson

FOR some three hundred odd years there has existed in this enlightened country of ours a sect which for savage fanaticism, idolatrous superstition, and blind bigotry, can be likened only to the dark religions of India, of whose rites men spoke below their breath. The name of this society is the "Confradio de neustro Padre Jesus—the Brotherhood of our" Father Jesus Christ; it is also known as the order of the Penitent Brothers. More than three centuries ago, there was founded in Spain, the order of Los Hermanos Penitentes, the aim of which brotherhood was "The imitation of our Father Jesus, by perfect observance of all the duties of a fervent Christian." In spite of its suggestive title, there was nothing of penance or of the scourge in the founders' original scheme. The fundamental idea of the order was that its members should constantly assemble together for religious study, and for the discussion of subjects that are in their nature elevating and spiritual.

The power of the order of Penitent Brothers grew, especially among the Franciscans, and when the Franciscan missions were established in Mexico and New Mexico, branches of the Spanish order were also instituted. That the present Mexican order is the direct descendant of these there seems no doubt. Just when the rites of the Penitentes as now practised were grafted on to the original stem it is hard to learn, for an inviolable secrecy has been always preserved in regard to the official records of the Brotherhood. It is interesting to note that when the Spanish conquerors entered Mexico they found that among almost all the Indian nations there were professional penitents who made vicarious atonement for the sins of the whole tribe. The periods of penance occurred at regular intervals and a prescribed routine of torture was gone through. These facts, taken together with the barbarous cruelty, the indifference to suffering shown in the rites of the penitentes, and the very nature of some of the torments, suggest that though the order remained Christian, it was influenced to a very marked degree by the religion of the native races.

Extreme secrecy has always characterized the ceremonies of the Mexican Penitentes. During the Passion Week Celebrations, all approaches to the sacred buildings are carefully guarded by men who have orders to prevent, by force if necessary, the presence of any but members of the order. It was at great personal risk that the scenes described in this article were witnessed. The photographs are absolutely the only ones ever procured of the rites of these latter-day flagellants.—THE EDITOR.

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JUAN MARTINEZ, TYPE OF THE SINCERE AND IGNORANT PENITENTES.

Passion week is the season selected by the Penitent Brothers for their great annual celebration. The ceremonies begin, to all intents and purposes, on the Wednesday before Easter, when general fasting is observed. That day the devotee goes first to confession, and then betakes himself to the morada, or sacred Habitation, an adobe building in a secluded place, with one low door and narrow windows. As a rule the morada has a secret room, wherein none but members are admitted, and the walls of which are said to be, literally, painted with penitential blood. Herein are kept the sacred pictures of the Virgin and of many saints, and the paraphernalia of the society. To this place the penitente comes at the hour when the Hermanos de Luz—the Brothers of Light, as the lower members are called—are gathered within, and knocking, says:

"God knocks at this Mission's doors of His clemency."

Those within answer:

"Penance, penance, which seeks salvation."

The devotee announces:

"St. Peter will open to me the gate, bathing me with the light in the name of Mary, with the seal of Jesus. I ask this confraternity, *Who gives this house light?*"

They answer, "*Jesus.*"

"*Who fills it with joy?*"

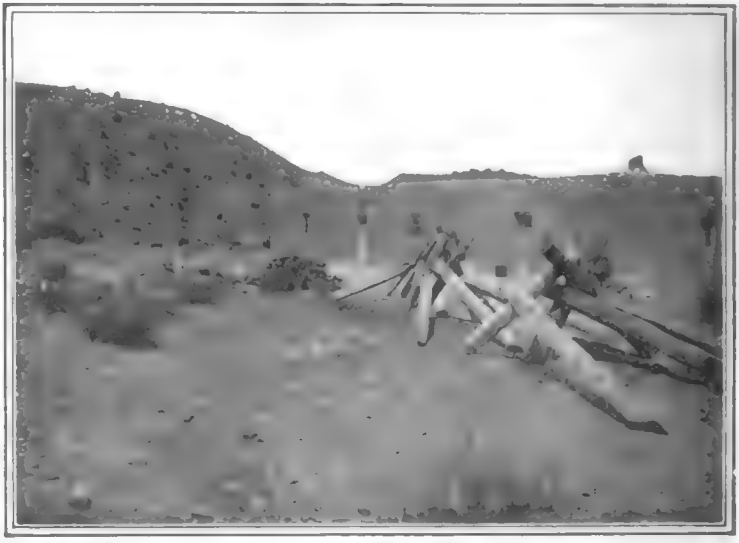
"*Mary.*"

"*Who preserves it with faith?*"

"*Joseph.*"

In English the true rhythm of this is lost, for in the Spanish it is a stanza of six lines, half chanted, full of effect. Thus opens the first scene on the drama of tragedy, so earnest, so ignorant, and so mistaken.

The penitente enters the Habitation and prepares himself for the "thing of obligation." This is the regularly prescribed penance, which is merely the pricking of the flesh of the back with sharp flints or broken glass, known as Pedernals. This duty is performed by the Picador. The real torture



HEAVY CROSSES OUTSIDE THE UPPER MORADA.

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JUNIOR CROSS BEARERS AND FLAGELLANTES.

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FLAGELLANTES, WITH BLOOD-STAINED BACKS, WHIPPING THEMSELVES.

THE BLOOD-STAINED CROSS AND SURROUNDINGS IN THE CAMPO SANTO.

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BAKING BREAD AT ABIQUIU DURING HOLY WEEK.

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THE CROSS BEARERS HALTING

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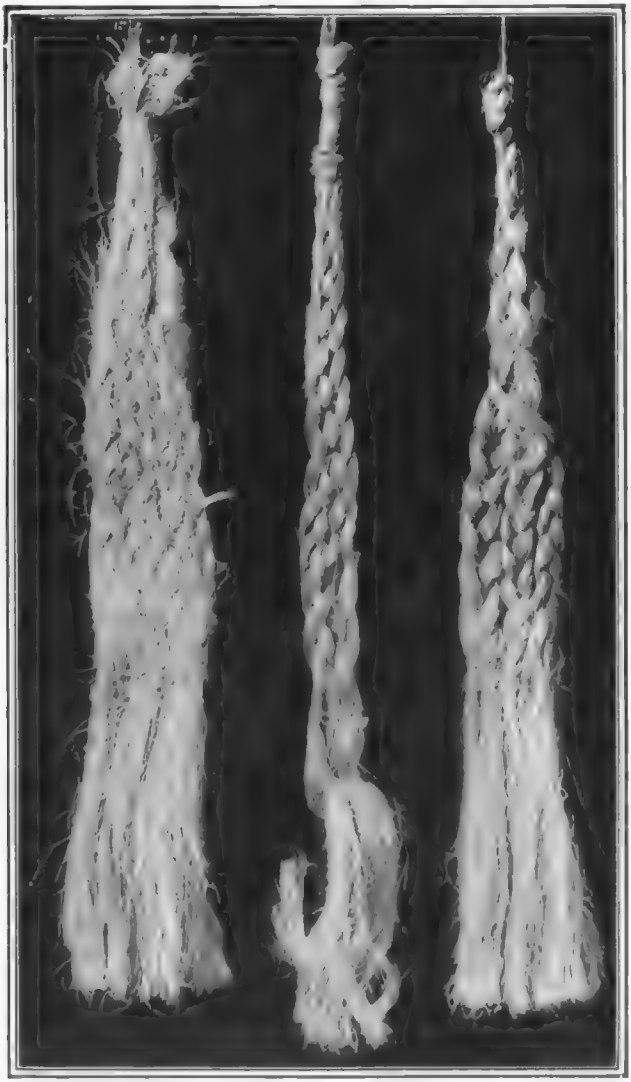

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DISCIPLINAS OR WHIPS USED BY PENITENTES IN SELF-FLAGELLATION.

begins when the penitente, if the measure of his faith be great enough, requests "for the love of God" to be given "the three meditations of the passion of our Lord." This signifies six strokes with a scourge, three on either side of the spine, the number being invariably thus doubled. As his zeal increases, he demands the five wounds of Christ; the seven last words; the ten commandments; the forty days in the wilderness —each request being prefaced with the formula, "for the love of God." One hundred and thirty strokes, given with all the strength of the Picador's brawny arm out of pure love and charity—since the harder he strikes, the sooner will he himself win righteousness—is no light puuishment to stand. Thereafter the Coadjutor appears, whose duty it is to wash the penitente's wounds with rosemary water and antiseptics known to the Brotherhood of old; and to clean the pedernals and blood-drenched disciplinas — scourges — for fresh use.

After the preliminary scourging, cactus is bound to back and breast—cactus with inch-long spikes that work into the tortured flesh and break, leaving a bristling, bleeding mass of wounds. Often five or six men undergoing penance at the same time will leave the morada in this manner, stripped to the waist, muttering prayers, attended by the Rezador, book in hand, who paces beside them, grave-faced and solemn, chanting fervent prayers. They file into the open, slow, exhausted, yet nerved to unnatural strength, wincing, at first, as the great spikes of the cactus-bunches strike home with the steady switch and thud of the heavy scourge spattering gouts of blood from quivering backs. Up the hill, a weary way, over stony ground, reeling somewhat now, and leaving tracks of blood, while the priest prays louder; and so to the great cross that stands in the Lonely Place. Around this they go; then back again to the white-walled church, which they must circle thrice according to the merciless Rule. At times, on the terrible return trip, a man stumbles and falls, unable to keep his legs, and is lashed up and on again. A cart comes by, jolting, springless, one-horsed; surrounded by Brothers who pray aloud, as priests prayed once, when Moloch spread his arms for children whose cries would not be choked and must be drowned. On the cart a child is bound naked, upon a bed of cactus, at every jolt writhing against

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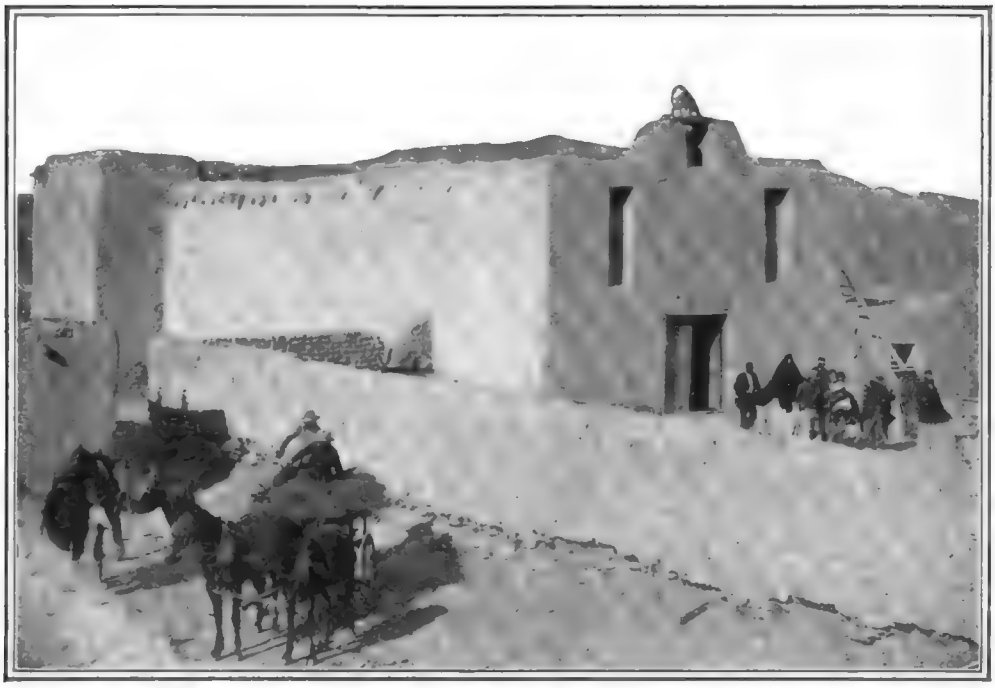

PENITENTES COMING FROM A SERVICE IN THE CHURCH.

its bonds as in convulsions. One wonders at the sight, what sins ten innocent years could know, to merit such reward. A man, carried beyond himself, cries to two Brothers to aid him, for the love of God, that as Christ suffered for him, so he may suffer in turn for Christ. And the Brothers, since it is in the way of winning their own absolution, are ready. A reata is tied about the penitente's body, and by this he is dragged over rocks, stumps, cacti, until he himself gives the word to stop. But not seldom it happens that he is rendered unconscious and, incapable of giving the signal to cease, is jerked, horribly inert, at the rope's end until death follows.

A man convicted of certain crimes and condemned to "the way of the cross" has a definite fate before him. Since he believes that only by meeting this fate will his redemption be secured, his readiness to undergo it is in proportion to the gravity of the offence. It must always be remembered that whatever their superiors may be, the rank and file of the brotherhood are in deadly earnest. To them this is no mere

THE "HERMANO MAYOR" AND GROUP OF PENITENTES.

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verbal *credo*, but a deep rooted and abiding faith. Never otherwise could they endure what they do endure through those dark last days of Lent. Therefore the criminal, bound to win forgiveness at all costs, is ready to undergo all that flesh and blood can stand —sometimes more—and so declares his willingness to die the death if need be.

In the hidden inner room of the Habitation are stored many crosses, some twenty feet in length with eight-foot arms. Hither the penitente is brought by the companeros, and the Brothers of Light; a cross is strapped to his back with rawhide thongs that bind his arms almost immovably and cut deep into the flesh. It drags behind him, crunching on the stones, as he leaves the morada with his fellows, similarly burdened; under its weight he can just stagger. So they start, the group of them for the campo santo, where they will pray and flog themselves before the blood-spattered cross therein, and after, make their slow way on to the next morada and the next, if they can hold out so long. With them are the Rezadors, always praying; the companeros, scourging them forward with sickening blows; the piteros, players of the flute, whose eerie wail floats over town and lonely gulch by day and night. It is a strange instrument, the flute; soulless, yet with the mockery of the cry of lost souls in it; one instant heart-breaking, the next filled with the essence of all evil. At the best of times it sends a thrill along the blood; and heard thus, with the under-note of the slow, crunching beams, dragging painfully, and the ominous wet thud of the reeking scourge, it is not to be forgotten.

Such a scene is bad enough by daylight, but by night it is a hundred times more grim. Lanterns glow and dance like will-o'-the-wisps over uneven ground; out of the darkness come groans, the sound of monotonous blows, the tramp of many feet. Over the brow of a rounded hill a troop of figures pass slowly black against the golden disk of the rising moon. Some are bent gnome-like, weighed to earth by burdens too great for them to bear, contorted, like misshapen creatures of a world not human; others walk upright, stiffly, looming large against the sky. Elfin voices cry to each other across the night; the flutes shrill incessantly, now near, now far away; at times rises a deep-toned chant of prayer. From somewhere in the world a scream of pain stabs through the

TRADING HEADQUARTERS FOR THE PENITENTES AT ABIQUIU.

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darkness like a knife, drowned instantly by the quick fierce clamor of the flutes, wailing no longer, and a gust of smothering voices.

When the Christ is chosen—often by a "miracle"—the climax of the ceremonies is reached. With his fellows the one thus honored takes the terrible "Via crucis"; with the difference that whereas the others are relieved of their crosses when their exercise is over, he is forced to retain his, it may be for days, crawling through fields and arroyos, too weak to stand, numb in body and soul, so that when his time is come death in any form is welcome. Secretly he is envied by all, as the one considered worthy to take Christ's agony upon himself.

Upon the appointed day the victim is taken to the morada, unbound and washed free from blood and dirt by the Coadjutor. Outside, where the faithful are gathered in reverent silence, a hole four feet deep is dug in the ground. Six brethren guard the cross that lies at length before the door. Two thirty-foot reatas are bent on to the arms of the cross, with ends lying loose upon the ground. Near at hand are the Hermano Mayor and a half-dozen high officials, with each a crown of rose-branches about his head and a bright drop of blood blossoming from every thorn. Soon the door of the morada opens and the chosen one appears, stripped to a pair of cotton drawers and with his head bound in a bit of black veil. The little crowd stirs and holds its breath. Very quietly, half consciously, one might say, the victim lays himself down upon the cross and extends his arms. Either nails or ropes are used; always the former are demanded by the sufferer. To be roped upon the cross is in some sort dishonor, as casting aspersion upon one's ability to bear the more severe punishment; though, perhaps, in point of actual pain there is little to choose. Generally, especially of late years, ropes are used. Deftly the brothers bind the passive body to the wood with turn after turn of rope that sinks deep into the white flesh. Soon this flesh changes color; an angry purple creeps upward from the extremities, ever rising, ever growing darker, until the whole body is black and the flesh between the biting ropes is puffed and swollen. The group of watchers sway closer with parted lips and low-breathed prayer. He is honored, this chosen one; many would gladly give their lives to be in his place. Only on the ground behind them a woman sits with head buried on her knees and ears closed against the creak and strain of the tautened ropes. He may be the Christ, and highly honored among men; but he is her son, and her soul suffers while his body suffers, even as did the soul of that other Mary at the Cross.

The attendants draw back. For an instant the victim lies in view of the crowd, motionless, all but unrecognizable. The Hermano Mayor gives the signal. Two brothers seize the ropes attached to the cross-beams beyond the victim's wide-spread arms, and haul; others push and pull until the heavy timber slowly rises upright and is dropped with a sickening jar into the waiting hole. This is then filled with earth, and the ropes detached. The cross with its living burden stands erect, towering high above the white faces below, vast symbol of human ignorance and faith. There is silence, tense and strained. All faces are upturned to the raised set face above them. No sign of pain is visible; yet one can see the rise and fall of the naked ribs to the labored breath. Soon a slow trickle of dark blood oozes from beneath the blackened finger-nails; the wet rawhide is drying and shrinking as it dries.

At the sight the crowd stirs, unconsciously, involuntarily, as a crowd, however quiet and composed, invariably stirs at the first sight of blood. In the stillness a voice breathes hoarsely: "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*" And there is silence again, tense, quivering, expectant. . . . Five minutes drag by; ten, twenty, thirty. A perceptible shudder runs through the racked body, beginning at the feet—and this is a thing perfectly ghastly to look upon—the head jerks forward, lifts again, with the last remnant of ebbing strength; the chest, expanded painfully by the spread of the strained arms, heaves once and sinks in; the head drops heavily. The whole worn body seems to shrink into itself.

The spell is broken; the tension snapped. People mutter that unconsciousness has set in—a state which is recognized as the death—and glorify God for that when the Chosen wakes, he will be free and pure from stain of sin. Ay, when he wakes! They pray at the foot of the cross, and depart, slowly, their faith renewed and to their own eyes justified.

The body, limp, with head rolling helplessly and lifeless hands, is lowered from the cross and carried into the morada. Here the victim is laid to recover consciousness. In most cases it is several hours before he stirs.

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while the Brothers watch over him, awaiting the first faint sign of life. At times they become alarmed as the hours wear on and the victim lies without sense or motion; then stimulants are resorted to. And at times also the gray dawn finds them gathered about a pallid form, with disfigured limbs stiffening, and silent mouth that laughs at them and their useless skill. Then that day certain prayers are said by closeted Brothers for those "who have gone to sleep"; and in the black hour after midnight, a lonely grave is dug and the body hastily hidden. For those who die in penance are buried secretly and none may know the place until a year has gone—mother nor wife nor friend. When one thus vanishes from his world there is no search, no wonder, no complaint. It is understood, and dumbly acquiesced in.

. . . . . .

With the close of Easter the exercises end. The activity ceases; the wounded are nursed back to life and so far as may be, to strength. Often the injuries are permanent, in all case the scars remain for life, grim badges of a faith held even unto wounds and death.

To a student of human nature, which means the study of evil as well as good, this religious body is of absorbing interest, even as the study of any other abnormality in mental or physical characteristics is absorbing. One would look to find these enthusiasts righteous and virtuous in their daily life; but apart from the annual week of penance their religion influences them not at all, and on the whole, the members of the Brotherhood constitute a desperate class, dangerous to society. Then the management of the order, clever, cool, and eminently calculating, is in strikingly audacious contrast to the frenzied zeal which it contrives to inspire. And a word as to this management may not be out of place.

The order is in control of the Hermano Mayor, who directs the penances and prescribes the fasts. Concerning this, one of the by-laws has much that is significant to say. "He shall not allow any Brother who performs the services to be seen by the public. Therefore by this Article is abrogated all public penance, and only that is authorized which is done in the silence of night or in a secret place." A wise provision this, discreetly synonymous with the small boy's "'Ware the cop!" And again: "He shall make arrangement to obtain the customary alms for the celebration of the feast of the Redeemer, and that the accustomed masses may be said. Without grave reason no one shall be dispensed from paying these alms." Whereby the priest has his financial income insured whether crops fail or thrive. The membership also is closely controlled by the Hermano Mayor. Men, women, and children over ten are admitted, the women in separate Habitations, but with the "privilege" of the same penances as the men with the exception of crucifixion and the "wearing of the cross." In all the annual gatherings a man is nominated daily to provide for and feed the crowds. By way of parenthesis it may be remarked that this entertainment comes out of the man's own pocket and is rarely under $70 per diem. This office is known as that of the Mayordomo de la Muerte—the Steward of Death—and in spite of the expense involved is much approved by certain knowing ones, as an easy way of escape from the charge of bribery or buying votes. For Penitente politics are thoroughly well understood in Southern Colorado; and a Mayordomo who knows the ropes, can make his feast as effective as an election clambake, and at the same time "acquire merit" by discharging his religious obligations.

It is probable that two-thirds of all the Mexicans of Colorado and New Mexico have at some time been members of the Brotherhood. But its best days are over; and the majority of the younger generation are as much against it as are the Americans in the vicinity, although it is true that some few of the latter have joined, for political purposes. Particularly does the Order flourish in New Mexico and Colorado, though existing to lesser degree in other parts of the Southwest; and so far as may be known is composed almost entirely of Mexicans, no Indian members being found. It is very silent, doggedly tenacious of life, in spite of Government efforts to stamp it out, very plausible, and very deadly.

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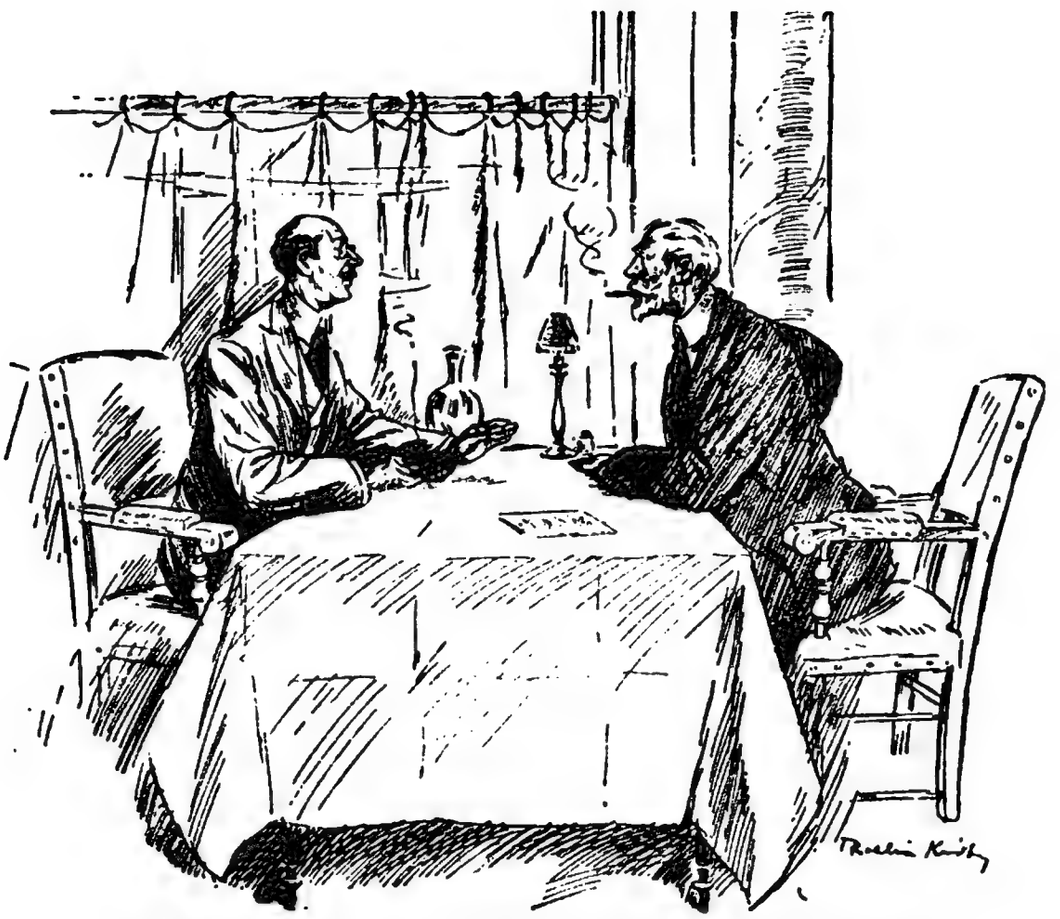

"IF WE SOLD HIM A GILDED BRICK, WOULD HE SCREAM?"

A Deal in Bonds

By S. H. NELSON

Illustrated by Rollin Kirby

THE echoes of the Electric Axle Swindle having subsided, the intellectual-appearing Mr. Albert Yarnell returned to Wall Street from France, a little older, a little richer, and desirous of resuming business as a financier. True, there were those who called him a swindler, including the police and his victims, to say nothing of the newspapers, but when he thought of his career and his reputation, he smiled agreeably and contentedly, repeating to himself the reply and defence of James Kenman, president of the great National Bank of the United States, who when accused of having "squeezed" the money market, thereby ruining many speculators, said: "The course we pursued was justified by the circumstances and the business conditions governing the situation. I want to say, though, here and now, that no man, woman, or child can point to any act of mine that ever caused the price of bread, meat, or fuel, or any other necessary of life to rise—no act of mine has ever cost the poor one penny, not one, and I do not give a continental damn for the opinions of all the speculators this side of hell."

"Generalities," meditated Yarnell, "but they fit my case exactly. We get our money largely from the same source, and there's really not much difference between us. However," and he yawned and scratched the side of his head with a lead-pencil, "I'm not making any progress. Here I've been two weeks with my deal all framed up, and hang it all, I can't find a partner—a suitable partner."

He yawned again, stroked his lip where a mustache had grown a month before, and his mind flitted from one rogue to another in the rogues' world in which he was the leading operator.

"Ah–h!" he ejaculated after a ten minutes'

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interval of profound quiet, "Peter Graham is my man—gray hair, gray beard, dignified, reserved, and a trifle old-fashioned. If—if he is only hard up! There's the rub." The tone was hopeful.

And he turned to the telephone, over which he held a brief conversation with his lawyer: "Where is Graham and what or rather who is he doing nowadays? He was mixing in miscellaneous stocks before I left for France."

"He has," was the reply, "an office in lower Wall Street. Yes, indeed, it's a very nice office. Mahogany furniture and a beautiful view of the bay. Opened up as 'fiscal agent' of a new copper company, but the time was badly chosen, and the thing proved to be a frost. I've been lending him rent-money, and he's been staving off a string of judgments. Says that he might as well clear out to Mexico City if a single judgment is filed against him, as it queers him with the commercial rating agencies. Make an appointment for you? Sure. Where? Broad-Exchange restaurant at one o'clock. Yes. Good-by."

Yarnell hung the telephone-receiver in its bracket, glanced at his watch, lit a cigar, slipped on his rain-coat, and strode out of the Wall Street building in which he was a new tenant. He walked a block to the Van Twiller Trust Company, cashed a $100 check, and then proceeded to the restaurant where he hoped to meet Graham. Entering, he secured a table commanding a view of the entrance. It was a long wait, but Yarnell was patient and there was no haste when he arose to meet Graham who also preserved an emotionless demeanor.

"Thought you were in Paris," remarked Graham by way of greeting.

"Tired of it, and here I am again; I like Wall Street—it's a disease with me. Incurable. But how are you getting on?"

"Nicely, nicely. Real estate now, y'know. Had to quit mining schemes. Public won't buy gold dollars at thirty cents each. That Amalgamated clean-up was so raw that public sentiment was—well, say, jarred." And Graham grinned cheerfully, adding, "Man alive, but *that* was a deal! But say, you couldn't float a copper scheme to-day guaranteed by government bonds."

"D'you want to make some money?"

"Yes; but I don't care to be indicted."

Ignoring the slurring sarcasm, Yarnell went on: "Well, there is $10,000 in this for you, and after pulling it off you can spend the winter in Mexico City or Paris, for that matter, and come home in the spring. No one will ever raise a finger. There's no work about it."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Sell some bonds."

"Indeed. I don't know about that."

"Well, you are going to; but, my friend, don't be in a hurry. The man you are going to sell these bonds to is going to beg you to sell them. You will be doing him a favor. . . . Do you know N. G. Tewksbury?"

"Like a book."

"Who and what is he?"

"He was a druggist up in Rhode Island. Man about fifty. Made some money in a bucket-shop on the big bull market. Came here to make a million and by Jove he is getting it. Opened up the most gorgeous bucket-shop you ever saw, over on Broadway. Building himself a palace on the West Side, bought a string of fast horses, and is advertised as 'Mr. Tewksbury, the wealthy Wall Street banker,' and he actually gets away with it. Most remarkable case," concluded the native New Yorker, enviously.

"Is he on the level?" asked Yarnell.

"As much as you or I."

"If we sold him a gilded brick, would he scream?"

"Oh, *he* is your man. Hardly. I'll bet he's more afraid of the District Attorney than we are. Why, man, as soon as he gets his roll in shape—counted and properly hidden—he will fail and vamoose. You ought to know all about that game."

"He is as I thought—our man. He will have the honor of financing a very pretty undertaking. He is a most wicked person," continued Yarnell, slowly and mockingly, "and if we separate him from some of his ill-gotten coin, he would receive no sympathy were the fact to become known, and the fact is that he would not dare to open his mouth. We could laugh at him. Exactly the man we want. He is almost too easy. I am afraid that you will be ashamed to take the money."

Yarnell laughed a very pleasant laugh as he contemplated the picture, and his neighbors at adjoining tables smiled in sympathetic enjoyment, not knowing that a swindle, about to be perpetrated, caused the merriment.

. . . . . .

Yarnell and Graham met the same evening

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at the Manhattan Hotel. They discussed their project until midnight. Graham conceded that it was clever, to say the least. As Tewksbury was then living at the Hotel Hyphen on Fifth Avenue, Yarnell supplied Graham with sufficient funds to make his temporary home there. They parted with the understanding that on the following day Graham was to send to Yarnell for 100 bonds of the Silver Lake Water Company of Kansas, par value $100 each.

Now those bonds were and are worthless, for the company proved to be a failure and

". . . ALMOST EVERY EVENING STOPPED HIM TO DISCUSS THE STOCK MARKET."

the block of 100 cost Yarnell exactly $10 at a Broadway auction sale, where all sorts of securities and in-securities including those of estates are sold "in partition" and for "the account of whom it may concern" to the highest bidder. It was Yarnell's custom to visit the sales occasionally when he picked up at trifling cost those bonds or shares which he fancied as possessing possibilities in his "business."

Two days after Graham received the bonds Yarnell opened an account with Tewksbury's banking and brokerage office, depositing $3,000 as margin. He introduced himself as Herbert Yard Kenyon—so read his engraved card, and he explained that he was a lawyer. His was an active speculative account. He traded in high-class shares, in which there was not much risk, and "made money" for the firm in the form of commissions. It was not observed that Kenyon devoted his skill in trading to "keeping even" and making a "good impression." In four weeks Kenyon had lost $300, but he had become a prime favorite with Tewksbury, the "banker's" office manager, and all the other customers who listened to the breezy Westerner's stories with enjoyment. Tewksbury even invited Yarnell to dine with him at the Hyphen, and Yarnell insisted on a return dinner at the Manhattan.

"Good-morning," said Kenyon one October day as he walked into Tewksbury's place of business; "is the old man in?"

"Yes; in his private office."

"I would like to see him. Tell him, please."

"Show the gentleman in," directed the alleged banker. "Good-morning, Mr. Kenyon. Always glad to see you. Just finishing up my mail. What can I do for you?" And the ex-druggist rubbed his hands with an imaginary piece of soap.

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"Why," explained Yarnell, "I have a letter here, and I need some advice. You're older and more experienced than I, and the counsel of a banker, like yourself, regarding investment matters, can't do a countryman any harm."

Conceit caused Tewksbury to swell perceptibly as he listened to the patter of his customer, and Kenyon, keen to note the effect of his flattery, was self-contained and cool, but his heart beat high with confidence in himself and his scheme as he said:

"Read that."

The banker extracted from a Kansas City postmarked envelope a letter, type-written, on fine note-paper. It read:

HENRY CAREY
JOSEPH HURD — HERBERT YARD KENYON

Office of
KENYON, CAREY & HURD,
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-law.

KANSAS CITY, *November* 1, 1901.

My Dear Kenyon: No doubt you were surprised to learn of the death of your old friend, Samuel P. Mathews, through our telegram of October 28. As we advised, the old gentleman named you as one of the executors. He greatly regretted not seeing you before he died. Our office drew up his will. His estate is valued at from $350,000 to $400,000. Part of this is in cash, and in mortgages maturing with the close of the year. You know that he was always largely interested as an officer and stockholder in the Silver Lake Water Company, and he suggested that, if possible, you and his fellow-executors invest his available cash in the bonds of that company until his daughters become of age. As you are in New York, possibly you can secure them there. The bonds were underwritten there, and are, we understand, closely held by investors. Mr. Haines and Mr. Pemberton, the other executors, say, however, that they will not pay higher than par for them How soon do you intend to return home? We need you, as work is accumulating in the office. Joe sends regards.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY CAREY.

P. S.—The Denham-Salisbury case will be argued in January. H. C.

As Tewksbury was about to look up, having read the letter, Kenyon, who intently watched him, remarked sadly: "Poor old Sam Mathews. He was the salt of the earth. One of my best friends, sir. I shall surely miss him."

"But, Mr. Kenyon, how can I advise you?"

"Easily enough. Tell me where I can buy some of those bonds?"

"I am sure I don't know, but I'll send a clerk out to inquire."

"I will be under obligations to you. I would like to get fifty or even one hundred of them if I could. They're a five-per-cent. bond and of course I want to get them as cheap as I can. Suppose you bid ninety-eight for them, eh?"

Tewksbury could find no one who knew anything about Silver Lake bonds. Those were busy days and everyone in the bond business had long since forgotten that there ever had been such a bond. Kenyon, though, had everyone in Tewksbury's office recommending bond investments. He urged the banker to suggest some other bond that would be acceptable to the remaining executors. Tewksbury named railroad bond after bond, but they were all rejected on the ground that the income return was too small. "I take it," said Kenyon, "that Sam Mathews's two daughters, who are mighty fine girls, are entitled to five per cent. on their money, and they're going to get it even if it does call for time and trouble."

. . . . . .

"Graham" telephoned Yarnell that same evening: "It is now up to you. If you will carefully follow out my plan and keep your nerve, we can't fail. Everything is plain sailing and I am about as proud of this scheme as of anything I ever undertook."

And Graham, with the one hundred worthless Silver Lake bonds in his safe understood the part that he was to play without a rehearsal. He knew Tewksbury and almost every evening for several weeks had stopped him in the café of the Hotel Hyphen long enough to discuss the stock-market and occasionally they drank together.

"Well, Mr. Graham," cheerfully inquired Tewksbury at the close of a busy day, "how was the investment security business—your line—to-day? How did you make out?"

"Came within one of putting through the sale of a copper mine. Hope to clinch it to-morrow if my bank will make a loan on a parcel of bonds belonging to one of my customers."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I have a three-cornered syndicate ready to buy the mine, but unfortunately one of the number is so tied up in industrials that he can't secure the necessary cash at the moment. He has plenty of money, but it's all invested and he is one of those chaps that'll never sell anything. I have one hundred Silver Lake water bonds on which I want to borrow $50,000 for him, but they're not very well known in the market." After this manner Graham chattered on, while Tewksbury listened attentively.

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"Where is your office now?" asked the banker, on parting.

"Same old place—59 Wall—and, say, here's my card, with a memorandum of those bonds. Absolutely safe loan, if you can do anything," concluded Graham, as he scribbled the number and name of the bonds in pencil.

"They're hardly in my line," replied Tewksbury; "good-night."

. . . . . .

"He didn't rise to the fly," said Graham in disappointed explanation to Yarnell that same evening.

"You don't know him," responded Yarnell. "Wait." As, on the following day, Kenyon, or Yarnell, as you please, was about to leave the office of the banker, he sought Mr. Tewksbury. "Well, Mr. Tewksbury, how about the bonds?" asked Kenyon. "Do I get them, or will I have to abandon the search? I must get home to Kansas City shortly."

"Let's see. What's the name of that bond?"

"Why, the Silver Lake five-per-cent. water bond, of course."

"Silver Lake—Silver Lake, who else mentioned that name?" And the druggist-banker reflected. "Why, yes, Peter Graham. Last night, too. Ever hear of Graham? No? Broker in investment stocks. Told me he wanted to make a loan on a parcel of those bonds. Yes—yes, he gave me a memorandum on his card. Here it is; $50,000 loan on 100 five-per-cent. Silver Lake bonds, due 1920. I'll see him to-night and ask him to sell, if you like. How many will you take? As many as you can get up to 100 at 98. All right. Good-day."

Tewksbury was not a bond-dealer, but it now occurred to him that it would be a shame to neglect such an opportunity to make money. Kenyon was one of his best customers, too, and it would be a nice thing to oblige him. A man to buy and a man to sell, but would Graham sell?

"I say, Graham, did you make your loan?" questioned Tewksbury somewhat hurriedly that same evening.

"What loan?" asked Graham, affecting surprise and forgetfulness.

"Why, the loan on those Silver Lake bonds."

"No, not yet, but I expect to in a few days."

"Why not get your customer to sell those bonds."

"He won't. They're hard to sell in this market and he does not propose to sacrifice them."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't lend you any money, but I'm willing to take seventy-five of them at 80."

Tewksbury had rapidly calculated that a profit of $180 a bond would be $13,500 profit on seventy-five bonds. As the transaction appeared to be even more attractive in the light of the Hyphen Café, Tewksbury remembering Kenyon's bid of 98 raised his own bid to 82.

"But, my dear fellow," expostulated Graham for the third time, "they're not for sale. Really. They're held as an investment. I'll see my customer and see what he says, if you like, and let you know to-morrow. It's hardly any use trying, though. But tell me, what do you want with them, anyway?"

"Oh," replied Tewksbury, carelessly, "they're recommended to me as a sound investment and I'm willing to take them up for my own account. It's a good bond and I have the idle money."

"It's a good bond all right," assented Graham, "but these are not for sale."

On the morrow Graham was to telephone Tewksbury, but as Graham burned with impatience to do so he did not, but possessed his soul with difficulty and waited to hear from Tewksbury.

"What can you do about those bonds?" eagerly inquired Tewksbury over the wire, while Graham replied in this manner: "I am very sorry, but my client will not sell all of those bonds. He is willing to let sixty go, though, at 85, which will make up the amount he needs. Your best bid was 82; 85 is his best offer and he won't let go a penny lower. Why not make the loan?—we would rather fix it up that way."

"No, no; I don't want a loan. I'll make it 85. Send around the bonds at once." Tewksbury was hot to close the transaction. A handsome profit was already his on paper.

The bargain was made in the morning. In the early afternoon the bonds were delivered and paid for. Tewksbury's check for $50,000 was certified and deposited to Graham's credit. Graham in turn drew a check against the deposit, less his share of $10,000, which was deposited by Yarnell to the latter's credit in the Van Twiller Trust Company.

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On receipt of the bonds, Tewksbury told his stenographer to tell Kenyon to call and see him. All this took place on Thursday.

On Friday Kenyon failed to appear. On Saturday Kenyon was still missing. Tewksbury — who was not a fool — knew after hurried and feverish investigation, in which he tried to locate Graham and Kenyon, at office and hotel, that he had been the victim of cleverer rogues than himself.

"When did you last hear from Kenyon?" excitedly demanded Tewksbury, as Jones, his office manager, replied to a hurried call on Saturday morning.

"By mail, this morning," said Jones. "He was in Washington yesterday, visited the branch office there and drew a draft on us for the amount of his balance, $2,760."

"Great Scott!" gasped Tewksbury; "the robbers!" and he paused in speechless astonishment as complete realization of the swindle swept through his mind. "Too late to stop payment on that check. The only time in my career," he muttered. "Wonder who they are?—$51,000—clean as a whistle. And I don't dare say a word. If this ever gets in the newspapers I'm ruined. There isn't an office boy in Wall Street who would not say, 'Served the old fool right.' It's a wonder they left me a ticker. Dear me." Muttering incoherently, Tewksbury dropped back in his capacious arm-chair, half dazed. "Jones," he added, "call a cab—I'm sick—guess I'll go home."

. . . . . .

"Well," remarked Yarnell to Graham when they met in a Richmond, Va., hotel on Sunday.

"Well," replied Graham, "I'm on my way to Mexico City, and I can't get there too quickly, for I'm afraid that we are booked for trouble."

"Nonsense," retorted the amused Yarnell, who affected a languid air as he lighted a cigar; "he will never utter a peep. That's why I picked him out. He's too clever. Swindled too many men himself. It was beautiful though, beautiful. The simplicity of the thing was what won out. How he did fall to it! Now I call that talent, yes, genius. Seven weeks' pleasant work. A new and exciting game and $51,000 to the good. I am going back to New York and then to Paris. But, my boy, you are all right. He begged you to sell the bonds to him, didn't he? You didn't want to sell 'em, did you? As for me, I would not be afraid to meet him on Broadway. I'll never forgive him for thinking that I came from Kansas City. Say, Graham, do you know how much those precious bonds cost me? No? Ten dollars!"

And Yarnell laughed loud and long.

"GREAT SCOTT!" GASPED TEWKESBURY; "THE ROBBERS!"

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Arthur Pue Gorman, Br'e'r Fox

By E. M. KINGSBURY

SOMETIMES, in the shops of those unfortunate but wealthy persons who have sold their souls for the sake of engaging in the sale of "antiques," you may see, and shudder at the price of, certain rich, dark blue Staffordshire plates, commemorating the opening of the Erie Canal. Enoch Wood, the potter of those flower-bordered scenes, is venerated by all the dark blue monomaniacs. De Witt Clinton stands in embarrassing pre-eminence between Hamilton and Jay in front of the Chamber of Commerce in Liberty Street, New York. And most of us know, in a vague way, that the Erie Canal is an expensive institution for the benefit of politics, with an incidental eye to commerce and agriculture, and celebrated, as a great geographer—Artemus Ward, of Baldwinsville—told us long ago, for its "sublime scenery; large, red-headed gal washin' her feet on the banks of the Canawl."

But what is the Erie Canal to the Chesapeake and Ohio? The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal had a great destiny. It has not merely carried the coal of West Virginia and Maryland to tidewater. It has carried the greatest of its presidents, a man as placid as its waters and as industrious as its mules, into the chamber where he has long been known as one of the "slickest" of Senators.

Enoch of Burslem has glazed the Baltimore and Ohio with his magic blue. It remains for some later and greater artist, some painter of bland touch, to show Arthur Pue Gorman riding into honor and fame on a Chesapeake and Ohio canal-boat.

AN ARRIVAL IN HELL'S CORNER

In 1784, a Presbyterian Gorman came from the north of Ireland to the east of the Susquehanna. Grandfather Gorman took to trading and swapping cattle in the region between Harrisburg and Baltimore. The cattle-trader's business took him to Baltimore so much that he planted himself there. There Peter, father of Arthur, was born. Peter was a contractor on the Baltimore and Ohio, a Douglas Democrat, and a very sturdy Union man when the time came. John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, lodged him in Libby Prison for his resistance to secession, and his death in 1862 is said to have been caused or hastened by that hospitality. Peter Gorman married Elizabeth Brown, a member of a family distinguished in Maryland history. On the spindle side, at least, the boy might have been acceptable to the ancient stocks, some of whose scions he was to stick into office and others to prune out of office. March 11, 1839, he was born at Woodstock, in that part of Howard County facetiously called "Hell's Corner."

The perseverance of the saints is not to be daunted by these ill omens of nomenclature. There is a Jesuits' college at Woodstock; but the young Gorman had not the advantage of the tuition of those suave and learned instructors. At thirteen he was taken out of the public schools, and appointed a page in the House of Representatives. This was through the influence of Stephen Arnold Douglas, the great Illinois Senator whose "coat-tails" may have "come too near the ground," but who was the god and idol of the popular section of the Democratic Party. John Hay described him well and truly forty years ago as "heart of oak and brain of fire." His hand was soon to fling the firebrand of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Douglas was interested in the lad and his father, an active Douglas politician. The House page soon became a Senate page, with Douglas for his patron and his professor.

We are to imagine that in those days, Gorman was as ardent and ingenuous as other boys, and that his eyes had not yet learned their non-committal look. But he was admitted behind the scenes too early. He remains the victim of premature disillusionment. No Senator, however impressive he looked to the galleries or with what Roman dignity he clapped his hands, could escape the precocious irony of those young rascals. Lèse-majesté was a necessity of their temperament. Many agreeable and some highly

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successful men were graduated from that school; and there is a lurking devil of cynicism in them all. The name "Gorman" should bring to the mind's eye the picture of a frank, open, generous, impulsive, witty, rather expansive man and brother and good fellow. If Senator Gorman conceals these characteristics or is too cautious to have any salient ones, remember that he cannot afford them in his business, and that he was tossed into public life before his constitution could stand it.

EDUCATION

The page made himself agreeable to both sides of the Senate. While still a boy, he became Douglas's private secretary and a competent one. That is about as high a compliment as you can pay to a man. Indeed, in spite of all his political and financial triumphs, Mr. Gorman has never really come up to the expectations that this early success might justify. Even Senators are common, if it be not blasphemy to say so, and have been seen in regular session in their stocking feet. Beveridge is a Senator. Depew is a Senator. But a thoroughly successful private secretary is a rare bird, as Mr. Roosevelt knows.

The private secretary was with his chief in those immortal Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois, in 1858. There's a very considerable and unusual piece of education. There must be a whole treasure of reminiscences in that handsome old eighteenth-century French abbé's head—Douglas, Marcy, Trumbull, Wade, Chase, Fessenden, Seward, Hale, Jefferson Davis, Benjamin, Toombs, Stephens, Howell Cobb, Mason, Yulee, Sam Houston, the irrepressible Wigfall, Pierce, Buchanan, Cass, Jerry Black, the bludgeoning of Sumner, the long fight over the election of the Bobbin Boy, as Speaker of the House, the great controversy over the Kansas and Nebraska bill, bleeding Kansas, Lincoln, Grant. What an enviable education and collection of memories.

Mr. Gorman, as confidential messenger of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, went to see Grant at headquarters. Incidentally, he saw the great Petersburg mine blown up. Perhaps that shock had an effect upon his nerves which was painfully noticeable at the Chicago Democratic Convention in 1892.

Mr. Gorman was Postmaster of the Senate during the war. In that fight of the radical Republican Senators against Andrew Johnson, the history of which now reads so like a burlesque-tragedy, the Marylander fell a victim. He reorganized the Terrapin Democrats on a "conservative" basis. The Republican Senators bade him never more be officer of theirs. President Johnson consoled him with an appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue. He was a good one. He collected a lot of "back" taxes. Combining business with pleasure, he collected the fragments of the Maryland Democracy, and built a machine which has worked successfully most of the time since.

Here pause indulgently for a legend. For of the two "facts" most generally known in Gormanian history, one cannot be a "fact." He was a page. Yes. He played "short-stop" on a base-ball nine. Never. No matter how many "eye-witnesses" may swear with almost all the holy vows of heaven that they have seen him play "short-stop," no reasonable man will believe them; hallucination is not to be accepted, because it is shared by many persons; and the history of murder trials reeks with cases of mistaken identification, honestly made, and impossible alibis honestly sworn to. Gorman never "played short-stop" unless he played it before that Petersburg mine explosion. Those hands could never even "reach for" a ball "hot from the bat." Gorman is a deliberative body. If Gorman saw a batter even strike at the ball, he would scoot to cover, lock himself up and wait twenty-four hours to make up his mind whether he would catch the ball or the ball catch him. A "hot one from the bat" would be in the nature of a crisis, a decision to him; and he would hold a session of silent thought, undisturbed save by the continual knocking of his own knees.

THE TOW-PATH TO GREATNESS

At thirty, Mr. Gorman was appointed State Director of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and elected a member of the House of Delegates. In 1872 he became President of the former and Speaker of the latter. His enemies say that the canal was flourishing when he got hold of it and that he was flourishing when he left it. Politically, of course. But what is a canal for? The State kindly dumps some thirty-odd millions into this receptive channel. Don't say the money is wasted. A great company of "heelers" is made happy without labor. Wealth swells against either bank and enriches every coun-

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ty that has the luck to be interested. For the internal development of the henchmen's pocketbook, nothing else can compare with a good, fat State-aided canal, in judicious hands. Mr. Gorman utilized that canal in a statesmanlike way. If, subsequently, it passed into the trusteeship of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and paid expenses, it was diverted from its proper purpose.

THE SECRET SEVEN

Mr. William Pinkney Whyte, an old colonial swell, so to speak, was the Democratic boss of Maryland, when Mr. Gorman became lord of the tow-path. Mr. Whyte was a lofty and illustrious personage. He and his six principal aides were poetically styled "The Secret Seven." The greatest of these was Mr. Gorman. The next greatest was Mr. I. Freeman Rasin, an astute and a forcible manager, who overthrew Mr. Gorman in 1895. Mr. Whyte was Governor in 1874 and had himself elected Senator. In 1880 he was more than sufficiently certain of being re-elected. But it occurred to Mr. Gorman that he was himself of senatorial age and might speak for himself. He and two more sevenths of the Secret Seven were so secret in their movements that the estimable Senator Whyte didn't find out that they were trying to beat him until he was beaten. A Secret Seventh, named Colton, is said to have "put up" $13,000 for legitimate expenses, presumably champagne and cigars. Delegates are costly luxuries. The Gormanites were "one vote shy" the night before the convention. Earnest argument won that vote before morning. The Whyte people were "bad losers," and swore that that vote cost $1,500.

These snarls of the whipped dog are unworthy of notice. Equally absurd was the assertion made by Colton some twelve years later, when his memory could not be fresh, and his love for Mr. Gorman had grown cold. Colton drew this high-colored picture of the Senator at the City Hotel, Annapolis, the night of his election:

"He got on his knees before me and vowed that he would not rest until he had made Hines [another Secret Seventh] and me rich."

Hines died poor and Colton denied that he had been made rich. What of it? It is an old story, the sub-boss who believes that he "made" the boss and "denounces" him as an "ingrate." Besides, the anecdote totters. Old Judge Otis P. Lord, of Salem, Mass., seeing for the first time the remarkable relief on the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, where some presumably "praying Indians" are portrayed as on their knees, made this ignorant but sincere criticism: "Great Heavens, who ever saw an Indian kneel?"

He thought the redskins were too stiff-legged for genuflection. Mr. Gorman is excused for another cause. His knees shake too much at great moments in his history.

Nobody outside of Maryland knew much about Mr. Gorman when he took his seat in the Senate, March 4, 1881. He was still severely local. But he soon showed that he was "up to snuff." Mr. Arthur presided over the Senate, in which the two great parties were almost evenly balanced. Mr. Conkling and Mr. Cameron arranged with that once renowned Virginia "Readjuster," General and Senator Mahone, for support to "tie" the Senate. Then the Vice-President was to cast the deciding vote and the "organization" of the Senate was to be Republican. A pretty little plan, prettily spoiled by Mr. Gorman, who raised the point that the Vice-President had a deciding vote on legislative matters only, not on this sublime question of "reorganization." The Democrats kept up the fight until Conkling and Platt played their farce-tragedy of resignation. Then the Democrats "organized the Senate."

In such high matters Mr. Gorman is a master hand. By 1884 he had so shown his smoothness that he arrived at the dignity of being "mentioned for the Presidency." In twenty years he had not got much farther.

THE ALBANY FIRE

In consideration of his experience as Chairman of the Maryland Democratic State Committee, of his known skill in lubrication, and of his art of persuading voters by valuable arguments, Mr. Gorman was made Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in the Presidential campaign of 1884. There is something inexpressibly gratifying in the idea of Mr. Gorman carrying Cleveland's fortunes. The lion's skin was pieced out by the fox's. Honesty and hard hitting and a contempt for consequences were reinforced and recommended by the rounder-up of the Chesapeake Canal cattle, the patron of the Baltimore plug-uglies, the collector of colored votes. Mr. Gorman came to New York and became a great man. He brought

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with him an old friend and associate in the Baltimore Political Purity Settlement, Eugene Higgins, who afterward as Chief of the Appointment Division of the Treasury, drove the mugwumps out of their titular wits. He was rather a distinguished-looking man, was Eugene, and a good fellow, but to the mugwump's nose he smelled of sulphur and the burning marl. Higgins was a missionary among the innocent ruralists of Central New York. Gorman had the helm of things in New York City. "You can do just as you please," Mr. Cleveland is said to have said to him, with unusual meekness.

And here comes a miraculous fact or myth which lovers of the grotesque will appreciate. Governor Cleveland wrote a "document"—nature not clearly specified—which Daniel Manning thought would be dangerous. Manning told Gorman, who sped on the wings of the express to Albany, called on the Governor, asked for the suspicious "document," read it, tossed it into the grate, "the open fire," as the romance reads, and cried or whispered, "That's what I think of that."

"What do you mean, sir? No man alive can burn any document of mine," yells Mr. Cleveland, in the novel. He rages. He "jumps up and down."

The Maryland sage fixes him with his cold and clammy eye, tells him:

"You said I was to run this campaign according to my own discretion," whereas this burnt letter was an immense indiscretion. The Governor trembles into calm. The firm, wise, powerful Senator triumphs.

The picture is beautiful and so true to the characteristics of the two men. Believe it and be happy and do not indulge in such *a priori* arguments as "Gorman wouldn't let even a fire be open," or "Gorman would never burn a dangerous document. He would lock it up in a safe-deposit vault for use against its writer at some future time." The burning of Troy and the burning of that document at Albany are two great beacons of history.

AT THE TOP AND SLIDING DOWN AGAIN

It was Gorman, it was Higgins, it was John McKane, it was "intimidation," it was "fraud," it was "the reckless use of money"—it was the popular will. Cleveland carried New York. In the estimation of the practical politicians, a candidate never amounts to anything. It is the wisdom of the managers that conquers. Mr. Cleveland was in his 'prentice years yet. He accepted modestly Mr. Gorman's valuation of Mr. Gorman's services. For some two years of the first Cleveland administration, Mr. Gorman swam in glory. He was in his element. He presided at the trough. He was Grand Almoner of the offices. The methods of Gorman, the wickedness of Higgins, the ululations of the mugwump squad—who knows what made the rift within the lute? But Mr. Gorman didn't quarrel with Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Gorman doesn't quarrel with anybody. He may need him some day.

THE BURNING OF THE BRIDGES

Mr. Cleveland wrote his Tariff Message of 1887. Mr. Gorman did not burn that document—that tremendous and admirable indiscretion. From Mr. Gorman's point of view, for a President or anybody else to give way to such a foolish and maudlin thing as a "principle" must have been unintelligible. In the "immortal and immutable principles of the Democratic Party," he can afford to believe, but not in anything definite and inconvenient, direct and concrete. Mr. Cleveland gets on the battlements and blows his bugle horn and defies the "Robber Barons." Mr. Gorman, meanwhile, is in the cellarage, moling, or wondering how long it will take him to accumulate resolution enough to let them in at the postern. To each his temperament; and we are not to quarrel with Brer Fox for not being Brer B'ar. Mr. Cleveland lost his fight and retired to private life for a time.

THE FELLOW IN THE CELLARAGE

Was Gorman, the strategist, the maker of his position, the miner and underminer, to be the next leader of the Democratic campaign? Now was the time for all that wisdom, prudence, and political skill to reward themselves. The daring builder had failed. Now for the wary burrower. In the way of labyrinthine and catacombal tortuousness, twisting, doubling, and crawling, Mr. Gorman's pursuit of the Democratic nomination stands alone. He would not be the candidate himself, but he lost no opportunity of impressing upon his friends that the nomination of Mr. Cleveland was "not fit to be made," as Mr. Webster said of General Taylor's. Mr. Cleveland was out of the ques-

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tion and impossible. Mr. Gorman invited the Democrats to gaze upon the beauteous face of I-am-a-Democrat Hill. There was the man to "carry" New York. Thus, Hill was to "kill off" Cleveland, and Gorman was to "kill off" Hill.

Once the Gorman "boom" came near being lugged out of the sub-cellar and exhibited in the light of common day. Mr. Gorman was to give a dinner at his Washington house to an eminent Democrat. The Democratic Senators and Mr. Crisp, the Speaker of the House, were to bend their august legs under that mahogany. At the proper moment when every heart and stomach were bathed in the rosy, the boom was to be brought on the table and received with rousing welcome. The guests are met. The feast is set. But where is the guest of honor? A cab rattles up to that hospitable door and stands there sullenly, significantly, long. A rescuing party is sent out from the house. The eminent Democrat doesn't care to get out. In fact, he can't. The Gorman boom was not "launched." This anecdote teaches us that it is dangerous to depend too much on our friends.

AT THE CONVENTION

Mr. Gorman had bedevilled and mystified and taxed the patience of his friends, and diffused uncertainty and perplexity among them. He was a candidate. He was not a candidate. No ancient oracle, not ancient Mr. Tilden in his finest whispering ambiguous moment, was less direct and decided. Opportunity offered her forelock meekly to him. He hesitated and shallied and turned away, as if he were a green-sickness girl and not a hardened politician of fifty-three. The Maryland delegates, who were gradually coming to feel that they were being made ridiculous by the qualms and pishes of their leader, couldn't get yes or no out of the man. The supposedly cunning manipulator would not tell them how to vote. Old friends went to him, told him that the nomination was his if he would say the word; that Mr. William C. Whitney, whom he had appointed Secretary of the Navy by Mr. Cleveland, had bowels and was willing to boost the Gorman boom; and Mr. Whitney was the master of the show.

And what did Mr. Gorman do when he heard that the prize was dangling within finger-reach? *He turned as white as a sheet; his knees played the devil's tattoo on each other; it was the most pitiful sight I ever saw.* [Quotation from an unpublished reminiscence].

He did not go down to defeat gloriously, with flying colors. He didn't fight. He eloped with himself, absquatulated, hid himself for twenty-four fatal hours from the solicitation of his supporters. There he lay *perdu*, a victim of blue funk, and the Democrats walked through the slaughter-house into an open grave, as the ever-judicious and sagacious great silent man of Louisville puts it. The Cleveland game was played splendidly, but these players had a great advantage. Their man had moral marrow. They forced him upon politicians who did not have head or courage enough to make a combination against him. The Maryland Senator had his hour and slank away from it.

> "Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
> Like the poor cat i' th' adage."

When you hear rumor busy with a Gorman boom, recall Gorman at Chicago in 1892 and chuckle. No doubt the bee is bombinating loudly in those ears, but—Humpty Dumpty could never be reconstructed.

Mr. Gorman is "an old Parliamentary hand." He knows all the ins and outs and greased ways. He is liked personally by his fellow-Senators, especially by the Republicans. Between him and his intellectual superiors, like Bailey, of Texas, for example, there can be small sympathy, but as he says little and most of his work is done outside of the Senate Chamber, he gets along with less friction than might be expected. The title, "leader of the Senate Democrats," is rather absurd. Every Senator is a leader, a great institution, a vast and solemn edifice, not lightly to be moved.

FEET OF CLAY

In the present session Mr. Gorman, returning to the stage after an absence of four years, and welcomed by the press as the shrewd and hard-headed opportunist who could unite the Senate Democrats, succeeded after much struggle in corralling them into a caucus agreement, subject to certain reservations. Then he showed his futility as an appraiser of public opinion by kicking up a tremendous pother about the conduct of the Administration toward Colombia and

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Panama. Mr. Aldrich could not get him to say positively that he would vote against the ratification of the canal treaty with Panama, but he tried to make "party capital" out of the business, and the Southern Democrats promptly showed that they had more sense and patriotism than he, and began to demand that the treaty be ratified.

Mr. Gorman is not the man to stand upon the snow-capped heights of virtue and get hoarse by yelling for "the invisible and inutile truth." He is supposed to be a practical man, pursuing a practical course trying to lead his party in the Senate and strengthen it in the eyes of the country. And he did what he could to discredit it; to make conservative men believe that it is hopelessly wrong-headed and pig-headedly obstructive. In short, he played Roosevelt's game. Democratic newspapers and Democrats generally were wiser than he, but is he wise?

Is he a safe and prudent leader?

A BROW LIKE JOVE'S

He must be, for he looks to be, and it is a convention and tradition that he is. Yet, neither his last days in the Senate in 1899, nor his return to it in 1903, smacked of good political judgment. In 1899 he butted blindly against destiny, accomplished fact, popular sentiment, and the policy of the Democratic Party in its best days; fought the ratification of the treaty with Spain and bleated as fatuously as the feeblest of the mugwump flock at "imperialism," that sawdusty scare-crow and painted devil. Here is a man whom the Arthurian legends exhibit as a keen-eyed, far-sighted optimist who looks before and after, and never loses his head; and this mirror of sapience and Solomon of the Terrapin commits himself and helps commit his party to a programme of hopeless resistance and sentimental declamation. Mephistopheles as Don Quixote! Mr. Gorman even carried his obstructiveness beyond a permissible point. He fought stubbornly against the bill for the increase of the Army, said that every State feared it, and gibbered about "militarism." Mr. Bryan has been sneered at, unnecessarily, perhaps, for urging Democratic Senators to vote for ratification so that he might have in "imperialism" another "paramount" issue in 1900. He made a much better figure in the business than Mr. Gorman made. In the Nebraskan's convolutions there are strange boilings, bursts of oratory, and hot springs of rhetoric. Intellectually, Gorman is never intoxicated. No generous ardor for a sentimentality ever possessed him. Imperialism or anti-imperialism is all one to him. He was trying to "pick a winner," and he deliberately chose a ridiculous loser.

THE SECOND MONUMENTAL BLUNDER

Well, there was one great Gorman fiasco. Emerging in 1903 from a retirement into which his own mistakes, both of political policy and of machine management, and his breaking of "pledges," had much to do with driving him, the "Maryland Machiavelli" goes back to Washington, trailing clouds of glory. He has carried war into the Maryland Africa; the Maryland Republicans are slitting one another's weazands; and Wellington, that curious critter, has been a Maryland Republican! People forgot what advantages Mr. Gorman has had in the last three years or so. They insisted in ascribing supernormal shrewdness to him. The Democratic Moses had his nose out of the bulrushes. At last the Democrats had a deep-revolving leader; and the Period of Paresis [1896–1903] was closed.

And the glorious pilot, who had stranded them on the Philippines, now did his best to wreck them on the Isthmus of Panama! This is the man, who, if he cannot be President, will be the Democratic "Warwick," the President-maker! The blunder-maker, more likely. As for "running" himself, is there much danger of that? Any dark horse can beat a Hamstrung.

HIS ONE GREAT HOUR

Mr. Gorman has never said anything. What has he done? Beat Mr. Hoar's Force Bill in the Harrison times. Give him all credit for that. It was well and cleverly done. It might have been a little harder if Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Spooner could have induced Mr. Hoar to intrust to either of them the management of the bill, but Mr. Gorman's successful fight against it was a notable achievement, perhaps his one notable achievement. He is not of the Senators who can yawp till the cows in the Milky Way come home, but he can be quietly effective. Unfortunately, his clear perception and tact in the conduct of parliamentary manœuvres seem to desert him when he has to deal with great national questions. The

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Chesapeake Canal doesn't carry very large vessels.

In 1892 Mr. Gorman said that Mr. Cleveland was right about tariff reform and that Mr. Gorman was wrong: "The great mass of the Democrats of this country demand a reforming of the tariff, and I am in favor of giving it to them." He gave it to them with a vengeance in 1894, when he and certain of his Democratic colleagues socked protection amendments into the Wilson Tariff Bill. Various interests in his State and county wanted protection. Any tariff-reform statesman is apt to condescend to a little "incidental" protection for the benefit of his constituents; and business is business. If the Democrats are still pining for tariff reform, however, probably Mr. Gorman is just as ready to "give it to them," as he was in 1892, and would dispense it as generously as he did in 1894.

TWO UNPARDONABLE SINNERS

Mr. Bryan will never forgive two Democrats. One is Mr. Cleveland and the other Mr. Gorman. The latter's case is the worse. Mr. Cleveland was frankly hostile. Mr. Gorman cannot be frankly anything.

To parody a familiar epigram, nobody can be as benevolent as Mr. Gorman looks. He has no vices but politics and amateur farming. His smile is winning and frequent. His head is noble and Roman. But his knees sag and his intellectuals wabble in emergencies.

A Homely Song

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

I'VE stayed out half the night to watch
The winkin' stars at play;
I've laid beneath the trees 'n heard
The breeze sing on his way,
Caressin' all the purty leaves
Till they fluttered shyly—much
'S any bashful gal'd do
At some man's lovin' touch.

I've watched the flowers drinkin' up
The fresh 'n early dew,
A-holdin' of it like a cup
Till I got thirsty too.
'N the runnin' streams like silver dreams,
With their tinklin' spell of song,
Where the golden sunshine gladly gleams,
As they dance their way along.

'N the appul-blooms—all smelly-sweet,
'N the vi'let buds in hoods,
'N the little, sassy, scamp'rin' things
A-hidin' in the woods;
'N the mother-robin's cheery note,
A-callin' soft 'n low,
It makes the ache come in my throat
Jest lovin' of 'em so.

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THE PLAYERS

THIS would seem to be a Shakespeare year, for the worst theatrical season in a decade is distinguished by the financial success of the classic drama. Those managers who in recent years have profited by presenting entertainments made up of many young women, gorgeous costuming and scenery, and a little fun and music, wag their heads and declare the times are out of joint. Certain sincere, honest souls, from whose tongues the word "art" trips constantly, raise their voices in thanksgiving over the belief that public taste is lifting the stage to the dignity it deserves.

It is true that the theatrical public that pays has been exceedingly critical and discriminating this season—the public that doesn't pay is always condemnatory on principle, which is one of the reasons why managers object so strongly to giving free tickets. Plays that would be reasonably sure of succeeding in average seasons have failed utterly this winter, and those few which have attracted the public in paying numbers have made far less profit than the managers had every reason to expect. The frequent explanation of business depression is weakened by the triumph of the old standard plays. The most-quoted theatrical axiom is that "Shakespeare spells ruin"; this year Shakespeare spells "prosperity."

Consider the engagement of Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in New York, celebrated as the worst city in the country for Shakespearean productions. It lasted three weeks and the public paid $45,000 to see them in two Shakespeare comedies and "The School for Scandal"—nearly $1,900 for each of the twenty-four performances. This is said to be the record for the past two seasons in the metropolis. It is true that Miss Rehan has a great following in this city, where she played nearly the whole of every season for twenty years; but the public did not flock to the theatre when she appeared in "Mistress Nell," despite the fact that New York regards her as the foremost American actress.

Never did the glory of Miss Rehan's art shine more brilliantly than in her recent appearances. It is doubtful if a finer performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" was ever seen in this country. Miss Rehan's *Katherine* is perhaps the best rôle in her long répertoire. The imperious grace of her, the fire, the delicate shading, the force of her strong personality were never seen to better advantage. Mr. Skinner's *Petruchio* was positively brilliant. He is probably the best native American actor on the stage to-day, and one of the few living who can read blank verse with such skill, intelligence, and perfect phrasing that it entrances those who love the English language. He has a wonderful voice under perfect control. It is curious that Mr. Skinner should triumph in a rôle in which Edwin Booth, in whose footsteps he hopes to follow, was at his worst. There is an underlying current of humor in Mr. Skinner's *Petruchio* that is most illuminating.

In "The School for Scandal," that marvellous, scintillating, artificial comedy, which was produced more than a century and a quarter ago when Richard Brinsley Sheridan was only twenty-six, Miss Rehan, as *Lady Teazle*, swept everything before her, unless one excepts the *Sir Peter* of Edwin Varrey. Mr. Skinner was a good *Sir Charles Surface*, because he is too good an actor to be poor in anything, but light comedy is not his forte. His *Shylock* and Miss Rehan's *Portia* were magnificent portrayals. There are famous veterans in Miss Rehan's company. Edwin Varrey is eighty-one years old, and he has been associated with every great player who has appeared in America for sixty years. Ben T. Ringgold is sixty-seven and George Clarke, who was so long with Augustin Daly, is sixty-four.

With the acclaim of the delighted audiences again ringing in her ears, Miss Rehan must have thought of the long years of hardship, of tremendous work, of suffering she went through before she gained her present proud place; for the little Limerick girl, who

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came to Brooklyn when she was three, made her first appearance with her brother-in-law, Oliver Doud Byron, in "Across the Continent" in 1874. She was fourteen then and there were three years of schooling before she began her stage career in earnest, playing in Mrs. Drew's company in Philadelphia, and in stock in Louisville, Baltimore, and Albany, with such players as Booth, Barrett, McCullough, and Adelaide Neilson. On one occasion she learned the long part of "The Lady of Lyons" in one day. She had never even seen the play, but she took the part at ten o'clock in the morning and appeared in it that night. In Albany she played 110 parts in the season of 1878. William H. Thompson was in the same company, and he played 112 rôles that season. The following year Miss Rehan joined Augustin Daly's company, becoming the leading woman six years later, and she remained with him for twenty years, until his death. She proved that there was no limit to her versatility: the broadest farce, tragedy, melodrama, were all within her capacity. But her greatest parts were *Katherine*, which she first played in 1885, *Rosalind*, *Lady Teazle*, and *Portia*. She gained almost as great a vogue in London as she did in New York. The death of Mr. Daly affected her profoundly, and it was thought for a time that she would retire from the stage. When she did start forth once more she did not succeed in "Mistress Nell." Now she has come into her own again.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MME. WIEHE IN "LA POUPÉE."

It is hardly likely that she and Mr. Skinner will be seen together next season, for she is to go to London to play *Portia* to Sir Henry Irving's *Shylock*, while Mr. Skinner plans to go forth in the rôles so long associated with Edwin Booth.

Forbes Robertson, the English player, who has been touring in this country, was quick to see the change in American taste. He sent to London for the costumes and scenery for "Hamlet," and the public which went to the theatres in moderate numbers to see him in "The Light that Failed" came in crowds to see him in tragedy. Viola Allen has also added to the Shakespearean vogue by prospering in "Twelfth Night."

It is rather remarkable that all of the principals who appeared in the delicious Robert Marshall comedy, "The Royal Family," which Daniel Frohman produced at the old Lyceum Theatre in 1900, have played as stars in New York this season, for surely Mrs. Gilbert is a real star. The public has given her that distinction even if no manager has announced her as such. Annie Russell is playing in "The Younger Mrs. Parling;" Lawrence D'Orsay is the star of "The Earl of Pawtucket;" Charles Richman of "Cap-

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From a photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO IS SUCCESSFULLY STARRING IN "COUSIN KATE."

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From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

FORBES ROBERTSON AS *HAMLET.*

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From a photograph by Marceau, New York.

MARY MANNERING IN "HARRIET'S HONEYMOON."

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WILLIAM GILLETTE, NOW STARRING IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

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Copyright, 1903, by J. C. Strauss.

OTIS SKINNER AS *CHARLES SURFACE* IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

tain Barrington"; Orrin Johnson tried in "Hearts Courageous;" and William H. Thompson is the star of "The Secret of Polichinelle," in which he has scored. This last play is a straight translation of a comedy which has had very great success in Paris, a highly moral affair with much sentiment and overflowing with the milk of human kindness—qualities which insure success in book or play if they be judiciously mixed with a little humor, and if the writer possess some technical skill. The name means nothing in English. *Polichinelle* is an imaginary person like *Punch* or *Figaro*, and the title could be translated as "Everybody's Secret." The plot turns upon an old father and mother each secretly visiting a son and his wife and child, while pretending to each other to be violently opposed to the marriage, which under the French law is illegal, as a son under twenty-five may not marry without the consent of his parents.

Mr. Thompson, who was the associate of Ada Rehan in the old stock-company days and who is one of the best character actors in the country, is a delight as *M. Juvenal*. He is probably the only player in the United States who rather resents being a star.

"If I can go down with the reputation of being a first-class stock actor, it is all that I can ask for," he said to me. "In the old days it was a great honor to be a star, but now it is no great distinction. There are no parts I ever played that I would give five cents to play again, except those in which I was extremely bad."

And this from a man who began his stage career as a call-boy in the old Broadway Theatre; who made his first appearance as a page in "Romeo

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and Juliet"; who has played more than twelve hundred parts, and "created" upward of one hundred and seventy important characters.

One of Mr. Thompson's first New York successes under modern conditions was in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," at the Empire. He was a member of Charles Frohman's stock company for nearly twelve years, and in every play his work was distinctive. His first appearance as an independent star was in "The Bishop's Move" last season, under the management of James K. Hackett.

There is another famous character-actor in "The Secret of Polichinelle"—W. J. Ferguson, who made a name for himself so long ago that the public has absurd ideas as to his age. He, too, is a master of the art of acting, and it is a delight to see him and Mr. Thompson together on the stage. Mr. Ferguson also started as a call-boy—in Ford's Theatre in Washington—and he made a name for himself in the old Wallack stock company when it was at Thirteenth Street and Broadway. He was the original *Lord Carngorn* in "The Almighty Dollar," which made W. J. Florence's fame and fortune. Mr. Ferguson's greatest successes in the early days were fop rôles. For a time he starred in "A Friendly Trip." He was a member of Steele Mackaye's stock company in the Madison Square Theatre, and he originated the eccentric light-comedy part in "Hazel Kirke." Merely to name the rôles and the plays in which he has appeared would take nearly a page. One part that stands out is that of *Mortimer*, the valet to *Beau Brummel*, which Mr. Ferguson played with Richard Mansfield for three years.

Certain liberal-minded folk who have seen "The Younger

From a photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

ADÉLE RITCHIE AS GLORIA IN "GLITTERING GLORIA."

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GRACE KIMBALL, W. H. THOMPSON, AND W. J. FERGUSON IN "THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE."

Mrs. Parling" might be able to understand why *Jacqueline* should elope with a former sweetheart, if the part were not played by Annie Russell. She has always been so supremely good, so delightfully innocent, that the most luxuriant imagination cannot con-

From a photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

BESSIE WYNNE AS *TOM TOM* IN "BABES IN TOYLAND."

From a photograph by Stuaw Grand.

ROBERT HILLIARD IN "THAT MAN AND I."

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ceive of her as a faithless wife, even in a French play. It is impossible to think of Miss Russell, who has been called "winsome" something more than five thousand times, or maybe it is ten thousand, and who has justly been celebrated as the best ingénue on the American stage for nearly a quarter of a century, as being even histrionically wicked.

The play is an adaptation by C. Haddon Chambers, and it is reasonably bad, morally and technically. The theme is suggestive of Ibsen, which means that it is strong and unpleasant, but the strength seems to have eluded Mr. Chambers. It is the story of a very good, very sweet young thing who dearly loves her frail mother but abhors her surroundings, and who marries an intensely respectable prig of conventionality to escape the unpleasant environment.

Despite the play and the uncongenial character, Miss Russell scored, as she always does, by virtue of her personality and her consummate art as an actress. One who, as a girl, could deceive so astute a student of human nature as William Gillette by a bit of playing, off the stage, must have possessed much native talent, but even then she had footlight experience. She made her *début* in Montreal at the age of ten, as *Jeanne*, in "Miss Mitford," with Rose Eytinge—by the way, Miss Russell is English by birth and parentage, her native place being Liverpool. She was in the juvenile "Pinafore" company that appeared in the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and afterward played child's parts with Harry Montague, and ingénue rôles in a company that made a tour of the West Indies. That was in 1879.

William Gillette was seeking a young girl with a Southern accent to play "Esmeralda," which he had dramatized with the author of the story, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Annie Russell answered an advertisement. She was in short dresses, with her hair down her back, and sixteen years old.

"Now, my little girl, run back to your good mother and your Sunday-school lesson," said the dramatist, kindly. "The stage is not for such as you. Run along, my dear."

The little girl obeyed dutifully, but with no intent of accepting the dismissal as final. At the place where she was boarding was an actress who starred in the small towns in "East Lynne," and from her Annie Russell borrowed an elaborate stage gown with a long train which she plastered with jewellery, also borrowed; she put on high-heeled shoes and piled her hair on the top of her head. Thus arrayed, she again applied to Mr. Gillette for the position. He talked with her without a suspicion that he had seen her before, and later he said to the manager:

"Well, I think that girl might do. Of course we can easily make her look younger, and some good fairy will have to teach her how to dress. But she is certainly the most intelligent-looking applicant we have had."

And that is how Annie Russell secured the engagement that made her fame. In the company were Virginia Harned, E. M. Holland, Charles Richman, and the late E. J. Henley. She played in "Esmeralda" upward of nine hundred times, of which three hundred and fifty were in New York. It was while she was playing *Elaine* in the stage version of Tennyson's poem, that her health failed. She was given a benefit in the new Madison Square Theatre in 1891 that netted $5,000. Soon afterward she was forced to undergo a dangerous surgical operation, and for three years she could not act. She returned to the stage in 1894 but was forced to give up again. She joined Charles Frohman's stock company in 1896, playing *Margery* in "The New Woman." She was the *Sue* in the dramatization of the Bret Harte tale, which she played in London, and went there also to play in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle." Her *Miss Hobbs*, the *Princess* in "The Royal Family," and other successes paved the way for her starring venture in "Catherine." Last year her play was "Mice and Men."

Mr. Gillette's criticism of Annie Russell's borrowed finery is characteristic. He is exceeding finicky so far as his own stage costume is concerned, although his garb is as unobtrusive as possible off the stage. While he was playing "Sherlock Holmes" he had his nails highly polished each night, and his hands made pink by rubbing rouge between the fingers before powder was applied to them. Another difference between the stage Gillette and the man in private is in the matter of tobacco. It is said of him that he never appears in a play without smoking. Even in "The Admirable Crichton," in which he has been so successful in New York, where the comedy ran for months, he smokes a pipe. In "Sherlock Holmes," "Secret Service," "Held by the Enemy," "Too Much Johnson," and others of his plays he made smoking a conspicuous feature of his char-

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acterization. Off the stage Mr. Gillette scarcely ever smokes.

Between Mrs. Burnett's first play, "Esmeralda," which she wrote with Mr. Gillette, and her latest one which bears the peculiarly bad title of "That Man and I," twenty-two years have elapsed. "Esmeralda" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" have been her most successful plays, but she has written many others. Not long ago she said that it was a great pleasure to write plays, but a great disappointment to see them produced. That must have been especially true of "That Man and I," in which Robert C. Hilliard is the star. It has some intensely dramatic moments and at least one highly effective stage trick, but the theme is most lugubrious. The play is based on an incident in Mrs. Burnett's novel, "In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim."

Robert Hilliard is capital as *Dick Latimer*, the wholesome, generous, manly brother. It is the best work he has ever done, and he is good to look upon. He has long been celebrated as one of the handsomest men on the stage. He was a graduate of a Brooklyn amateur dramatic society, when amateur theatricals were a mania in Brooklyn. As one of the Amaranths he was associated with Edith Kingdon, who is now Mrs. George Gould, before she joined Mr. Daly's company. At that time Mr. Hilliard was a clerk in a Wall Street broker's office. He managed the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn for a time, appearing there in "False Shame," and in 1886 he became a member of one of Charles Frohman's companies. He appeared in "Saints and Sinners" and other plays and then supported Mrs. Langtry and N. C. Goodwin. Afterward he became a star in "Mr. Barnes of New York." He made one of his greatest successes in "Blue Jeans" and then went starring again. He wasn't overly successful and went back to Mr. Frohman. Of late years he has appeared chiefly in vaudeville, and in a dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's "The Littlest Girl."

Mr. Davis has dramatized his "Ranson's Folly" for Robert Edeson, and the star has made it a success. It is a trifle wobbly as a play, but it has some admirable scenes, and Mr. Edeson plays the manly, reckless hero most delightfully. There is something good and strong and wholesome about him, coupled with a dash and energy, and a contempt for cheap trickery—for which the comedy offers many opportunities. Sandol Milliken is charming as the daughter of the post-trader, and in fact the whole cast is excellent. It is regrettable that Mr. Davis makes *Ranson* guilty of an ill breeding for which Mr. Davis would cut any one of his personal acquaintances.

There is talk of Mary Mannering, who grows more lovely each year, and her husband, James K. Hackett, essaying Shakespeare the latter end of the season, which isn't especially inspiring, although they are admirable players. Miss Mannering made a charming impression when she made her *début* at the old Lyceum Theatre in "The Amazons" in 1896, but she has never had a rôle that suited her so well as the name-part in "Trelawney of the Wells." Her real name is Florence Frank, and she was acting in the English provinces when Daniel Frohman heard of her, and after seeing her play engaged her to become leading woman of his stock company. It was Mr. Frohman who suggested the professional name by which she is now known. Miss Mannering remained with Mr. Frohman, as the leading lady of the Lyceum stock, playing in the "Manœuvres of Jane," "The Princess and the Butterfly," and other comedies until four years ago, when she went forth as a star in "Janice Meredith." She has been most successful in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," which Clyde Fitch cut to fit her. This season she has had "Harriet's Honeymoon" a queer mixture of fun and melodrama.

Adele Ritchie, who is blonde, pretty, and eccentric, has astonished people with her really intelligent and charming acting in "My Lady Molly." Heretofore Miss Ritchie has made rather more of a stir off the stage than before the footlights. She comes from Philadelphia and her father is a physician—Dr. Putz. She was educated at a boarding-school, and her voice was well trained. She started on the stage in 1890 with Thomas Q. Seabrooke, in "The Isle of Champagne."

Four years ago Miss Ritchie was singing in "The Cadet Girl," when she succumbed to the hot weather, and sent word at the last moment that she could not appear. A chorus-girl who had never understudied the part regularly, offered to take her place. And that is how little Bessie Wynne, who is now the *Tom Tom* in "Babes in Toyland," became a principal. She made her first big success in "The Wizard of Oz," which played for months at the Majestic and it is notable that its successor has enjoyed an equally long run at that theatre.

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SQUEEZED IN BETWEEN OUR MOTHER AND A FAT WOMAN WHO ATE PEPPERMINT SWEETIES, WE WATCHED THE SCOTTISH SPORTS.

Medina's Grove and the Grand Tombola

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert

ON the map of the world you will find it not—a grown-up child who has played there, coming back to visit it, will see streets running through it, wooden sidewalks, and houses in rows, owned by people who pay fashionable calls and have "days at home." The children who live in these houses wear shoes all the year round, and ride in street-cars, and go to dancing-school, and of the Medina's Grove of our generation and its joys they have not even heard.

When we were little, among the children of the neighborhood, because our father rented Medina's Grove, we claimed a certain landed importance. What was Medina's Grove? To the people of no imagination, grown-up people, it was merely a fenced-in tract of land facing the Strait of Fuca—the place where public picnics were held in summer, a cow pasture in ordinary times. To us children it was pretty nearly everything. Looking back over the years, I smell new-mown hay, and stir up ant-hills, and find robins' nests and salmon berries and the first wild strawberries; I sit up on a high, high pile of alder-boughs, drying for a bonfire, and read "David Copperfield"; I ride Peg-leg Susie, the gray mare, and carefully get Jack to pluck off every accusing hair afterward, for this is a forbidden pleasure.

Heigh-ho! The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. What bright, full, sunny, eventful days come thronging back!

There was Cowper's Hill; from it you got your first view of the grove half a mile away, that half mile covered with ferns and brakes

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BUT TO THE CALEDONIAN PICNIC YOU WENT ANYWAY, REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE

breast high. If it was Saturday and you were going to bathe at the beach, you began to undress here, and were ready for the water by the time you reached the shore. Taking the cows to pasture before school, the proper thing was to run down the hill, making the cows run before you If you held on to Penny's tail and leaned back stiff, it hastened matters; there was a certain order of precedence in passing through the bars; every cow was as particular about her rank as the Canadian clergy at the Ducal Reception.

"All Gaul into three parts divided is." Medina's Grove was greater than Gaul, it had four corners and a middle. The bars were in one corner; after school when we went to bring the cows home to be milked we had to go first to the "swamp-corner" and draw water. The well was dug out of blue clay and by it were two tubs made from a wine cask; the bucket was a coal-oil tin with a wooden cross-piece. It was a sign of growing strength and importance when you were allowed to draw the water for the first time: like others of the world's honors, it brought a backache with it.

One dry, hot summer we found dicky-birds in the tubs. We wondered how the heartless cows could drink, and stopped to bury the little birds in the blue clay, and the milk was late and the customers scolded—but we never told anyone about the birds.

In winter Jack and I learned to skate in the swamp-corner. We had Dutch skates with a long ram's-horn prow on them, finished off with a steel acorn. It was a fine place to learn in, there were so many stumps. When you fell, you just crawled along to the next stump, got up and tried again. In the autumn there were ripe crab-apples in the corner. Once we climbed a crab-apple tree. It was very prickly, and we tore our pinnies; and when we took home the crab-apples they were passed over and the pinnies were not. ("Pinnies" in those days were made of flour-sacks, and "hankies" of meal-bags.)

It was in the swamp-corner that Eddie Howse and two other "town boys" ran away and in a half hut, half cave emulated Tom Sawyer; and we, goggle-eyed, peered in awed by their daring, and saw playing-cards, ham, and a hatchet.

But the lily-corner was the beautiful corner. The ferns grew as high as your head there, and when the cows lay down in the hot days you might beat every foot of the ground before you found them. The first violets grew here in the spring, and the wild white lilies; in summer it was sweet with roses; and in autumn there were spotted tiger-lilies, columbines and purple larkspurs. We had no worrying half-knowledge of botany in those days; no one told us that the lilies were "erythronium alba-florem"—half-rough, half-wild things that we were, they had a message for us.

Right by the lily-corner a trail led through the grove to the beach, and along this my father and the boys drew drift-wood for fuel—and in this lily-corner was a swing. On Sunday afternoons, grown-up girls were swung there by young men, and to Jack and

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me they seemed to laugh very much and to be silly.

The harbor beyond the grove and the little village on its banks were called Camosun by the Indians; as Fort Albert the hamlet changed to a Hudson Bay post; after the Cariboo gold-excitement, under the name of Victoria, it blossomed into a miners' town —gold was plentiful, and pleasure at a premium. Near the grove was Beacon Hill, around which Indian ponies and imported blooded mares ran races for the amusement of the most cosmopolitan mass of people who ever crowded a race-track—Chinamen, Indians, Kanakas, whites—old men and maidens, young men and children.

Victoria was a town of "Societies"—the Firemen's Society, the Pioneer Society, the Foresters, the French Benevolent Society, the Masons—and each society gave a public gathering and picnic every summer, and the picnics were held in Medina's Grove. What the picnics were to the grown-ups I can't say. To Jack and me they stood for a tangle of conflicting emotions. We enjoyed the blare of light and color, the noise and excitement; we feared for our good strawberry-places and hidden birds'-nests, and we resented seeing town children having freedom of our domain.

Let me recall a picnic. First of all you read about it in the paper, and the first question you asked was: "Does it say 'children under ten free,' or 'children twenty-five cents'?" That was the great question; it decided whether the picnic was for you or not. But to the Caledonian picnic you went anyway, regardless of expense, and wore a stiff white dress and plaid sash, and had your hair curled—this was due to your family and the dignity of your clan. There was a band and bagpipes, and a platform for dancing, and flags and candy-stands, and a bar, and Scottish sports—putting the shot and tossing the caber.

And Chinamen and Chinawomen were there carrying fans and parasols, and "bluejackets" from Esquimalt, and soldiers. In the afternoons your mothers talked together in groups and told about Edinburgh and "Glasca" and "old times." And you had your spending money tied in a corner of your "hanky," and maybe you ran a race—if you had a good "headstart" you might win as much as $1.50 ("almost enough to buy a new pair of boots," your mother said). At night there were torches made of balls of cotton soaked in oil in tin cups, and there

JACK THOUGHT THIS MUST BE THE GRAND TOMBOLA.

were fireworks and dancing, and the men got drunk and noisy, and once there were pistol-shots and something was carried away under a white sheet, and Jack and I crept close to our mother.

But above all the picnics stands forth one in bright red letters. It was preëminently "the" picnic of them all to me. The St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society gave it on one First of July, and its chief feature, according to announcement, was to be a "Grand Tombola."

We were a little over nine years old that summer. We knew all about "tamalies," but Tombola was a new word to us. The

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older people didn't encourage us to ask questions, and dictionaries were unknown. It wasn't my fortune to see an unabridged dictionary till I was fourteen, and then what a fascination it was! What pure joy to chase through the columns, to run down one queer word after another, and to browse at will!

And so to the picnic we went with joy in our hearts; Jack in a kilt, I girded with a sash of Cameron tartan. Oh, it was good: the hot sun, the skirl o' the pipes, the jostling crowds, the "life" of it all and the anticipation. There was that "feel" in the air that said great things might happen, and we stood mentally on tiptoe.

But where was the Tombola? We kept a sharp look-out for it all the fore part of the afternoon as, squeezed in between our mother and a fat woman from Aberdeen who ate peppermint sweeties, we watched the Scottish sports.

Two clowns on stilts came out and sang Annie Laurie and asked each other conundrums which all seemed to have an ethical or scriptural flavor as if Scottish people must have even their fun tinged with the Shorter Catechism: "Who is the straightest mon telt of in the Guid Book?" "Joseph: did ye no ken Pharaoh made a *ruler* out of him!" "What is a lie?" "A lee is an abomination unto the Lord; and a verra present help in time o' trouble."

Jack thought surely this must be the Great Tombola, but my mind ran on wild beasts, and I induced him to slip away with me to investigate a round tent among the rose-bushes. This was not the Tombola, the man said, but it was very entrancing for all that.

He was just tacking up his canvas sign, "*Great Instructive Scriptural Peep-Show for Young and Old. Bring the Bairns and Stay Yoursel'!*" Jack helped him stretch the sign from one big pine to another, and the man gave him one free peep. Jack and I were always partners, so his right eye and my left tried to peep in together at the one hole. "*Here, my little dears, you have Daniel and the Lions' Den,*" in the showman's high-pitched tones. Daniel, the Den, and the Lions appeared one rich, royal purple, and the light wasn't very good. "*Please, sir, which is Daniel and which is the lions?*" asked Jack. "*Oh, my little dears, you pays your money and you takes your choice,*" and with this we are forced to be content. Just then the dance-music began, and off we ran to the raised platform. On the way a boy who had won a sack-race and had siller to spare gave us each a three-cornered pie or "tairt," as he called it. Oh, it was a great day!

The dancing platform was a huge rectangle with a sloping gallery for spectators round three sides of it, and to-day the whole upper end was shut off from view by a big white cotton curtain across which appeared in black letters the tantalizing words, "GRAND TOMBOLA!" In front of the curtain the dancers were taking their places and beginning to dance as unconcernedly as if no great mystery hovered behind them.

I, still haunted by my wild-beast idea, was sure I saw the curtain wave in and out slowly, as if moved by some huge animal's breath. Jack said, "Tush, nonsense!" but his own breath came hot and fast and his fingers twitched, a sure sign of mental throes with Jack.

With a long-drawn-out squeal the music stopped and the perspiring youths led the maidens to their seats. A quick pull on my sleeve and a dig of Jack's sharp elbow made me conscious that something was going on. In front of the curtain stood a tall figure in red; he wore a peaked cap and a tail, for all the world as if he had just stepped off a devilled-ham tin.

"*It's Auld Clootie!*" whispered Jack.

"*Whist,*" said I, "*it's the Tombola; my, but he looks like the Deil.*"

But the Man of Red had a glib tongue; he soon explained to us that the Tombola was a wonderful scheme by means of which every owner of a ticket "won off and carried away" (he made a great point of the carrying away) a rare prize "ranging in valuation from $2.50 to $20. By the generosity of the promoter of the scheme, a gentleman whose name by his own wish is suppressed, tickets may be bought at the ridiculously low price of $2 each."

And then the prizes were disclosed. The man who chose them must have had a very gymkana of an imagination and a most catholic taste—groceries were there and dolls, wheelbarrows and oil paintings, most gorgeous dry-goods, holly-bushes, plum-puddings, haggis, Chinese fireworks, and a very Noah's Ark of live animals, a baby-buggy, a crosscut-saw, double-bladed axes, a pair of tame bantams, and a big family Bible.

And this was the Tombola! And you had to pay $2 to be in it! Why, that was

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a customer's whole month's milk-money; it counted out Jack and me. After a minute, "Come, let's look at the animals, anyway," and he pulled me along; and as we together poked into the boxes and smelly cages my mind was a confused jumble of the devil, and companionable beasts, and forbidden pleasures, a sort of new and weird Garden of Eden.

All this while the Man of Red was selling tickets and doing a brisk trade; the youths treated their sweethearts, laughing and joking; money seemed to be plentiful all around us. The dancing and the ticket-

"O NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?"

selling alternated all afternoon, the drawing was to take place at five o'clock; this long-expected, much-conjectured Tombola was not for us, but we couldn't keep away from it. "If I had $2 I'd treat you," said Jack, "and you might win *that*." "That" was a big wax doll with blue eyes bigger than her mouth and a vacant look into futurity. "I wouldn't want that, it's silly; I'd rather have *these*, you could do something with *them*." "*These*" were a pair of shiny rubber boots so long in the legs that, with a collar and a tie, one would need no other garment.

As we wandered along wistfully among all the treasures of the earth, from the crowd a big voice greeted us, "*Mon, Jock, is it you? And your seester? And how are the Twin Evils—do you grow in grace and flourish as the bay-tree?*" It was my father's mining partner from Cariboo; we hadn't seen him for two years and, as usual when he came to Victoria, Tom Patello was rather more than three-quarters drunk, and, as it turned out, in the very best of humors. "And where's your mither and the girls? I haven't seen a town-buddy that I know. We must all get Tom-bolla teekits!"

O Tom, your collar was awry, your tartan tie "hookit" away up behind your ear; you smelled strong of old Glenlevit and you staggered in your steps, but to the eyes of the Cameron twins that day did you seem an angel, yea, a very archangel of light crowned and shining. He bought five "teekits," one for each of us children and one for the mither, and we went off to find the others. Jack's ticket was No. 67 and mine was 439, and every ticket was to draw a prize, and it was ten minutes to five. How the whole face of Nature had changed! Our little family circle sat together, but Jack and I climbed up to the very top seat of the gallery high over the heads of the others, and waited. We each owned one piece of exhibited merchandise or one member of that uneasy menagerie, and we didn't know which

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it was. Safe in our coign of vantage we hugged one another in sheer joy. "O Jack," in a sudden fit of apprehension, "what if 439 should be *potatoes*." "Sell 'em," said Jack, and the drawing began.

The numbers were called out by the Man of Red, and a Committee on a long scroll found the name of the article attached. Each winner had to go in person and bear off his prize—it was great fun.

Of our little coterie Jessie was the first; she got a beef-ham; they gave it to her on a string, and as she drew it along on the floor bumping against her fat little legs the band played, "*She's owre young to marry yet.*"

It wasn't long till my mother's number was called, and she (of all things in the world) got a dish of gold-fish. "Feckless things! Had they been guid red herrin' 'twould have been more wise-like," was her remark, and great was Tom Patello's amusement.

Barbara's number was announced as "one bolt of heather-mixture linsey-woolsey," and this was received with much greater satisfaction in the Cameron circle. The fat woman from Aberdeen stretching it from left ear to finger-tip yard by yard declared it to be "juist eighty-one yairds, and gey strong material, Mrs. Cameron." It was of a queer browny-yellowy tint and strong it proved; the big girls had dresses of it and afterward these were cut down for us for school, and we all had Sunday frocks of it. "*A sort of dirty-yellow, the color of the Camerons' dresses*," was a standard shade in Broughton Street School for five years. "It's a gran' prize that, Barbara woman," said the Aberdeen buddy, and my mother almost forgave the gold-fishes.

"*No. 67.*" "*I bet it's that blamed doll.*" hysterically, and Jack's hand was clammy and his eyes stuck out, as he clambered down and went forward alone to claim his own. "No 67," said the Red Man. "*No. 67. One Angora goat*," replied the Committee, and my heart gave a big throb of joy for Jack! Oh, it would have been cruel hard had it been potatoes. The goat pulled back as Jack took the rope, and the Kanakas and the miners cheered, and a whole row of blue-jackets began to sing, "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" Then a policeman helped Jack and the goat off the platform, and I slipped down on the grass to see if it was all really true; it was such a wonderful day and I still had my suspicions of the Man of Red.

My own ticket, No. 439, seemed to have been forgotten. Jack tethered the goat, and we went behind to see what was left, and found nothing but wrapping-paper and empty boxes.

"Never mind, you can be partners in the goat," came the ready sympathy; but better fortune was in store for me. "*No. 439, the last ticket*," it was the Red Man's voice, and under the curtains we slipped and bobbed up under his very feet. "A prize, little one, which one of older years would perhaps better appreciate," and he slipped into my hand a long pinky-white envelope. Jack and I tore it open and read:

> MECHANICS' LITERARY INSTITUTE
>
> LIBRARY MEMBER'S TICKET.
>
> GOOD for ONE YEAR'S FULL-PAID
>
> SUBSCRIPTION with use of
>
> READING-ROOM.

O blessed ticket! Better than beef-ham or gold-fish or linsey-woolsey, and more to be desired even than many goats! What were you not to mean to me in the days that were to come! And dear Tom, with your big, rough body, your child's heart, and your unsteady steps you have long since entered into your rest, and your faults and weaknesses were many, but may God do so to me and more also if I ever forget your kindness to us bairns. That ticket, then, to Jack and me meant more than libraries manifold in the after years, and you were the Andrew Carnegie to our infant souls. The Arabian Nights, Charles Dickens, Macbeth's Witches, Crusoe, Friday, came crowding down into Medina's Grove, and pitched their tents along the sands. To the twins hurrying home with the goat, ere night fell (for the customers' milk must be taken even though the heavens fell), opened out that day a new heaven and a new earth; and to Tom, the Red Deil, and the Fates who made these things possible, all thanks be.

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The Unemployed Rich: Their Rivals

By MARY MANNERS

Illustrated by Charlotte Weber

MR. REGINALD SILVERTON was a young gentleman who might justly be described as one of Fortune's favorites. He was passably well-looking, more than comfortably well off, and reasonably well-behaved, considering his temptations. That he neither gambled nor drank to excess, and did not conspicuously outrage the proprieties in his pursuit of that all-too-pursuable article, the flaunting petticoat, was always mentioned as something greatly to his credit whenever he was discussed by the heads of families—particularly those who numbered the youthful marriageable female among their members.

"So many young men *like* to be considered *fast*, nowadays," said the mammas, with eyebrows tragically uplifted, and a mournful mouthing of the objectionable words. "Mr. Silverton is really exceptional. Knowing the world, one does not, of course, expect immaculate perfection, but at least one *hears* nothing to his disadvantage."

"Nice, unaffected young fellow," declared the papas. "Seems to appreciate a good story. Quiet, pleasant manners. Strange, by gad, when you remember his grandfather!"

Reginald did not remember his grandfather, so his own good manners were not a matter of especial astonishment to him. He remembered his father, however, careworn, conscientious, irritable; a little over-cautious; oppressed by the possession of an income which the best years of his life had been absorbed in acquiring. It seemed to Reginald that the "old gentleman" had had a pretty poor time of it. He, himself, with the easy assurance of pampered youth, resolved upon a very different course of action.

Why slave to make money when you had quite enough already? Why fret yourself to fiddlestrings looking after your inheritance when other people were paid to look after it for you? Why not see the world?

The world-to-be-seen existing primarily in London and Paris, Reginald betook himself to those capitals with an expectant heart, and left them with a lively sense of sophistication and general roguishness which no subsequent adventure, however lurid, would again bestow upon him. He visited Monte Carlo, shot pigeons, and "dropped a bit" at the tables. He thought of prolonging his travels. Italy, Greece, a winter in Egypt or India, a trip to Japan, all suggested themselves to his mind, and being entirely his own master, and having freed himself as much as possible from all real responsibility, there was no earthly reason why he should not have gone. If he had been a hard-worked man with a few dollars saved for a holiday he would have gone. But having time and money enough, and no occupation, except to kill the one and spend the other in the least tiresome way, he concluded that seeing the rest of the world (strange scenery and the habits and customs of peoples incapable of understanding one), could be conveniently put off till such time as he had an enthusiastic companion to stimulate his curiosity. So he yachted a little in the Mediterranean, fished a little in Norway, shot a little in Scotland, hunted a little in England, and drifted home with the impression that good fellows were good fellows no matter where you met them and naturally recognized you as such no matter where they met *you*.

He was not really a very keen sportsman, but he greatly liked to be with those who were. For that matter he was not a connoisseur of the arts, but he rather enjoyed the society of artists, which had a would-be-vagabondish flavor that often amused him. Nothing amused him very much, but, on the other hand, nothing bored him very much, unless he was forced into some position from where he had to consider life seriously. His vitality was hardly equal to that strain. It almost seemed as if the output of nervous energy in the father, concentrated upon the struggle and business of money-making, had exhausted all real force in the son. Still, he was a "good fellow"; generous, well-mannered, easy-tempered, selfish, but delightfully free from self-consciousness, carrying

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REGINALD DID THE HONORS FROM HIS SOFA.

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himself with an assurance born of the certainty of pleasing.

His daily life from the systematic regularity of its details presented an appearance of dignity. Late breakfast, morning papers, notes, letters; the barber and pedicure; one club for a game of racquets or a bout with the gloves, a shower and a rub; another club for luncheon and the gossip of the day; exercise in the open air attained by a walk or the testing of a friend's automobile; a return to the club for "bridge"; possibly a late afternoon visit to some particularly charming and charmable hostess (his formal visits were paid once a year by his valet in a cab), and he reached his rooms just in time to dress and arrive late at some late dinner in thoroughly good humor with himself and the world. Could your nervously exhausted down-town drudge say as much? And then the theatre, or the opera, and the latter half of a ball, and, later, another supper and a throw or two with wheeled fortune. Night after night to bed only when the small hours grew into the larger ones, to sleep the sleep of a child till mid-day.

When you live in Vanity Fair you keep with the crowd while you condemn the stupidity of its methods of amusements. Reginald loitered contentedly along in the front ranks, with his hands (and sometimes other people's) in his pockets, and a slight smile on his lips. He felt himself a cynic behind that smile, which is a pleasure every young man is entitled to at least once in his life.

He was altogether a very agreeably spoilt and lovable person, and almost every fur-belowed creature took pains to make him conscious of it.

Mr. Silverton was far less moved by this consensus of feminine opinion than most men would have been in his place; still he could not help being aware of it, and it naturally made him rather tender in his manner toward a sex possessed of such amiable weaknesses. In one instance only did his tenderness approach truth. A certain Miss Constance Newberry—but of that more shall be told later.

Favored as he was by the kindly glances of enough brown and blue eyes to overfill a Turk's paradise, he was yet essentially a man's man, and many were the expressions of heartfelt condolence uttered by his friends when it was learned that after stepping, calm and immaculate, from an overturned cab (in which he had been tardily hastening to keep an engagement), "Regie" had been kicked by the frantic horse he was endeavoring to release, and had had his leg broken.

Reginald himself took it, as he took everything, with philosophy. What struck him as most extraordinary was that the first person to come to his assistance should happen to be a young doctor, and that that young doctor should turn out to be a cousin of his own—a cousin whom he dimly remembered as a bullet-headed little boy. "A thing like that wouldn't happen once in a thousand years," he thought faintly, in the midst of gradual relief from pain and the relaxing of nerves under morphine, after his leg had been set, and he was at last settled in bed.

He observed with pleasure the broad shoulders, strong neck, and close-cropped curly hair of his newly found relative. "Great luck for me, your passing just then," he said, adding after a minute, "Why haven't you ever looked me up before?"

"I don't know. Too busy, I suppose," answered the young man, smiling. "Pretty comfortable now, aren't you? By the way, who's your doctor?"

"Got none. Have to attend to this case yourself, Bob," returned Mr. Silverton, using a name that seemed to fit itself to his tongue, and relapsing into delicious vagueness.

During the period of his suffering and convalescence his cousin became an object of great wonder and interest to him. The fellow was so splendidly alive, so active, so determined, so energetic, so enthusiastically *occupied* from morning till night that the mere force of contact with him made Reginald feel as if he had done a hard day's work and earned a right to the calm of self-satisfied leisure.

"What time do you breakfast?" he inquired with real curiosity one morning when Dr. Silverton had been announced at a somewhat earlier hour than usual.

"About eight—I was a little later this morning because I didn't get home till nearly three last night, and I was called up again at four, and then overslept myself. How are you?"

"Stiff as a post, thank you. And where do you go next?" continued Reginald, still earnest in the pursuit of information.

"Why, from here I go to see an old woman with the pip—ever see an old woman with the pip? I don't know what else she's got!

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And a little boy whom I operated upon yesterday; and then I've two hours of lecture to give at the college, and some more patients to see before I go home for my office hours, and then I'm off to the hospital at two. I may be there anywhere from then till six o'clock, or later—it depends upon how many cases they run in on me, but I'll come in for a moment this evening. I've got a case of appendicitis in the neighborhood, recovering, thank goodness."

The perfect repose of his manner was in such marked contrast to the idea of hurry conveyed in his speech that it took Reginald several minutes to grasp the substance of it.

"Jove!" he exclaimed after a pause, eyeing his cousin with gravity almost amounting to awe. "What a tread-mill!"

Bob laughed. "Splendid," he said. "I love it. There! I think that'll be easier. See you later." And he disappeared.

Reginald summoned his man-servant, had a writing table brought over to the sofa (to which he had lately been promoted) and began, with the burdened feeling of a brain already bored at the prospect, to answer such of his letters as absolutely demanded it. Some fortunately had, as it were, been outlawed by time. One only excited his pen to ready response.

STILL, HE WAS A GOOD FELLOW.

MY DEAR MR. SILVERTON:

Mamma desires me to say she finds the information of your good Jameson so unsatisfactory that she insists upon a personal interview with you as soon as you are able to receive her. She does not believe any young man can be properly taken care of in "Rooms" and she intends to see with her own eyes that you are comfortable. She hopes you have a good doctor, not too old, and a good nurse, not too young, and that you are really recovering more rapidly than Jameson's gloomy bulletins suggest. I hope so too. I am afraid you must have suffered a great deal and I am so sorry. How soon will they let you be well enough to come and see me again?

Sincerely yours,
CONSTANCE NEWBERRY.

Now, while Reginald recognized that this epistle had been written at the dictation of kindly, fussy, managing, not to say match-making Mrs. Newberry, he knew that her daughter would not have acquiesced in the sending of it if it had not pleased her to do so. He felt he might take it for granted then that his welfare was not a matter of total indifference to the young lady, and as she, and she alone, had contrived to entangle his man-of-the-world philosophy in the brilliant meshes of her auburn hair (principally by an appearance of charming near-sighted indifference as to what might be caught in that radiant net), he resolved upon a bold, strategic stroke and wrote the following note:

DEAR MRS. NEWBERRY (the D of the Dear made like a square box, in a fashion peculiar to himself. He wrote an abominable hand):

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A HURRIED DRESSING AND BANDAGING WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Thank you so much for your awfully kind message. Won't you please take pity on me at once and come this afternoon about five, if that hour suits you? I will have tea for you in my sitting-room where I lie all day on the sofa—presentable, I hope, though hardly comfortable. My nurse and Jameson are not on very good terms; I'm afraid they need a firmer hand than mine to manage them.

Faithfully yours,
R. SILVERTON.

P. S. Couldn't you stretch a point for once and bring Miss Newberry with you, if she'll come? I want so much to see her.

This piece of diplomacy he labored through with an expression of mingled diligence and amusement, and then despatched by a messenger boy. Jameson was ordered to procure flowers, and provide the kind of tea, cake, and sandwich most affected by Mrs. and Miss Newberry—which, as he had often accompanied his master on visits to their country-house, he declared himself well able to do. Mr. Silverton then refreshed himself with a brandy and soda, feeling the exhaustion that follows extreme mental effort. He was fit for nothing further but the perusal of the morning papers, and courteously requested Miss Banks, the nurse, to decline his various invitations for him. He was glad, as he looked at her pretty, blond, white-capped head bent over the table, that she was quite young enough to engage Mrs. Newberry's attention. She had engaged a good deal of his own—speculatively—from time to time.

But we know what happens to the best-laid plans of those two cautious kinds of animals beginning with "m." It happened that as Jameson was obliged to be out during the earlier part of the afternoon; Miss Banks' hours off duty were delayed, and it was quite five o'clock when she appeared at the door of the sitting-room in her neat walking dress to ask if there were anything she could do for Mr. Silverton before she went out. Reginald didn't dare ask her to stay in, but he looked pleading. The hope of epicurean snatches of Constance in *tête-à-tête* was vanishing.

"Jameson tells me you are expecting friends to tea," said Miss Banks. "So I'll be back about seven."

"I—I must say I hoped you'd stay," answered that gentleman.

"Oh, you'll surely not need me," returned

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Miss Banks, gaily, and, straightening the rug over his feet, departed.

At half-past five the ladies arrived. Mrs. Newberry, a prodigious old woman in a wig, seemed to make the whole side of the room bulge out with the gale of her entrance. Her daughter swam after her like a swan on a swell, with her beautiful short-sighted eyes half shut and her red-gold hair shining like polished brass. Pleased, yet indifferent to pleasure.

Reginald did the honors from his sofa with most engaging awkwardness. A kind of involuntary boyish anxiety for the success of his little entertainment showed itself from time to time. Miss Newberry poured out the tea, Mrs. Newberry ballooned about the room, amused and amusing, but keeping a watchful eye upon her properties present and to come. For she fully believed she owned her daughter, body and soul, and she fully expected to own her son-in-law—when she got him.

"I don't see that you are so much to be pitied, after all," she declared, settling herself with an overpowering rustle in an armchair. "You seem to be pretty comfortable. Where's your nurse? What hospital does she come from? I hope she's of respectable years. I'm no friend to this pitchforking of girls into the intimate life of young men, and pretending it's perfectly safe because the woman wears a uniform. The first question I should put to a nurse coming to bachelor quarters would be the one the Chinese put to each other, 'What is your reverend age?'"

"I have never dared to ask Miss Banks hers," returned Reginald, with ambiguous gravity. "I'm afraid it would be too great a shock to me. I'm awfully sorry she has gone out, though, for I wanted you to see her and have a talk with her. She comes from—from your hospital, I think."

It is needless to say that Mr. Silverton had no notion what Mrs. Newberry's hospital might be, but he had a vague, general idea that all bustling, managing elderly ladies were on the Boards of Hospitals or Homes; so he dared, and his daring was rewarded.

"The Stump's Memorial? You don't say so!" she exclaimed, approvingly.

"The Stump's Memorial," agreed Reginald, with alacrity.

"The Stump's Memorial be hanged!" cried a voice from the hall. "I wouldn't have a nurse from that place if— Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't know you had a party. I found I had to go out of town this evening, so, as I got off earlier than I expected, I stopped this afternoon."

Dr. Robert Silverton stood in the doorway, alert, amused, insolently vigorous, yet half embarrassed at the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself.

In the pause which followed Reginald promptly introduced him to Mrs. and Miss Newberry.

"You said I was to have a young doctor," he observed to the older lady. "He is my cousin also. I hope you'll like him."

"Not if he finds fault with the Stump's Memorial Hospital," cried she. "What objection have you to make to the training of our nurses, may I ask, doctor?"

Bob laughed. "Nothing, except that it's so perfect it leaves us without anything to do."

Mrs. Newberry chuckled appreciatively.

"That's not in the least what you were going to say. Now, just sit down here and tell me——"

Reginald, feeling himself at last under the protection of the Gods of Chance, attempted to exchange a glance of understanding with Constance, but she, with outstretched hand tipping the hot-water kettle, and soft, languid eyes turned toward the new arrival, was offering him a cup of tea.

The next instant she had started to her feet with a little cry, and Bob had unceremoniously seized her in his arms and was crushing, partly between his hands, partly against his body, the thin, hanging lace sleeve of her blouse which the flame of the alcohol lamp had set on fire.

"I beg your pardon," he said, releasing her. "One has to act quickly on these occasions. I hope nothing more than the finery has suffered."

The blackened shreds of lace and silk fell between them, and Constance stretched out a beautiful, long, shapely, slightly trembling, white arm on which a wide, scarlet patch was beginning to show itself between wrist and elbow.

The Gods of Chance had definitely declared against Reginald for one afternoon. He had nothing but the memory of the briefest, softest interchange of last words to console him.

"She's got plenty of nerve, that Miss Newberry," declared Bob, returning to his cousin after (a hurried dressing and bandaging having been accomplished) he had put the ladies into their carriage. "She didn't make any

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fuss at all while I was attending to her arm, and a burn like that smarts like the deuce."

"Is it a bad one?" asked Reginald, with irritable anxiety. Even to a philosopher with a broken leg it is irksome to lie still on a sofa while an admired and as yet unattached lady is setting herself on fire, and being put out and cared for by another man.

"No," said Bob, "but it's quite enough to give most women an excuse for fussing. She never said a word except to thank me. Who are they?"

Reginald smiled delightedly to himself and wished Mrs. Newberry could be listening at the door.

"Why, they've been rather prominent people in New York for some time," he began, guardedly.

"That doesn't tell me much," returned the other, laughing, "for I never go anywhere."

"Their names are a good deal in the papers."

"Oh, that kind! Society people."

Reginald winced at the words, which represented to him the reporter's view of a class that would like to take its pleasure less conspicuously if it were allowed.

"Miss Newberry is considered very handsome," he observed.

"I could see that," replied Bob, significantly.

"That she was handsome—or was considered so?"

"Both," said the doctor, laughing again. "I suspect she's dangerous."

HE WONDERED IF SHE WAS AS SYMPATHETIC AS SHE WAS SWEET TO LOOK AT.

"Here's Miss Newberry's handkerchief, sir," said Jameson, appearing from the next room, where the young lady's arm had been dressed. He was still somewhat breathless from the various errands upon which he had been despatched during the late confusion.

"You'd better take it to her when you go to inquire about her, Bob," said Reginald, anticipating future amusement.

The education of his cousin at the hands of Constance—if she cared to undertake it—he felt would be a spectacle for gods and men.

"I haven't time for that sort of thing."

"You must; out of politeness."

"Oh, I'll leave a card."

"You're afraid."

Bob showed his splendid teeth in a grin. "I tell you what, old man," he said, "if ever I found myself falling in love with a girl like *that*, I'd run like the devil."

Pretty Miss Banks surprised her patient in two distinct fits of quiet chuckling that evening, but it was with the utmost solemnity that he asked his cousin two or three days afterward if he had yet found time to call upon the Newberrys.

"Why, didn't I tell you? They sent for

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me that very night." replied Bob, cheerfully. "Old Poke, their doctor, was laid up with the gout, and I've been in attendance ever since. I must say I like to go there. Mrs. Newberry is immense, in more senses than one, and Miss Newberry's awfully good-looking and a great deal of a woman. Quite different from what I thought."

"What do you talk to her about?"

"Oh, all sorts of things to distract her attention while I'm dressing her arm, you know. She was awfully interested in a poor little couple I'd been to see last night. The man was pretty sick and the woman was worn out, and there wasn't anybody else there, and I'd had to stay till morning to give her a chance to rest, and then I had to go home and get a bath and some breakfast, so I was late going to Miss Newberry."

"She doesn't like to be kept waiting," said Reginald, inwardly smiling.

"She might just as well have let the nurse do the dressing, but she says I make her more comfortable. She is very nice to me. I shall be quite sorry when she's well and I don't see her any more."

"You won't go there except professionally?"

"I tell you I haven't time for that sort of thing. Besides, I know she's dangerous."

"But you can always 'run like the devil,'" quoted Mr. Silverton. Yet in reply to a charming note which he had just received from Constance—a note thanking him for flowers and sending him books (although he seldom, if ever, was seen to read anything)—he wrote:

"And so you are turning the head of my poor big cousin, the doctor, till before long he'll see nothing and attend to nothing but you. Stop it, please, and bestow a backward glance upon me. *My* head has been turned for a long time. What are you going to do with it, and my heart, and my ox and my ass, and my man-servant and my maid-servant, and everything else that is mine—or rather yours?"

This composition he looked upon as a masterpiece.

"Will you kindly ring for a messenger boy and have this sent at once, Miss Banks?" he said, gently. Jameson happened to be out. The rustle of the pretty nurse's crisp dress as she crossed the room had grown to be very pleasant to him. He wondered if she was as sympathetic as she was sweet to look at. He began to question her more intimately than he had hitherto dared about herself, her life, her profession. He learned with horror that, under the most favorable circumstances, she made little more than a thousand a year. While he was pondering upon the different fortunes Fate dealt out to charming young women, the answer to his masterpiece arrived.

DEAR MR. SILVERTON:

You are very kind, but I am sure you have deceived yourself as to your own feelings. In regard to mine, I must tell you frankly that I could never marry a man who was not doing a *man's work* in the world.

Always sincerely yours,
CONSTANCE NEWBERRY.

"Bob! by Heaven!" ejaculated Reginald, dazed by the unexpectedness of the blow. "I might have known that no man begins to run until it's too late for any running he can do to save him."

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The Menace of the Law's Delays

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Web," etc.

THE State of Delaware was lately disgraced by a mob which wrested a prisoner from the custody of the authorities, dragged him to the spot where his crime had been committed, and burned him to death amid scenes which, for wanton brutality and ferocious indecency, have never been surpassed by the most degraded of barbarian tribes.

The admitted cause of this lapse to savagery was the law's delays. The crime for which the prisoner had been indicted demanded the speediest possible expiation, but the Court decreed a long adjournment in order that public clamor might not prejudice the administration of justice. Doubtless the judges who granted this delay were actuated by the highest motives, but the resulting tragedy discloses such ominous contempt and suspicion of the law that its warning should pass local boundaries and arrest the attention of the country at large, for the conditions which brought about the holocaust in Delaware are not peculiar to any one State in the Union.

The evil of legal delay is incipient in some localities and dominant in others, but it is spreading everywhere. In New York City, matters have come to such a pass that the average jury case cannot be brought to trial inside of two years—a condition of affairs which frequently amounts to a complete denial of justice. But possibly the terrible example of the great metropolis, gagged and bound by red-tape and enfeebled by legal slow-poisoning, may warn the rest of the country and thus prove a blessing in disguise. Certainly the moral is written so large and plain that even he who races cannot fail to read it.

There are on the calendars of one court alone in the single Borough of Manhattan, New York City, *more than eleven thousand cases awaiting trial*, and the full capacity of that court is *not over five thousand cases a year.*

This record is bad enough on its face, but it does not begin to suggest the really desperate nature of the situation. Although it is true that five thousand cases, more or less, are disposed of every year, at least two thousand of these are not tried at all, but are "settled" or "marked off the calendars" for various reasons (potent among which are despair, discouragement and disgust) and considerably more than five thousand *new* cases are added during the twelve months—which more than offsets the gain. In other words, each court-year faces a worse condition of affairs than its predecessor, and the mischief grows apace.

But although these figures are eloquent, no statistics can give any idea of the practical result of such an appalling congestion. To appreciate this one must hear the stories of litigants and their struggles to obtain a hearing.

THE RESULTS OF TWO YEARS' LITIGATION

Some years ago a certain firm had a claim against a well known corporation, which found its way into the courts. The case was exceedingly simple, and could have been heard and decided by any intelligent judge in a few hours. The corporation, however, demanded a jury, and the case took its regular place on the congested jury calendars. There it remained for more than a year and a half and nothing could be done to extricate it from the mass of litigation under which it lay buried. At length it emerged on one of the "call" or provisional calendars. Then for six months the lawyers fought—one to get it tried—the other to get it side-tracked. At last a day was set for trial and the parties attended with their witnesses. But other cases were there before them blocking the way, and for *thirty-six consecutive business days*, the lawyers, the clients, and their witnesses wasted their time in and around the court-house waiting for a chance to be heard. But on the thirty-seventh day the defendant corporation failed and the $3,000 verdict of

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the jury finally netted the creditor a little less than $200. Such is the authentic record of two years' litigation, and thirty-seven days' attendance at the halls of "Justice!"

Of course it was the defendant's failure which caused the disaster in this case, but almost anything may occur in two years, and it frequently happens that the death of witnesses, their disappearance, or lapse of memory destroys all legal proof long before the period of waiting has passed.

The respite of two years, however, affords dishonesty an opportunity of which it is quick to take advantage. An unscrupulous debtor in the great metropolis has only to retain an equally unscrupulous attorney and he can laugh defiance at his creditors.

HOW AN UNSCRUPULOUS DEBTOR CAN PROFIT BY THE LAW'S DELAY

It is not even necessary to acquire the services of an especially cunning advocate. Any limb of the law will answer the purpose. The tricks of legal pleading are easily mastered by those who have an aptitude for the sorry business, and he must be a tyro indeed who cannot frame a defence, with the assistance of a crooked conscience, which will avoid the only pitfall in his path (the "short-cause calendar") and postpone the day of reckoning for months, years, or possibly forever. *Hide your dishonest client in the court calendars and let his creditor seek him for a couple of years.* That is the rule of the game which the New York system fosters and which will wear down the average citizen until he is glad to take ten cents on the dollar for his due.

There is more than a grain of truth in the story of the man who berated his Hebrew debtor for not having included him among his preferred creditors.

"But I makes you a 'speshul credidor,' " was the answer.

"A special creditor? What's that?"

"Vy—a speshul credidor, mine friend, knows now that he gets nothings. The preferred, he von't know that for three years. Time ist money—ain't it?"

But a "well advised" debtor has his own way of giving preferences which do not show on the surface. Suppose he is sued by a number of creditors. All he has to do is to seek out the right one and let him take judgment by default, while an attorney holds the less-favored creditors at arm's length for as long as may be desired. In other words, one creditor is preferred and the others are deferred at the pleasure of the debtor, and by force of law under which all are supposed to be equally protected.

The practical working of this legalized cheating is, of course, apparent. The creditor who has been shown the short-cut and let in through the back door of the court is only too glad to compromise with his discriminating debtor according to agreement. That is to say, he goes through the legal forms calculated to divest his debtor of all property down to the uttermost farthing and then, having thoroughly discouraged all the other creditors, he secretly restores to his fellow-conspirator all but a small percentage, maybe, of the spoils. The Bankruptcy law is supposed to stop this sort of fraud, but as long as the present conditions prevail that law will never defeat anything except itself.

There are, of course, as many methods of legal cheating as there are tricksters, but *time* is the essence of them all. Not long ago an attorney brought suit on a promissory note and was met with a defence wholly destitute of truth, but sufficiently complicated to look formidable upon paper. An investigation of the facts would have disposed of the matter in ten minutes, but no hearing could be had, and the case took its place behind thousands of others. The debtor, meanwhile, began to dispose of his property. Every day transfers of his real estate appeared in the papers, and it was evident that he was planning to leave an empty husk for the coming of his creditors. But the courts when asked to interfere answered, of course, that the creditor had not proved his claim, and that no man could be prevented from disposing of his property merely because there was a lawsuit pending against him, which might not prevail. The upshot was that when the judgment-day arrived the debtor had no property in his possession which was subject to seizure, and long, costly, and complicated litigation has not yet resulted in setting aside his fraudulent conveyances.

HELPLESSNESS OF THE CREDITOR OF SMALL MEANS

It is not always the insolvent, however, who takes advantage of the law's delays. Under prevailing conditions the creditor of small means is practically in the power of

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his rich debtor. He cannot afford to wait indefinitely for the adjustment of his claims, and the mere threat of litigation often compels him to compromise. The writer knows of an instance where a creditor's necessities made him settle a just claim of $15,000 for $5,000. Any court would have awarded the former sum, but no hearing could have been had for two years, and the needy creditor would meanwhile have been ruined for want of ready money. Therefore he took what he could get at once and saved his business.

But the situation admits of much more premeditated dishonesty than this. The debtor who thus squeezed his creditor probably had no thought of doing so when he contracted the debt. The situation disclosed an unexpected opportunity of which he took full advantage. There are those, however, who craftily count on this opportunity and plan for it with systematic viciousness.

A certain New York builder is said to conduct his business on this plan. He subcontracts every part of his buildings, down to the minutest details, employing as many minor contractors as possible and awarding the work to the smallest and weakest bidders. For a while all goes smoothly, but when a building is practically completed, the wily owner withholds the final payment from the small contractors and disputes their right to it on various pretexts. The poor dupes then resort to the courts and learn that they can probably recover, but that they must wait anywhere from two to five years to get their money by due process of law. This brings them "up to the Captain's office," where they are glad to settle for fifty cents on the dollar.

But the clogging of the courts is exceedingly convenient for political as well as private grafters. When a reform administration undertakes to set aside some of the contracts induced by "influence," under the old *régime*, the conspirators can afford to laugh in their sleeves. They know that two years or more will elapse before any trial can be had, and before that time the voters will accuse the reformers of not having "made good" and turn them out of office. It is not likely that the new prosecuting official will be very zealous to continue the "specialties" of his predecessor and the cases speedily go to seed.

But any statement which conveys the impression that lawsuits terminate one way or the other in New York City at the end of two years is, to say the least, misleading. With the possibility and probability of two appeals the limit might be placed at four years—but even that would be an underestimate. In fact, it might fairly be said that *a litigation in New York can go on forever without the smallest result.*

The following cases, taken directly from the books, demonstrate that this statement is not in the least exaggerated:

A SUIT THAT LASTED EIGHT YEARS

In 1892 William Laidlaw sued Russell Sage for damages, alleging that the latter had used him as a shield against a maniac who exploded a dynamite bomb in Mr. Sage's office.

On the first trial the judge dismissed the case and an appeal was taken from his decision.

A new trial was granted by the higher court and the case had to be tried over again from the beginning. This time the jury gave Laidlaw a verdict for $25,000.

Then Sage appealed and the higher court again reversed and ordered another new trial.

Once more the parties began where they started, and on this occasion the jury disagreed.

For a fourth time, then, the litigants started anew and the jury recorded another verdict for Laidlaw, this time in the sum of $43,000.

Sage once more appealed, but unsuccessfully and the verdict was upheld. His lawyers, however, promptly appealed to a still higher tribunal (the Court of Appeals) and this court of last resort reversed the verdict and the decision of the first appellate bench and gravely ordered a new trial!

But the fifth trial was never had, for at this interesting stage of the proceedings—eight years after the event—the plaintiff abandoned his suit, otherwise the courts and juries would be trying it still.

When eight years of litigation leave the parties exactly where they started—who would dare prophesy a date for the end?

The Laidlaw-Sage case is not, however, unique. In 1896 a St. Vincent's Hospital patient named Ward was severely injured by a hot-water bag which a nurse negligently placed against the patient's leg, so that the flesh was literally cooked to the bone.

After the usual two years' delay the pre-

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siding justice at the trial dismissed the complaint.

Then came an appeal and a reversal and an order for a second trial.

Beginning again, the plaintiff secured a verdict of $10,000, which was appealed from and, in due course of time, set aside and a third trial directed.

This time the plaintiff won again, being awarded $18,000, but the inevitable appeal has been taken and at this writing it has not been decided.

This is the so-called "result" of six years incessant litigation. But with two more appeals and the possibility of an indefinite number of new trials, the end is not even in sight.

Some few months ago a New York newspaper printed an interview with a lawyer concerning a lawsuit then attracting public attention.

"There is nothing in this case," the counsel is reported to have declared. "It is blackmail, and I propose to serve my answer at once and *rush it to trial forthwith!*" This stout declaration led the reporter to inquire how soon the hearing would be had.

"Well," answered the hot-footed advocate, "you know the calendars are a little congested just at present, but I shall certainly dispose of the matter in a year or so."

To the layman this may sound absurd, but the attorney who can get his case tried in a year or so is, relatively speaking, "rushing matters." Indeed, a year or so is but as yesterday in view of the lately-decided case of *Williams* against *The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad.*

Williams was a brakeman employed on the railroad and was badly injured July 8, 1882. He sued the railroad for injuries and on the initial trial was awarded $4,000. This verdict was set aside and on the second trial he was awarded $4,900. Upon appeal the finding of the jury was upheld by the first Appellate Court, but was reversed by the Court of Appeals which ordered a new trial. On the third trial the complaint was dismissed. Then Williams appealed and the first Appellate Court upheld the dismissal, but the plaintiff went to the Court of Appeals which had formerly ruled against him. This time, however, it sided with him, and once more ordered a new trial—the fourth! Then came a verdict for the injured employee in the sum of $4,500, which was in due course of time reversed by the first Appellate Court and the matter stood where it started. On the fifth trial the plaintiff won as before, being awarded $4,900. Again the railroad appealed and again reversed the decision and obtained the usual new trial. On this sixth trial the customary verdict was recorded for the plaintiff, being for $4,500, and this award was upheld by the first Appellate Court. Finally, by the decision of the Court of Appeals late in January, 1904, the case was closed in Williams' favor—*twenty-one years after his accident and at the cost of six trials and ten appeals!*

THE LAYMAN'S MISCONCEPTION OF THE TERM "APPEAL"

A highly intelligent layman was recently asked what he understood to be the legal meaning and effect of an "appeal." He replied, with no little confidence, that an appeal meant the rehearing of a lawsuit by a high tribunal, empowered to correct mistakes of the lower court and do justice between the parties.

Undoubtedly that expresses more or less accurately the common understanding of the matter. It is natural to suppose that the office of an appellate tribunal would be to decide whether the cases brought up for review were rightly or wrongly disposed of by the inferior court and to mete out justice accordingly.

But it should be plain from the *Laidlaw-Sage* and *St. Vincent's Hospital* cases before mentioned that such a conception of the term "appeal" is very wide of the mark. Except in rare instances our appellate courts do not pass upon the merits of a case at all. Their attention is mainly occupied with alleged errors committed by the lower court in technical points of procedure or in some of the thousand and one niceties of evidence known to the law. If any technical right has been violated (and these "rights" are infinite in number and variety) the appellate court must order a new trial, even if it is firmly convinced that truth and justice have been well served by the decision already made. On the second trial, of course, the particular technicality pointed out by the higher court is avoided, but there are any quantity of others which a judge may unwittingly transgress or be lured against, and if so, the second trial will merely result in another appeal and an order for a third new trial—and so on *ad infinitum*. It is humanly

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impossible for any judge to know all the hair-splitting refinements which legal ingenuity can devise, and the best jurist in the country is liable to be tripped on some pin-point of practice slyly intruded by an ignorant but cunning tyro. But if the first appellant tribunal decides that a judge has made no mistakes, it is more than likely that the second reviewing court will be forced to declare some legal *i* undotted or some technical *t* uncrossed.

The practical result of these microscopic examinations is best shown by the verified records of the New York courts, which show that *no less than forty-five per cent. of the cases appealed from are reversed!*

Statistics are not often startling, but when it is understood that these figures mean that almost one-half of the appealed cases must be tried a second time—the commentary on our system is surely astounding.

"RUNNING FOR LUCK"

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, in dealing with this particular obstruction of justice, lately wrote as follows:

". . . *Though a defeated party has no expectation of securing a reversal, he exercises his right of appeal—'running for luck,' as the expression is, or in the hope of making a profitable compromise. I was assured by one in a position to know that in a single State one of the great railroad corporations, by appealing every judgment against it to the Supreme Court of the State—that court having a crowded docket—made enough in compromising the judgments rendered against it in the trial courts to pay the entire cost of its legal department. How simple this is. A party recovers a judgment against the corporation for, say,* $5,000. *The case is appealed. He knows that a review in the Supreme Court is not possible for two, three, or four years. Some technical error may cause a reversal, and then, after a second trial, there is the same long delay. He is offered* $3,000 *to settle the judgment. How strong the temptation of such an offer! Yet one cannot but inquire whether this is the best result of judicial proceedings.*"

APATHY OF THE NEW YORK BAR

It is difficult to understand the apathy of the Bar toward this monstrous condition of affairs. Most men are keenly alive to their own interests, even when they are dead to every other issue. But year after year the lawyers of New York have watched the alarming accumulation of cases with stoical indifference, although they must know that a great portion of their best business lies buried under it. Important matters cannot be litigated to-day, because the most valuable clients refuse to have their interests sidetracked by law.

It may be questioned whether this is good for the public, and whether it would not be much better if the differences of the Mighty were fought out in open court instead of being darkly compromised behind closed doors. But, however that may be, the result is certainly bad for the profession. Only the poorer class of business now seeks the courts, and the average attorney must wait from two to five years for his fee, or if he gets paid in advance, he must ask a sum which will compensate him for five years' service. Those who get this certainly have no reason to quarrel with the present system. But the passive acquiescence of the others is explicable only upon the theory that most lawyers are poor business men—an accusation indignantly denied by nine-tenths of the profession.

But ominous as is the record of civil litigation, the showing of the criminal courts is more disturbing still, for there delay often means actual imprisonment and irremediable injury to honor and reputation. When the criminal courts opened in October, 1903, there were no less than three hundred and seven bail cases and one hundred and sixty-seven prison cases awaiting trial. This means that there were at that date one hundred and sixty-seven men under lock and key whose guilt or innocence had not been determined. Since then some of those prisoners have been declared innocent. Who will make compensation to these innocent men for the weeks and months they have spent in jail—and what can compensate them?

Even in the case of the wrong-doer the system works injustice, for his sentence must be served exclusive of the days he has already spent in prison awaiting trial.

The accused who obtains bail is not, however, always fortunate. Bail cases are heard only when all the prison cases are disposed of, and because of this delay many an honest man has lost by the death or disappearance of witnesses his only means of establishing

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his innocence and regaining his position in the community. But this same delay and the law of chances often allows the guilty to go unpunished with a "not proven" verdict.

The history of two murder trials held in New York within recent times exposes the pernicious system in all its viciousness.

Molineux was indicted for a murder committed in December, 1898. In October, 1901, almost three years after the event, the Court of Appeals reversed his conviction and ordered a new trial, which resulted in an acquittal in November, 1902, almost four years after the date of the alleged crime!

Now, if Molineux be an innocent man—and the final verdict of the jury so declared him—is it not monstrous that he should have been incarcerated for almost four years?

But on the other hand, is there no menace to the community in a delay of such duration that some witnesses cannot remember the facts, and others cannot be found, and the proof generally impaired at the expense of the public safety?

DELAY AND THE IMPAIRMENT OF PROOF

One Kennedy, a dentist by profession, was indicted in New York for the murder of a woman in August, 1898. He was convicted, but appealing to the Court of Appeals obtained a new trial some two years and three months after the offence charged. On this second trial, which was held June, 1901, the jury disagreed and the man was allowed to go—the District Attorney having admitted that at such a late date it would be impossible to secure another conviction.

A careful examination into the history of some of New York's great public scandals will reveal some astonishing facts. Of all the "boodle" aldermen of '84 one man alone served out his term. The rest of the record shows "stays," reversals by the higher court, acquittals, disagreements, and the quashing of indictments through failure of proof and lapse of time.

The police prosecutions during and after the Lexow Committee sessions were on the whole singularly futile. By the time the court of last resort had delivered its opinion the facts were stale, the proof impaired, and the public interest not sufficiently strong to rouse the prosecuting official to extraordinary endeavors.

Mr. Folk, undismayed by the repeated reversals of appellate courts of his State, has convicted some of the St. Louis grafters no less than three times, which demonstrates that the New York system prevails in other States, not all of which, however, possess a Circuit Attorney of the calibre of Missouri's legal champion.

HOW THE PRESTIGE OF THE COURTS COULD BE RESTORED

If the condition of affairs which now mocks justice and disgraces the courts of New York were inevitable, it might be excused on the principle that what cannot be cured must be endured. But it is curable and there is but little to dignify a tame submission. After years of desultory protest and empty complainings, Governor Odell has appointed a committee of distinguished lawyers to investigate the causes of legal stagnation and to recommend measures for remedying the crying evil. The deliberations of this committee have not been concluded at this writing and any attempt to anticipate its conclusions would be beyond the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that the hearings already had have demonstrated the utter inadequacy of the judicial force to cope with the immense and increasing business of the community—the preposterous makeshifts and evasions by which the law is defeated and honest men left at the mercy of knaves—and the complicated and antiquated machinery of the courts.

With more judges for the work, simpler methods for its prosecution, and drastic penalties for dilatory practices, the outlook would be far from hopeless and the courts would speedily regain much of their lost prestige and dignity.

But to accomplish this result the active co-operation of the public is essential, for the community which meekly suffers a Court of Chancery to postpone its judgments to the Day of Judgment, and is satisfied with the expedition of a Circumlocution Office, will never be rid of such institutions, which are founded on public indifference.

[Since this article was written the *Commission* referred to has reported to the Governor of New York, recommending an increase in the number of the judges, the appointment of masters or official referees, and other measures expediting litigation. These recommendations, however, can only be made effective through legislation, and this legislation must be demanded by the people or will not pass. — F. T. H.]

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Biters and Grinders

By EUGENE WOOD

This is one of a series of articles on the organs of the body. They will be semi-humorous and semi-informative. The information will not be too recondite, but will be directed mainly at telling you how to take care of certain rather useful adjuncts of the human system. The humor will doubtless discover itself.
THE EDITOR.

"I WISH you would see what you can do for this tooth of mine," he said as he climbed into the chair.

"Soooo-ooh!" sympathized my friend, the dentist, who later told me the story. "That must be very painful indeed. The pulp is exposed."

"Well, yes. It is painful," grudgingly admitted the man. Usually they are quite keen to tell just how badly it hurts.

"Must have been giving you trouble for some time, by the looks of it. You ought to have had it attended to before."

"I—er—have been trying to treat it myself."

"What did you do for it?"

The man seemed a little embarrassed.

"I—er—I demonstrated against error," he said, sulkily.

"Oh," said the dentist, after he had studied it out. And then, quite in the interest of Science (the common, low-class Science, I mean, not the other kind), he asked: "And how did you make out?"

"I don't care to go into that now," rather shortly replied the sufferer. "Just see what you can do for that tooth."

I narrate this, not in a spirit of sneering scepticism, but merely to point out how terrible a toothache must be to resist so potent a remedial agency as the Fourfold Statement of Being.

The gifted Burns declares that the toothache is "the hell of a' diseases." With the exception of the bad word (just at present I have no toothache) I cheerfully concur in the above statement. And, while I have no wish to seem to belittle the patience of Job, which has been so justly famed, I cannot but regard it as significant that in the list of miseries which Satan had leave to inflict upon that upright man, the toothache finds no place.

In the days of Job people wore their teeth down to the gums, but they kept them as long as they lived. Now, an elderly man with all his own teeth is almost a miracle, and if the price of oil of cloves doesn't go up within the lifetime of the coming generation, I miss my guess. Out of 497 Andover schoolchildren between the ages of eight and sixteen years, about three per cent. had sound teeth. Among the Eskimos, so ignorant and degraded that they cannot even play the scale of C with one finger, less than three per cent. have decayed teeth. Statistics show that the higher a nation stands in the social scale, the sooner its biters and grinders go.

Nobody wants to stand in the way of progress; he might get stepped on. But it does seem a pity that we can't have trolley-cars and our own teeth at the same time. If we are to believe what we are told, in the upward climb from the days when we dangled from a tree-limb and went: "Crrrrrik-kik-kik!" at the parrots, we have lost twelve teeth, and the four so-called wisdom-teeth show every symptom of being about to quit the job, and we really haven't room for what we've got as it is.

Old Dame Nature is very mean to us. We tell her: "It wasn't my fault," or "I didn't go to," or "I'll never do so any more," and she won't let us off a single licking. There are no very wonderful rewards for good behavior, only a few little things like sound health and good looks and length of days, but do the wrong thing ever so innocently or inadvertently, and dear me! how she does go for us! A man has an ulcerated tooth. A tumor starts from it! and—well, I guess that's about enough. And what was the crime for which this punishment has been exacted? The man didn't brush his teeth often enough to suit old Dame Nature.

Is it our fault that foods are nowadays so soft that the necessity for chewing is obviated and our teeth do not get the physical culture that they would if we gnawed for hours on

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hardtack? Is it our fault that bread made of fine white flour lacks the crockery ingredients necessary to the glassy shell of our teeth? Is it our fault that a nice, cold drink of ice-water, or a reviving cup of hot coffee cracks the enamel? Are we to blame because ice-cream and chocolate creams taste so good?

A hard customer is old Dame Nature; she takes no pity on us. And those who study much her ways would seem to take on something of her hardness. No man that is a man will ever say one word against his mother. What shall we think then of those who declare brazenly and without shame that ninety per cent. of all the miserable aches and ailments from which adults suffer are directly traceable to the ignorance and carelessness of mothers? Yet, no sooner does a man become eminent as a medical practitioner or dental surgeon than he gives utterance to precisely those sentiments. And when we read that sixty-three per cent. of Andover school-children more that six years of age never brush their teeth at all, can we wonder that dentists talk so?

I don't think, however, that all the blame can be laid upon the mothers. I think Grandpa and Grandma come in for their share. Grandpa takes little Harold out for a walk. And where does he make a bee-line to? The candy-shop. Little Dorothy goes to visit Grandma, and has hardly got her things off before her cheeks are bulging with one of Grandma's famous drop sponge-cakes. Say a word of protest, and it's: "Aw now, Molly, don't pester the child about scrubbing its dear little toofies all the time. Give Nature a chance."

Give Nature a chance? Don't you worry about her. She'll get all that's coming to her. That sweet stuff in Harold's or Dorothy's mouth will be instantly attacked by the microbes that swarm there; it will ferment and leave acid, which will dissolve the limy substance of the teeth; the microbes will work their way farther and farther into the dentine. The teeth crumble. Pretty soon Harold can't chew on one side of his mouth; it hurts him so. Presently the other side hurts too, and then eating comes to be a mouthful bitten off, a drink of water and a gulp. Harold's report-card from school shows that he is backward in his studies and a very naughty boy. And there's another thing these horrid scientific men tell us, that well-nourished, big-for-their-age children are the brightest and best. The oldest school-children in any grade at school will almost always be the ones with bad teeth.

Later comes a day when Harold goes around with his hand to his face, hallooing murder and watch. He's got the toothache, poor little dear! Nature has her chance. I told you she'd get it. So Harold goes to see the dentist, and grabs his arm just like grown folks. It's only a milk-tooth and will come out in a little while anyhow; it would be a wicked waste of money to fill it, money that could be invested so much more advantageously in a matinée-ticket as consolation for the little hero that went to the dentist and had his tooth pulled. It ought to be pasted up in the roof of a child's mouth: "Do not extract a deciduous tooth. All but the crown is needed urgently for the incoming permanent tooth. Besides, there is grave danger of fracturing the immature jaw." Give Nature a chance, say you? Rather make her give you a chance, if you can. She gets out no card of directions. She leaves it to you to discover, usually too late, that if the milk-tooth is drawn, the permanent tooth will be but a poor thing, hardly worth having.

Grandpa and Grandma are to blame, I believe, in nine cases out of ten, when Harold's front teeth spread out six ways for Sunday. He did look so cute, sucking his dear little pink thumb. Or, if his teeth slant inward, why, how cunning he looked drawing in his under lip. "Mary is too fussified about trying to make Harry breathe through his nose. She's as bad as those old Indian squaws that tied up their pappooses' mouths, so as to force them to breathe through their noses exclusively"—and Harold's teeth are longer at the sides than in front, so that he cannot bite his little finger with his incisors.

Don't you entertain any foolish notions about the essential kindness of Nature. She is a relentless foe, cruel as an Apache, always on the alert for an opportunity to inflict misery upon you. She hates to see you progress. What was good enough for, not your grandfather, but your remote ancestor that slept in a hollow tree, ought to be good enough for you. Progress means living in a house and studying. Both are bad for the teeth. Nature would like to see you gnawing on a bone for hours to get a few little shreds of meat off. She'd like to see you champing nuts or grains till your jaws ached with fatigue. She'd never trouble you with toothache then. But if you want to live like a civilized being, in a house, getting your living by office-work, and eating

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and drinking with cultured taste, then you have to look out. Just as soon as you finish eating or drinking anything that can by any possibility ferment, you must brush your teeth. And that too, not in any mechanical and perfunctory way, not crosswise, or you may thrust some particle of food into a crevice, but up and down and more particularly toward the crown of each tooth. And you must be industrious with dental floss. And you must rinse your mouth with water neither too hot nor too cold. Take a glass of water and put a teaspoonful of baking soda into it. That will counteract the acidity of your mouth. You ought to wash your mouth out, too, with salty water. After that, you had better rinse the teeth with listerine. Every three months, without fail, you must go to the dentist and have him give each tooth a careful looking over. Some think it is well enough to have him scour with the little paper wheel, but it is considered safer to have him take orange-wood polishers and rub and rub till he gets every flake of tartar off. There are lots of places the tartar sneaks into which are very awkward for you to get at, but very handy indeed for decay to get at. You must give each bite at least forty chews, and if you humor the old lady by eating food that is pretty hard and crusty, why so much the better.

If you do all this, omitting nothing and perhaps taking a few more precautions, the chances are that you will have a pretty good set of teeth. But you and your parents and guardians will have to start in when the very first tooth cuts through, and you will have to keep up your vigilance every day until the latest day you live. Now, is it worth it? Of course, you will live longer, and you will hardly know that you have a digestive system, and a few other little negative comforts like that, but let us look at the financial end of it. Everything comes to dollars and cents. I figure that if a man spent ten minutes a day on his teeth (the very least time possible consistent with the policy outlined above), and lived to be seventy, he would doubtless have all his own teeth, but they would have cost him 181 days' labor. That's an outrageous price to pay for a set of worn, discolored teeth, when you can buy a full set of upper and lower store-teeth for $8, white as marble.

I could tell you some wonderful things about the teeth, how they are really modified skin, just as the finger-nails, the hair, and the eyes are modified skin. I could tell you about the enamel, and the dentine, and the pulp inside with the blood-vessels that nourish the hard structure, and hurt so when the air gets to them. But you are not half so interested to know that each tooth originally had a coating of the same kind of outer skin that your hand has, as you are to know that, for instance, you need not go around with your face all puffed up with an ulcerated tooth, waiting for the swelling to go down. Have it out right away, if you must have it out. It was once thought hazardous to do so, but it is quite safe nowadays.

And the story about the girl that had a double row of teeth all around does not concern you as vitally as the knowledge that it is not considered stylish now to have so much gold showing in your mouth. It has been decided that a porcelain filling, just the shade of the natural tooth, is quite as tasty and even more expensive. Dentists used to have to grind the porcelain into shape, but now they take a thin shell of gold, work it into the excavation until it is a perfect matrix, melt the ingredients of the porcelain in this mould, and cement the casting into place so that it is impossible to see the joining.

You have doubtless laughed at the Chinese cure for toothache, which consists of setting your foot on a red-hot coal. Well now, that isn't so foolish as it sounds. If you have a dull ache in your teeth, put your feet in water as hot as you can bear it, and you will get relief. It draws the blood away from the congested spot. But the real, savage, murder-and-watch toothache calls for the careful rinsing of the hollow tooth with lukewarm water, a pellet of cotton soaked in oil of cloves or spirits of camphor, and a dry pellet of cotton on top of that. You can try the Christian Scientist's Fourfold Statement of Being, if you like. It won't do any harm, but I think you will get quicker relief with oil of cloves.

It is almost too late for my grown-up readers to do much for themselves, but they can see to it that little Harold and Dorothy do not suffer the misery that their parents have suffered. Look out for the six-year molars. They are naturally the best and strongest of the lot, but they are constantly mistaken for baby-teeth. When the child has more than twenty teeth in his mouth, the last molars are permanent. Take care of them, for, when they are drawn, the whole dentition is thrown out of balance, and trouble simply has to come.

Don't give Nature a chance at you. You'll wish you hadn't.

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Little Stories of Real Life

Your Uncle Zekle's Carpet

By Winifred Arnold

Mrs. Hepsey Bassett speaks:

WAL, wal now, so this is Eliza Ann's girl Maranthy. Know ye? Of course I know ye. I couldn't mistake them eyes if I saw 'em in Egypt. You certainly do favor your ma in that respect. Though you've got your pa's big ears too, more's the pity. There ain't no danger of your not bein' known for a Peck. Land, what big ears your pa and his two brothers did have! "Three Pecks orter make a bushel," folks used to say, "when there are six such dretful big ears on top."

The Pecks, though, do have some real decent features. Jest stan' around there, child, an' let me git a good look at ye. Soon's I find my specs an' get 'em fixed on good. H'm—wal—yes—I guess ye're more of an Allen after all. It does seem a pity that all ye took from your pa was them ears.

But sakes alive, child, looks ain't nothing neither here nor there. "Favor is deceitful an' beauty is vain," Scripter says—though, land o' Goshen, I've seen sights o' folks that wa'n't beauties that was vain, too. Sometimes I think they're the vainest of all. Now, there was Tryphosy Thurston, she that come so near to marryin' your Uncle Zekle. You'd orter be pretty thankful you don't take after neither her nor him, when it comes to dispersition. Why she——

Ye don't mean to tell me, Maranthy, that ye never heard nothin' about how your Uncle Zekle didn't git married to Tryphosy Thurston after all. I can't skursely sense it. Wal, it does seem as if 'twas my plain duty to set right down an' tell ye all about it. Everybody'd orter know about their own folks.

Wal, Zekle Ashley, he used to live down the road a piece right across from the schoolhouse; I used to be able to see right down there before them little birches got growed up so thick. An' I spose that school'us' was what ye might call more or less to the bottom of it all, fur 'twas when she was a teachin' school there one winter that he begun a keepin' company with her. She wa'n't, as I said, no beauty, fur frummit; but Zekle was a real bashful sorter chap, an' I won't say that it didn't make it consid'able easier for him havin' her comin' every day right acrost the way from his house, an' runnin' in every once in a while to git a drink o' water, or to find out the right time to set her clock by, and et cetery. She wa'n't, so to say, good-lookin', but she did know how to fix herself up with ribbins an' sich till she looked real sorter takin', an' her gingham dresses was alwuz spick an' spandy. I'll say that for her. However 'twas, fust we know there was Zeke Ashley a-keepin' company with Tryphosy Thurston. It ain't alwuz the pretty ones that gits the beaux fust, as I alwuz used to tell my girls. It's them that has faculty—an' faculty is somethin' ye can't learn to school. It has to be born in ye—jest like original sin.

You'll find, Maranthy, the longer you live, what a dretful sight o' helpin' men folks needs 'fore they git up to almost any p'int. The

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Lord knew what he was about when he made a helpmeet fur 'em.

Where was I when I got off on men folks? Huh? Oh, where your Uncle Zekle begun a-goin' with your Aunt Tryphosy. How I do keep a-sayin' that. Wal, she'd orter a been your Aunt Tryphosy, an' she would if things hadn't a got all skewed up, an' I 'spose that's why it comes so nateral.

But sakes alive, I shall be as long a-comin' to my story as your Uncle Zekle was a-poppin' the question, an' that's long enough, goodness knows. Zekle Ashley was always dretful kinder mod'rit, and bashful as they make 'em, an' folks begun to be real anxious for fear he never would get up to the scratch; an' I do s'pose Tryphosy was all nerved up. But, land, he did git around to it, give him time enough, just as everything else will, even a settin' hen.

As I said, him an' Tryphosy had been a keepin' company real stiddy for nigh onto two years; but folks suspicioned that he hadn't really asked her, for when they'd say anythin' to her about gittin' married and et cetery she'd just sorter prim up an' turn red, but never say nothin'. Still, she begun a piecing bed-quilts an' a weavin' rag carpets, so't we knew she had hopes; but she'd alwuz say they was for her married sister over to Middleboro. But, land sakes, she needn't 'a' been so private; everybody knew what she meant 'em for, and I declare, it did seem to me I was most as intrusted as she was.

I do s'pose ye know your Unkle Zekle was a carpenter—don't ye?

Wal, about that time he begun a puttin' up the frame for a house right down the road, next his pa's. An' still folks knew pretty well that nothin' had been said, an' Tryphosy, she begun to look real peaked. We wuz a-talkin' about it one arternoon here to my house to sewin' circle—Deacon Blodgett's wife, an' Aunt Sophi' Pierce, an' a number of others—an' we all agreed that somethin' had orter be done. Zekle was a genooine old bach even then, an' I do s'pose he didn't jest know to get at it, never havin' had no practice.

Wal, as I said, we decided that somethin' orter to be done, an' it kinder seemed to rest with me. I was president of the sewing circle that year an' all, so bimeby I sorter pulled Tryphosy off in a corner, an' I says, says I: "Tryphosy, hain't Zekle asked ye yit?" "No," says she, a bustin' right out a-cryin'. "He hain't, Mis' Bassett, an' I declare I don't know as he's ever goin' to." I comforted her up the best I could, but all the time I was sayin' over an' over to myself, "Wal, Hepsey Bassett, there's a stent all basted fer you, sure enough. Brace right up now an' do it."

So after supper, when the young folks was a-playin' games, I walked right over to where Zekle was a stannin' off to one side, sorter watchin' Tryphosy—she was in the centre of the circle then, with the others all round her; an' she looked real well, jest as a humbly person sometimes will, fer her hair was fixed up real nice, an' she had a spandy new pink gingham on—I didn't dare to stop, even to ketch my breath, so I hunched him in the side, an' sez I, "Zekle," sez I, "do ye mean to marry Tryphosy?" "Why, yes, Hepsey," sez he, "Course I do. Why not?" "Wal, then," sez I, "for the lan' sakes, Zekle, why don't ye ask her?" I felt as if I'd taken my life in my hands, I will confess, for your uncle wa'n't usually one that would stan' no interfering; but land o' Goshen, you can't never tell how folks will take a thing 'cept that it's alwuz the other way from what you do expect. He jest looked sorter dazed like for a minute, an' then he turned an' walked right over to where Tryphosy was a-stannin' in the middle of the game. "Tryphosy," say he, "will ye hev me?" Ye could 'a' knocked me down with a feather, an' I dessay I wa'n't as beat as Tryphosy, but in jest a minute she looked up an' smiled. "Why, yes, Zekle," says she.

Wal, I feel sorter 'shamed to own up what comes next, seein' 'twas a sewing circle, an' I was president an' everythin', to say nothin' of him an' her both bein' professors—but the young folks sorter grabbed hands an' danced

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around 'em in a ring as they stood there. I dare persoom to say 'twas wrong, an' I shouldn't 'a' let it go on. But there, 'twas all done in a minute, an' it did sorter ease up the stiffness wonderful. It did look real sorter pretty too, though I wouldn't want Mis' Blodgett to hear I said so.

Wal, arter that things seems to move along faster'n usual if anything—I s'pose then, your Aunt Tryphosy felt free to put her shoulder to the wheel an' she was well on with her bed-quilts an' rag carpets besides. She'd go over an' sit an' braid rugs while Zekle worked, an' it did seem to make him hammer a sight faster.

So pretty soon the house was all done, an' he an' Tryphosy they decided to be married right in their own fore-room; an' I s'pose there was where the trouble begun, fer "Pride goeth before a fall," Scripter says. Your Uncle Zekle decided that none o' Tryphosy's rag carpets, neat as they was, was pretty enough to be married on. He'd got to hev a bran' new ingrain clear frum Ta'nton. So he tackled up one morning an' him an' your Aunt they spent the whole day in Ta'nton, a buyin' of it. It was han'sum, I will give in; a kinder yaller-buff ground with bunches o' flowers on it bigger'n a bushel-basket. Why some of them red roses alone was big as yer head an' blue ones too, even bigger. It did seem as if man could improve on nater when he put his mind to it.

They got me to come over an' look at it when they got it home, an' Tryphosy begun a-layin' of it down to let me see how it went. She put it down lengthways of the room, of course, but someway Zekle he didn't like it. "That's the wrong way, Tryphosy," says he. "It orter go crossways o' the room." "No, indeed," says she, an' she turned to me. Of course I agreed with her, 'cause it was right, an' besides, I b'lieve in wimmen stannin' by their own sect. Of course that made Zekle sotter than ever in his way, an' then the school-ma'am popped up in Tryphosy, an' she said she wouldn't have it no way but what was right. An' then they begun to argufy, an' o' course argufyin' never helped no fuss in the world; it alwuz makes 'em wuss, an' so 'twuz with this—they both got their dander up, an' bimeby your aunt Tryphosy says, says she: "Wal, I'll never be married on this carpet unless it lays lengthways of the room," says she. "Wal," says your Uncle Zekle, "I don't propose to be bossed by no wimmen folks," says he, "an' I sha'n't never be married on this carpet unless it goes crossways o' this room." With that he put on his hat, an' she grabbed her sunbonnet, an' off they both started fur home, leavin' me there a-starin' at that carpet.

An' ye may be s'prised, Maranthy, but that was really the end of it all. We neighbors all tried our hand at it, an' we argufied with Zekle, an' we argufied with Tryphosy, but it never done the least mite o' good. An' bimeby the whole village got divided on the subject o' that carpet. Folks talked lengthways an' crossways till ye couldn't see straight, an' the wimmen called your Uncle Zekle an old Betty, an' the men folks said they wuz glad one woman had found out she couldn't rule the roost, anyway. I pretty nigh tore up every carpet in my house an' lived on bare floors, so't the subject wouldn't come up.

An' all this time Zekle an' Tryphosy didn't come no nearer makin' up. They'd speak onst in a while, but they'd alwuz git on the subject o' that carpet, an' neither one would give in an inch. Land, I do' know which was the most mulish, but either one would take a prize.

An' there that house stood, everythin' all ready fur housekeepin' except that store carpet a-layin' there all rolled up in the middle o' the floor, an' she a-livin' down the road a piece an' a-teachin' school acrost the way from Zekle's year in and year out.

Wal, it went on I s'pose fur twenty year or more, an' then your Uncle Zekle died; an' 'twas found in his will that he'd left the house an' all 'twas in it that was his'n to your Aunt Tryphosy, jest provided she'd give in an' have that carpet put down crossways. She did seem to feel real bad, an' folks thought she would give in then. But land, they didn't know Tryphosy Thurston. Once she got sot in her way not even an earthquake would move her. "'Twa'n't right twenty year ago," says she, "an' it ain't any righter now," says she, an' she wouldn't even tech the key to go over an' look. It did seem an awful waste.

So there the house stan's to this day. 'F ye stan' on that little stool, ye can ketch a a glimpse of the chimbly jest beyond your Uncle Zekle's barn. Wal, if there ain't your Aunt Tryphosy a-comin' along the road this minute. I call it a clear Providence! You jest sit down while I h'ist the winder an' holler to her to come in.

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In Washington Square

By Emily Watson

"I HAD a curious experience to-day in Washington Square," said my friend the school-mistress.

I always tell the school-mistress that she has mistaken her vocation, as Providence clearly intended her to be a reporter. I might walk from the Battery to Harlem, and come across nothing very interesting in the course of my pilgrimage; but the school-mistress cannot go two blocks without witnessing some little comedy or tragedy of life.

"I turned into the square from University Place," went on the school-mistress, "on my way home to lunch. I was hot and tired, and finding an empty bench, I sat down to rest for a few moments; after the glare of the streets, the greenness and shade were delightful, and there came to me from time to time little gusts of cool dampness from the fountain. The heat had chased away the nurse-maids and their charges, but the benches all around me were occupied by the square *habitués*—men and women, white and colored, young and old but all alike in their aspect of acquiescent poverty, and their air of profound boredom. Some few of them had newspapers which they listlessly searched in the vain hope of discovering items of news which had escaped them in their previous readings, but the greater number either dozed in uncomfortable attitudes, or gazed straight before them with indifferent and unseeing eyes.

"An old woman came alertly along a path from the West Side, her eyes glancing from right to left in search of a seat. Catching sight of the empty space on my bench, she came straight toward me, and, with a courteous little smile of apology for intrusion, sat down beside me. She was evidently very weary. Collapsing into the corner of the bench, she closed her eyes, and at once slept.

"Sure that she was unconscious of my scrutiny, I observed her closely. Even in this city of amazing incongruities her appearance called for attention. She was small, exceedingly so, and her figure was as guiltless of curves as a child's—pathetic in its fragility and spareness. Her face was oval, the features delicate and pinched. Her skin was pallid, very fine, and curiously free from wrinkles; but from her nose to the corners of her mouth ran the two deep seams often seen on the faces of overtrained athletes, or of those who have made intimate acquaintance with starvation. Her hair, white and soft, waved back from her forehead and was dressed high. She wore deep mourning of an almost incredible antiquity of cut, and of extreme threadbareness and shabbiness; and yet in her costume a certain indefinable daintiness made itself felt. The faded black was free from stains, and was in several places beautifully darned; there was a white ruching round her neck, immaculately clean, though of the coarsest net; I saw that her boots were in holes, yet there was not a button missing from them, and they had taken on distinction of line from the slender, arched feet within them.

"Moreover, even in the utter relaxation of sleep, there was in her attitude a self-restraint, a dignity, that notwithstanding her evident poverty, set her far apart from the slumbering forms around her.

"'A lady,' I said to myself, and wondered on what evil times one so weak, so unsuited to do battle with hard circumstances, had fallen.

"She awoke as suddenly as she had fallen asleep. Sitting up very straight, she first glanced nervously down to make sure that in her unconsciousness she had made no

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unseemly display of ankle and then turned to me shamefacedly. 'I never fell asleep in the street before, but the extreme heat makes one drowsy,' she said, in the voice of a well-bred Southern woman, 'and I have been shopping all morning, which is always exhausting.'

"'Shopping?' I cried, with open astonishment; the contradiction between her appearance and the even comparative wealth which such an occupation implied made me forget my manners.

"'Yes, shopping—shopping hard,' she hesitated a moment, and then with a charmingly impulsive gesture, as of one throwing discretion to the wind, she added, 'I am buying my trousseau—I am going to be married in a month.'

"I made an exclamation, which she evidently took for one of friendly interest, for drawing nearer to me, she went on, 'I've been looking at materials for my wedding-dress to-day; but it is so hard to make up one's mind—one only has one wedding-dress in one's life, you know, and so one would like it to be absolutely beautiful; one would want always to be sure that it was the loveliest and most becoming thing one had ever worn. Some brides alter their wedding-dresses and wear them as party-gowns, but I am not going to do that. I shall never wear it except on the one day, my wedding-day. It would seem like using a priest's vestments in private theatricals, to dance in the dress I was married in. When I'm old I want to be able to show it to my children, and say, "That is what I wore on the day I gave myself to your father."' Then a faint, charming pink crept into the faded cheeks. 'I do hope you won't think it horrid of me to speak of my children before I am married?' she asked, anxiously—'one is not supposed to think of such things, I know; but one can't help it, can one? and you're another woman, and understand.'

"I reassured her, and she chattered on:

"'And so you see, feeling that way about my wedding-dress, you can realize how difficult I find it to make up my mind in regard to it. Of course I love satin and brocade, they are so dignified and stately—and a bride should be dignified and stately. But then I am so small—I'd be lost in an imposing gown. I'd look like a little girl dressed up. It's abominable to be as little as I am. He'—and she blushed again—'he says another inch would spoil me—but that is just his dear foolishness—No, though I'd like satin, I think I shall have to choose lace; fine, cobwebby lace, over shining silk—very soft and clinging. Lace is always becoming, isn't it? Oh, don't just think me vain and frivolous!' she begged; 'but I do so want to look well. I do so want him to fall in love with me all over again, when he sees me coming to him up the church aisle.'

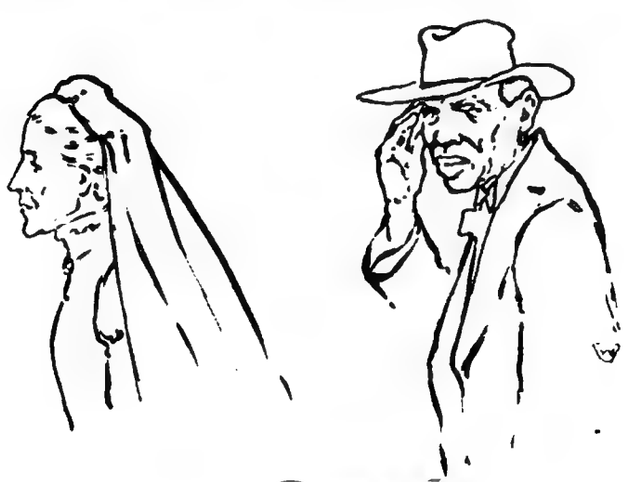
"I kissed her," said the school-mistress; "I couldn't help it. In spite of her white hair and her withered face, I felt that she really was a charming girl. It was sad to listen to her, but not shocking. She was pleased with the kiss.

"'You are so nice and sympathetic,' she said. "Look, these are some samples I got this morning.'

"She opened a big, shabby, beaded reticule that hung from her waistband and drew out a handful of stuffs—satins, laces, shimmering silks—all turned from white to ivory by the touch of time. She carefully smoothed the pieces out, and then spread them, one on top of the other, on the bench between us.

"I touched them reverently," said the echool-mistress—"they were satins and brocades, such as I had heard of, but never seen—stiff enough to stand alone, and heavy with embroidery.

"'I think I shall decide on this,' the old lady continued, handing me a narrow strip of lace. 'There isn't enough of it to see the pattern properly—it's so expensive that they made quite a fuss about giving me a sample at all. But I told them I simply would not buy anything without first consulting my mother. She is down in Virginia. I am just on here buying my clothes. You like it?—Yes, I think I shall take this.' Then she held the filmy stuff up against her cheek. 'When the French peasant girl was making



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you,' she cried, 'did she realize that she was making the wedding-dress of the happiest girl in all the wide world?'

"'Miss Bessie,' said a voice, and we both started. In front of us on the path stood an old, old darky; we had been too interested in the finery to hear his approach. His clothes were almost in rags, yet there was an unmistakable dignity in his bearing. At the sight of him the little lady colored up with annoyance. 'Well, what is it now, Ephraim?' she asked, sharply. 'One would imagine I was a child and unable to take care of myself, from the way you follow me about—I shall send you home if you annoy me further.'

"'Don't you go for to be angry with Ephraim, missie,' said the old darky, humbly. 'He don't mean no harm—but the sun's powerful hot out here, and what'll Marse Bertram do to me if you go catchin' a headache?'

"The little lady's anger was over. 'You are very faithful, Ephraim,' she said, condescendingly, 'and mean well, even if you are tiresome. He is a terrible fidget,' she confided to me; 'he says he is responsible to him for me. Ephraim was his servant, you see, before he gave him to me.' She folded the satins and the silks carefully into the reticule. 'I'm ready now, Ephraim,' she said, sweetly—'good-by, nice lady,' to me—'Think of me on the 16th of August—that's *the* day, you know—and say a little prayer for me.'

"She tripped gayly down the path, Ephraim following behind. He turned once, and catching my eye, touched his forehead and shook his head sadly."

"Do you understand about it?" I asked, when the school-mistress paused.

"I can only guess, of course," she replied. "I think her lover must have died very suddenly long ago when she was a girl and was shopping for her trousseau in New York—and with his death her real life stopped. All sorts of tragedies have happened to her since then—there was the war, and the loss of her money; and one by one her old friends have died, till she is all alone in the world but for her old colored servant, and terribly poor, but she has never taken note of any of these things—she has always remained to herself the young girl on the threshold of marriage. Always expecting and dreaming of the lover whom every day brings nearer to her, ——"

"And who never, never comes," I cried; "oh, that is too sad."

"I suppose it is sad," answered the school-mistress, "and yet I don't know—

'Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near thy goal, yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair—' "

she quoted softly after a little pause.

The Wedding-Veil

By Ruth Nettleton

"MISS ALLIE, it's done came!"

Mary stood in the doorway, her face radiant beyond description, a large paper box hugged to her breast.

"Does y'all want t' see it?"

I assented eagerly, and she came into my room and seated herself, Turkish fashion, on the hearth-rug, the box in her lap.

"I has fer t' ax y' pardon, Miss Allie, dat I ain't got on no collar ner no apern—done fixed m' hair fer de night, too." She felt her head apologetically—it bristled with stiff little braids, each tied with a strip of white cotton cloth. "I's jes' 'bout goin' t' bed when I heared de do'-bell. Dat yaller man what brung de box, he see I don't have no apern on an' he says, kind o' laughin', 'Is you de lady of de house?' 'n' I says, 'Go on, nigger, quit dat talk 'n' mind yer business!' Dese-yere city cullud people, dey's so impert'nent I ain't got no use fer 'em."

As she talked she had been working away at the knotted string with her slender brown fingers. It gave way and she lifted the cover from the box; now only a thin layer of tissue-paper concealed the hidden treasure. Mary rose and held out the box to me, her eyes shut tight.

"Miss Allie, won't y'all open it out 'n' lay it onto de bed? I doesn't da'st lif' up dat paper." She was trembling with excitement, and the pathos of her simple joy brought tears very near my eyes as I lifted out the pretty little China-silk frock and the long

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veil—my wedding-gifts to Mary. She had tried on the dress while it was in process of construction, but the veil was to be a surprise far beyond her dreams.

I spread out the finery to its full extent and then told her to open her eyes.

"Great Day!" she ejaculated, her glance first lighting upon the dress. "Look a' dat tail on de skirt an' all dem little ruffelers, ain' dey—" She stopped short, suddenly seeing the veil. She gave me a darting look of interrogation, and when I nodded my head smilingly in answer, she put both hands over her face and murmured, in a rapturous whisper, "No, Lawd, dat ain't fer me!"

Her first ecstasy over, she went to the bed and took up an edge of the veil with careful hands.

"Reckon dis-yere veil must 'a' cost y'all right dear, Miss Allie," she said, in an awe-struck voice, examining the mesh. "M' Aunt Nettie up in de kentry t' my home—she's awful rich—she had a weddin'-veil, but 'twa'n't nuffin' like dis-yere. She got hern t' de sto' up dere in de kentry, 'n' dey didn' have nuffin' but pink—dat kind dey puts in winders t' keep de skeeters out!"

I busied myself about the room and gave Mary plenty of time to examine these important additions to her trousseau, which consisted otherwise of my last year's tailor suit, some simple underwear I had given her, and an excruciating purple wrapper piped in red, the gift of her fiancé. "Mr. Smif, he done pick it out hisse'f. Ain' he got pretty taste?" she had said, proudly, when first presenting the garment to my dazzled vision.

After a short period of blissful absorption in the new possessions spread before her she gathered up the veil and held it toward me.

"Would y' jes' kind o' drape it over m' haid, Miss Allie?" she asked, "so's' n' I kin see how I's go'ne look when I's treadin' up de aisle?"

I arranged the veil as gracefully as possible, considering the fact that a stiff little pigtail confronted me wherever I wished to fasten down the filmy net with a hairpin. I crowned my work with a bunch of white artificial violets and stood off to get the effect.

Mary giggled with delight and embarrassment. She threw back her head and swung her body jauntily from side to side.

"How-all does I look, Miss Allie?" she asked, expectantly.

The white shimmer of the veil as it fell softly about her intensified the darkness of her skin and of the black sateen dress she wore, but her eyes shone like stars in the night sky; her teeth flashed and I think the unspeakable happiness in that little brown face made up to me, then and there, for much of life that I had missed.

"You are beautiful, Mary!" I said, impulsively.

"Aw, go 'way f'um here, Miss Allie!" she laughed, as she turned to survey her comical little figure in the mirror, "I's jes' common nigger—dat's all!" She threw back her shoulders and raised her saucy chin. "Huccome I looks mo' higher in dis-yere veil?" she wondered aloud. "Wisht I's real high, like y'all. I's awful lowly fer m' size, ain't I? Yaas'm. I gits m' lowliness f'um m' mammy 'n' m' ugliness f'um m' paw—he's awful big-featured."

She picked up her skirt and gave her cheeks a violent rub with it. "Look a' dat, now, Miss Allie," she went on, "how rosy dat makes m' cheeks. I wants 'em t' look like dat when I gits married. I'll fix m' hair real nice, too,—like y'alls. Y' reckon dey's anyt'ing mo' pow'fuller den alcohol fer t' put on yer hair t' make it lay down?"

I had no information to offer upon this subject as my own hair had the objectionable habit of "layin' down" only too willingly. Mary seemed to have lost all sense of time and place and was gazing unashamed into the looking-glass, thoroughly aroused for the first time in her life to a consciousness of her own good points.

"Shall we try on the dress now?" I suggested, glancing at the clock.

Mary came back with a start to her normal self-forgetfulness. "No'm, I ain' go'ne keep y'all out 'n y' bed no longer, miss, honey," she answered, gathering up her belongings. "Mr. Smif, he's comin' Sunday night fer t' bring me some gif's, an' I's go'ne dress up fer 'im. I'll show y' all 'fore I goes down. Wants Mr. Smif t' see how his 'fianced wife go'n look—yaas'm, dat's what he call me—'fianced wife.' He's been

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raised good, Mr. Smif has, 'n' it seem like he's jes' natch'ul-born fer t' use dem kind o' words. He's go'ne bring me a yaller watch wid a long chain fer m' neck, 'n' a pair o' white gloves, 'n' a fur muffin fer t' keep m' han's warm, 'n' some o' dese-yere side-combs like ye' alls, wid little stones in 'em, fer m' hair. He done ax me what-all I wants an' I couldn' think o' nuffin' mo' dat time. Miss Allie—" shyly, as she stood in the doorway, her hand on the knob, "I wisht y'all had a fellar!"

"I'm too old, Mary," I laughed.

"Don't tell me dat, honey!" said Mary, loyally, "what-all dat dey says in de Bible? 'What ain't poss'ble for man am poss'ble fer de Lawd.' I's go'ne ax Him fer t' raise one up fer y'all like He done fer little Mary!"

Wood-Sick

By HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN

I'M weary for the woods; I want to hear
The lusty rushing of the early spring,
Wind-winged, among the sycamores; the clear
Slow sound of reedy waters whispering.

I'm famishing for scents of forest birth—
Of reaching root and dawning mist of grass;
The smell of wet green lichen and of earth—
Of haw and willow-bud and sassafras.

I pine to see the dogwood's creamy barge,
Clear-cut, against the sunset's orange stain,
Or bent and shaken by a sudden charge
Of silver-pointed bayonets of rain.

My heart is wood-sick—thirsty for the things
That only one who loves the forest knows—
The gracious grandeur of the strong old kings,
The golden fires that cuckoo-buds disclose.

My day-dreams lead me in the dappled ways
Where sunlight spatters down in yellow spots,
And set me revelling in phantom sprays
Of hyacinths and blue forget-me-nots.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month – stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE VULTURES

It is easy to praise the brilliant daring of the naval exploit with which the Japanese began the war; but Russia has an immense and preponderant reserve resource, which must determine the issue, if other Powers keep out of the fight. A French statesman estimates that it will cost France six million dollars a day to take a hand. There are cheaper amusements. The approved modern plan is to let some other nation fight. Meanwhile the neutrals try to seize some territory or get some pledged to them as a price for not interfering. When one combatant gets the decided advantage, then the kindly Powers step in and rob it of its prey, curtail the spoil, or seize a piece of it for themselves. Russia was defrauded after her war with Turkey. She took her revenge by defrauding Japan of the fruits of victory in 1895. Germany and France expect to be remunerated. Great Britain cannot afford to let Russia grab too much. The noble philanthropic spirit that prevails among nations is beautiful to see. The United States want nothing but "the open door"; but as they are not supposed to be willing to fight for it, they will get more promise than performance, if Russia becomes the upper dog in the East.

You may not choose me, you may abuse me,
But one thing is certain, net:
You may bellow till you're yellow, but you'll never, never lose me,
You bet!
Never lose *Me*. W. J. B.

Mr. Bryan, his great heart refreshed with Europe, has been having the most joyous time of his life. He is full of moral issues. He takes the Democratic Party by the scruff of the neck and shakes it to the edge of apoplexy. Wherever he sees a good old Democratic head he cracks it sonorously with his shillelah. Though he did not set to shake hands with Mr. Rockefeller—in a church—he bucks the centre of "the money-changers" and "the plutocrats" with even more than his usual energy. He is radiant with health and mischief. He does not care a rap who is elected or defeated, but he is resolved not to swallow his principles or supplicantly to embrace the knees of his Democratic enemies. All this publicity and perambulation helps "boom" his newspaper business, people say. Mr. Bryan has as good right as anybody else to "boom" his business. Evidently, he is doing a good deal more. He is threatening to spoil the presidential booms of various excellent gentlemen who are more polite or pliable than he. He seems to make the mistake of believing in something. They would be satisfied with "any old thing" that would serve to propel them into office. Here is where Mr. Bryan, absurd or pernicious as his doctrines may look to many, has a salient advantage. He is positive for a positive policy, the platform of 1900 with additions to bring it up to date. His Democratic opponents have no determined programme. They want something, anything, safe. They want to warm their "cold feet" at the flame of success. Mr. Bryan, knowing just what he wants, whacks away stoutly.

OTHER BEES BUZZ

Bryan's chief ally, Mr. Hearst, a young man of resources and engaging self-possession, diffuses himself over the country, fires the heart of the "labor" men, captures some politicians, bids fair to capture delegates and States. Tom Johnson, another rich and lively citizen, is still powerful in Ohio. Will Mr. Bryan, with his allies, control just one member more than a third of the St. Louis National Convention? That is the fear that makes many good Democratic knees tremble. Meanwhile, persons who can divorce themselves from political prepossessions can derive joy from Mr. Bryan. He is "out for a fight" and nobody can tread unpunished on the tail of his coat.

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THE German Emperor is liked and admired by Americans for his ability, accomplishments, courage, strict attention to a multifarious business. Besides, he is "a good fellow." His sense of humor must have been almost overworked, however, by the encomiums of some official orators on his birthday. Count von Ballestren, President of the Reichstag, called him "the mightiest ruler of the world." Privy Councillor Otzen foresaw that the future ruler of the world will be "Germany and the German Kaiser." The world is rather too big for even the biggest ruler to bestride like a Colossus. Still, if it is to have a monarch and boss, Wilhelm II. is the only man, with the possible exception of Mr. Roosevelt, who is active enough to look after it, and see that it revolves on time and according to schedule.

THE BOILING POT

IT may be taken for granted that Mr. Roosevelt will be renominated, probably by acclamation. The sharpshooters and bush-whackers who are so ferociously crying "*Fee faw fum!* we smell the blood of a Dutchman," will come down from the tree and out of the bush as the Chicago Convention draws near. No matter how sulky a boy may be, he will turn up at the breakfast-table. The case of the Democrats is a good deal more interesting, for it has the elements of uncertainty or surprise. If Mr. Bryan has the key of the situation, there will be trouble for the conservatives. If he has not, he may still make trouble. Judge Parker, of New York, is to be pitied. He stands on his dignity so much that he scarcely dares to go to public dinners. It would be sad to lose dinners and nomination, too. Mr. Murphy, of New York, the Tammany commander-in-chief, is supposed to be for Mayor McClellan, who would be an attractive candidate. Mr. Olney insists on speaking for Mr. Cleveland and not for himself. If Mr. Cleveland had as clever managers as he had in 1892, it is by no means impossible that he could carry off the prize; and Mr. Bryan's tactics have infuriated some Democrats into threatening to nominate Mr. Cleveland for the express purpose of breaking the Nebraskan's heart. At present there is a shower of razors in the air; but if the Democrats can nominate any not-ridiculous candidate on a not-ridiculous platform, and Mr. Bryan will "be good," they can make things very lively in New York, and perhaps in Indiana.

VANDERBILT AND STEPHENSON

No "record" can stand long in this swift age. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s automobile "performance," made in Ormond Beach, Fla., of a mile in thirty-nine seconds, may be surpassed by him or some other winged charioteer of the "coal-oil buggy" before the printer is fuming over this paragraph.* A mile in thirty-nine seconds is at the rate of a little more than 101½ miles an hour. Tolerably "fast going," but not equal to the electric car "record" in Germany and far behind the speed too enthusiastically predicted for steam railroads by George Stephenson, seventy years ago. According to Greville's "Journal," Stephenson told Lord Lichfield, that his doubt was not how fast engines could be made to go, but at what pace it would be proper to stop. Stephenson said that "four hundred miles an hour was the extreme velocity which the human frame could endure, at which it could move and exist." So Mr. Vanderbilt and the rest of the "record" wreckers have nearly three hundred miles an hour to gain before the "limit" is reached, if Mr. Stephenson limited it right.

THE Brooklyn public-school principals ask that the right to spank or otherwise chastise naughty pupils be restored to them. Eighty-five per cent. of the Manhattan school-teachers are said to agree with them. "Moral suasion" fails to suade. But few of our enlightened educators will go back to the "old barbarism" of corporal punishment. The oil of birch flows no more, save in small and occasional jets, at home or school. Nobody will use the patent spanking-machines. Unspanked, unshingled, unferuled, unslapped,

* The point of this allusion is the compositor's difficulty in deciphering the extraordinary handwriting of the author.

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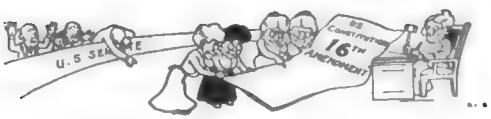
unrattaned, unslippered, the happier children of to-day do mostly as they sweetly please. Knowing that they are superior to their elders, who had to be spanked, they treat those elders with just contempt, EVERYBODY'S renews to teachers its suggestion that they follow the example set by Bronson Alcott in his school-teaching days, and flog themselves when their pupils are "bad."



If men folks had the babies,
And soothed 'em when they cried,
How many babies would there be?
How much race suicide?

MRS. JOHN H. JUDGE, of the Political Study Club of New York City, has hit the nail on the head. Speaking on "Race Suicide in Our Public Schools" to that association, she used this plain language, which should drive into silence the men who have so much to say about "race suicide":

"If the men had to give birth to every other child in the family, there would never be more than one in a household."

Never would be one, if the man's turn came first. Mrs. Judge's sentiments do honor to her intelligence. Won't somebody propose a concurrent resolution to amend the human constitution in accordance with her suggestion?

THE PENSION SERVICE BILL

THE introduction of service pension bills into Congress, the tons of petitions for such bills dumped into Congress, the benevolent attitude of politicians toward such a project, must be regarded as mainly Platonic or preliminary proceedings, or a feeling of the pulse of the public in regard to such an attack upon its purse. "Everything goes" with the politicians in a Presidential year. But Treasury receipts have been decreasing, the disbursements increasing. The fat surplus is being sliced away rapidly. A deficit estimated by Secretary Shaw at $23,000,000, by the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, $42,000,000, is in sight. It is a time to save, and not a time to spend nobody knows how many millions on a new swapping of pensions for votes. No soldier should have a pension unless he needs it and his military record is good. But whatever can be said in favor of a Pension Service Bill, it is enough to say against it this year that there is no money to pay it with.

BALTIMORE AND THE SKY-SCRAPER

WHEN a fire gets beyond control, there is no such thing as a "fire-proof" building within its range. Iron, stone, brick, steel, are but as paper in a flame. But extremely high buildings, no matter how carefully each one of them is constructed, are a danger in case of fire. They are beyond the reach of water, and they are a menace to their smaller neighbors. And at all times they are a blot upon the landscape and the sky-line. They are not really needed anywhere outside of certain parts of New York City. They are needed there much less than is supposed. Regions of rookeries and low buildings; a zone of sky-scrapers. For safety, health, comfort, and beauty, a more equable and general distribution of structures is to be desired. Baltimore now has the opportunity to make sensible but secure buildings, to forbid excessively high ones and to create a quarter handsome architecturally and devoid of high-soaring freaks.

THE Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, author of "In His Steps," has taken an interesting step of his own. At an "entertainment" the other night he told his congregation that he had been practising with balls, clubs, and knives for a year. As a means of teaching his flock the value of exercise, he then appeared in a "specialty" advertised on the programme. He "did excellent work" with the clubs. Then he rose to grander heights. He kept three balls and a butcher-knife flying through the air. The audience watched him with wonder and rapture. Here is a lesson to those old-fashioned clergymen, who complain that they are regarded as superannuated at fifty. Of course they are. They don't keep up with the times. They have no accomplishments. They may do well enough in the pulpit and the rest of old-time pastoral work. They may be deep in Greek and Hebrew and the

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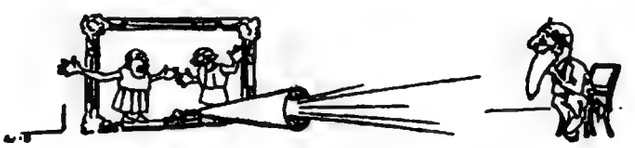
Fathers. But what have they to offer to "the young people"? Can they swing clubs, turn flip-flaps, "pull themselves up" twenty-five times, stand on their heads, and "do" parlor jugglery and legerdemain? They cannot. Their education has been neglected.

WHICH IS THE MORE CIVILIZED?

SOME worthy persons fear that the Japanese, whom they deem to be "heathen in their blindness," would be "the yellow peril" and "a menace to civilization" if they should beat Russia. Which is the more civilized nation, Russia or Japan? Without dwelling on such precious Russian services to civilization as the murder of Poland, the oppression and suppression of Finland, the persecution of Jews and Armenians, look at Russian education. Russia is fifty times as big as Japan in territory, thrice as big in population; and Japan sends three times as many children to the elementary schools. Japan's credit is better than Russia's. Japan has the larger commercial marine, and apparently the better war-ships. Japan has a popular and representative government. Japanese art is the admiration, and, to some extent, the inspirer of modern artists.

AMERICAN TRADE IN SPAIN

THE report of Mr. Lay, United States Consul-General at Barcelona, shows why American trade with Spain is not large; and the reasons apply equally to American trade with the Latin nations generally, especially with the South and Central Americans. Spanish merchants will not pay for goods before seeing them. They are accustomed to buy on long credit. The Germans deal with them on the Spanish system; give them plenty of credit; do not try to do business with them "on a cash basis." American manufacturers of machinery do not import directly into Spain. For the most part, the agency for the sale of their products is in the hands of German or English commission houses. The European manufacturer sells direct to one selling agent, who gets only a small commission. The American process is this: The manufacturer sells through his eastern agent to a New York dealer, who sells through his European agent, who sells through his sub-agent. By the time the goods reach the Spanish market fifteen or twenty per cent. has been added to the price for middlemen's commissions. The manufacturer should sell directly to the trade. and save those commissions, and he should give credit instead of allowing a heavy discount for cash. Mr. Lay says that, "as a general rule, American packing is very bad." Finally, as soon as some new American device is placed on the market, our German friends promptly imitate it, and sell the inferior imitation at a lower price, on six months' credit.



FIRST the phonograph, then the cinematograph. The next step or dream was to unite phonograph and moving picture with the wax cylinder and the lantern to give us "Hamlet" or "The Flying Dutchman." Two Frenchmen, Decaux and Gaumont, seem to have made the phonograph and cinematograph keep time. This is necessary in order that the figure thrown upon the screen may gesticulate and talk, be heard and seen, move its lips with the words, as in life. Very little power is needed for the phonograph. The pitch of the sound is altered by a minute change of speed, whereas the cinematograph needs a greater force, and a considerable variation in the vibrations of the figure movement may be made without being noticed. The problem was to unite the two machines by a combined automatic transmission. Decaux and Gaumont have done this by their "chronophone." The current of the cinematograph comes from a distributor on the phonograph shaft, so arranged that the motor depends absolutely on the movement of the phonograph axle. Thus phonograph and cinematograph keep time automatically; and the phonograph sounds seem to be uttered by the lips of the figure on the screen.

PARR'S REST

CAPTAIN DANIEL PARR, of Louisville, left by his will, $400,000 in personalty, to be used immediately, and $450,000 in realty, to be used after the death of his last grandchild, for the establishing of a refuge, to be called "Parr's Rest," for old and infirm women. Shortly before making his will, Captain Parr,

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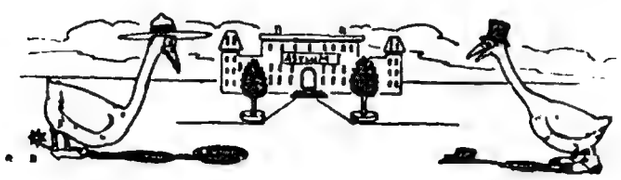
seeing an old woman, ill and ragged, said that a refuge which would prevent such suffering as that woman's "would be worth half a hundred Carnegie libraries." Mr. Carnegie does not build libraries. He builds library buildings so that people may have the privilege of taxing themselves to stock them with books. Still, Captain Parr's remark was true. Presumably his will will be contested, perhaps broken, at any rate divided among the lawyers; but his example may influence some other kind-hearted, well-to-do man, who prefers to relieve human distress rather than to add to half-education.



DR. WILLIAM WHITE, Superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane, has compiled some curious statistics of the distribution of insanity in the United States. In New England every one person in 359 is crazy; and in New York and Pennsylvania, one in 424; in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, one in 610; in the Middle West, one in 750; in the Southern States, one in 935; in the Rocky Mountain States, one in 1,263. New England is the craziest part of the country—great wits to madness sure are near allied—and the Rocky Mountain division and the South are the sanest parts. Singularly enough, California, Oregon, and Washington are nearly as crazy as New England. If anybody can successfully defend a theory founded upon this map of madness, he is very welcome. The farmers and the other people who live and work out of doors, are sound physically, and consequently mentally. Yes, but how about California, Oregon, and Washington? Do they suffer from the importation of Eastern cranks? Most people outside of New England, and many in it, will admit, the former with satisfaction and the latter with a certain pride, that the heat of its intellectual processes often deranges the machinery, but why should the Pacific Slope be moonstruck?

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES

BISHOPS, laymen, and Anglican journals have been discussing, in some cases not without dust and heat, whether women should be permitted to vote in a proposed national council of the Church of England. As a majority of the communicants are women, and as their share in church-work is so great and constant, it would seem that their right to representation in a church council would be unquestioned. But there is a strong conservative or old-fogyish opposition. On the other hand, the Bishop of Worcester and the Bishop of Chichester are on the women's side. The former shows that women used to take part in parish councils before the Reformation, and insists that they are more needed by the Church than ever. The latter holds that their devotion and purity would now be of especial value, and notably in matters of marriage and divorce. What would become of any religious denomination without the women? In the main, they are the religious element, the religion of the great majority of men who have any, being more formal, more careless or sporadic, coldly dormant under the pressure of business. But it rests with the Church of England women to decide if they shall vote in church councils. As in the matter of the civil suffrage, the choice lies with them. Their own inherent conservatism, not any real vigor in masculine opposition, is the obstacle to whatever exercise of suffrage, ecclesiastical or secular, some of them desire.

PLEASANT BLOSSOM, otherwise Chan Poy Foon, was born in Chicago, December 31, 1903, and was two years old, February 15, 1904, the Chinese New Year. That is a pleasant way of reckoning our friends with the oblique eyes have. Having lived in parts of two years, Pleasant Blossom was two years old before he was two months old. This sort of chronology will never be popular with the ladies. See how the little heathen was "christened." His scanty collection of hair was shaved off his head. He was wrapped in gorgeous garments. Above his forehead was a golden image of the god of longevity. May he live long and prosper, little Pleasant Blossom, alias Chan Poy Foon, alias Harvey Chan! For he is American as well as Chinese, is Harvey Chan.

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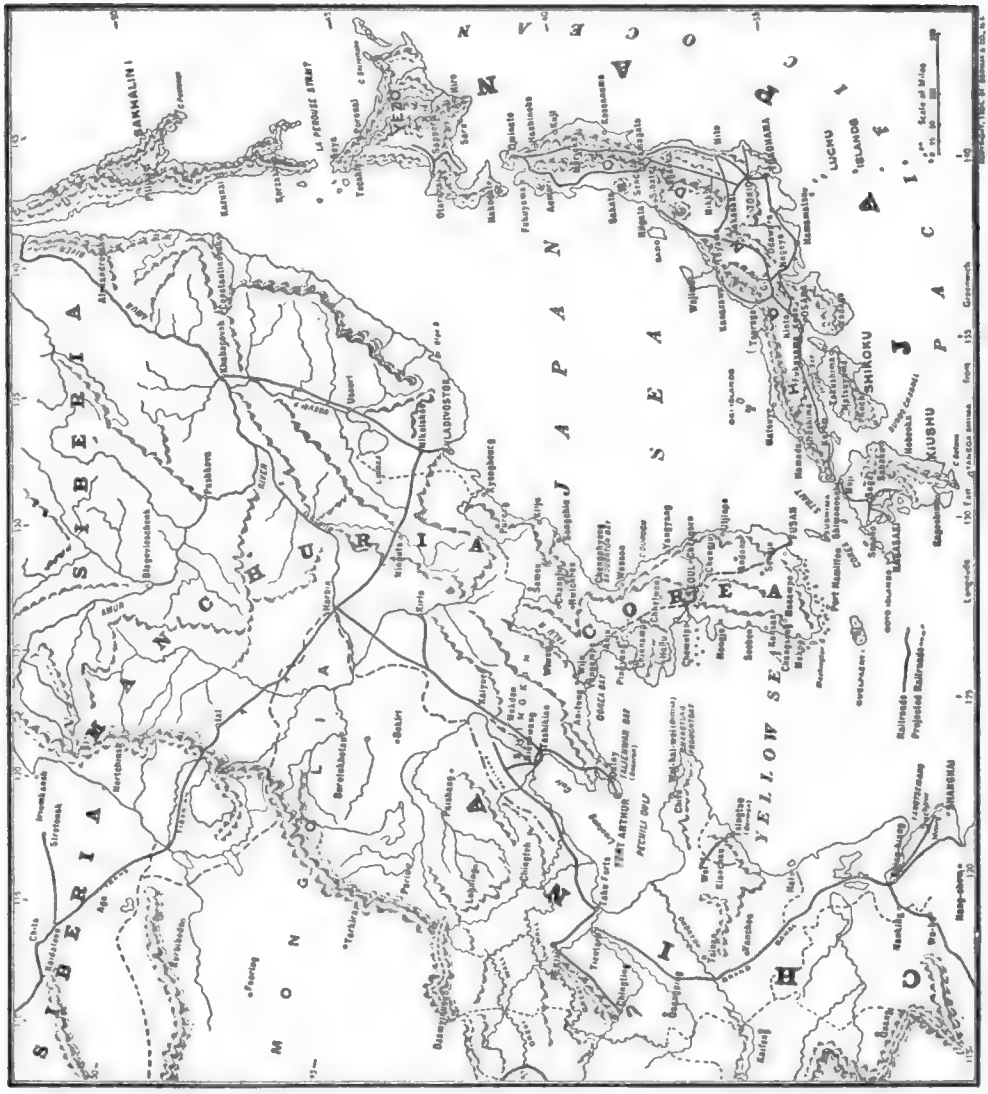

THE SEAT OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

This very clear map will enable our readers to follow the conflict in the far East. An excellent method of keeping track of the progress of the hostile armies is to mark their movements on the map by means of colored pins. Use a black pin for Russia and the every-day pin for Japan.

A CANDID COLOMBIAN JUSTICE

An anecdote illustrative of the judicial system of Colombia was quoted in the United States Senate from a book by the Hon. William L. Scruggs, for many years in the diplomatic service in South and Central American States. Mr. Scruggs heard the story from a well-known Colombian lawyer." A small politician, with much "influence," and no law whatever, was elected Judge in an interior district. His first case was an ejectment suit. The Judge studied the papers long and hard. Then he ordered the Clerk to make this entry on the records: "Whereas, since neither the Judge nor the Clerk knows anything, it is ordered that the case be dismissed."

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BLUE OFFICE-HOLDERS AND CRIMSON

YALE "points with pride" to Governor Hunt, of Porto Rico, Governor Brady, of Alaska, Governor Carter, of Hawaii, and William H. Taft, late Civil Governor of the Philippines and now Secretary of War. Harvard points with pride to her Ambassadors, Choate in Great Britain, Tower in Germany, Storer in Austra-Hungary, Meyer in Italy; and General Horace Porter, the Ambassador to France, was at sometime a student in the Harvard Scientific School, we believe, although his name does not appear in the list of graduates. Five ambassadors out of seven for Harvard. Harvard has the Presidency and the Secretary of the Navy. Yale is ahead of Harvard in the Supreme Court and in Congress. There are two Harvard Congressmen from Chicago and there is not one from Boston.

KEEPING DOWN THE SURPLUS POPULATION.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX men killed in a Pennsylvania coal mine. Two of the "bosses" are said to have kept their safety lamps unlocked. If men could only be as trustworthy as machinery! But why is the loss of life per thousand of miners at work in Great Britain somewhat less than 1.94—the figures ten years ago—and in France only 1.57, whereas in the United States it is 2.87? In the case of the Pennsylvania miners of bituminous coal, the percentage has actually increased from 1.60 in 1893 to 2.70 in 1902. More evidence of the American carelessness of human life. It is possible that in a few hundred years people will look back to the twentieth century with something of the wonder and horror with which they now look back to the bloodshed in Italian mediæval times or the slaughterous sacrifices in old Dahomey or Benin.

WHOLESALE FARMER

DAVID RANKIN, of Tarkio, Mo., owns 22,000 acres of land, and leases more. In his busy season, he employs 220 men and 000 teams. In 1902 he sold 7,539 head of cattle for $172,520, and 8,249 hogs for $111,846.14. Each of his fourteen ranches is in charge of a foreman who makes a detailed report to Mr. Rankin every month. Mr. Rankin made $100,000 in 1902.

Music

THE OPERA SEASON

ALTHOUGH "Parsifal" will be written in flaring capitals across the historic records of Mr. Conried's first season of opera at the Metropolitan, there have, nevertheless, been other events of interest and moment this winter in the yellow brick temple where New York worships the lyrico-dramatic muse. They liked to tell you, in the corridors of the Metropolitan, that "Parsifal" "killed the season"—and in a measure, it did; those worthy persons who felt it a duty to witness the first American production of Wagner's portentous *Bühnenweihfestspiel* would probably, under otner circumstances, have spent the ten or five dollars which they devoted to a single "Parsifal" performance in several evenings of diversified entertainment. But if that much and wearisomely discussed work absorbed somewhat more than its just proportion of attention, there has not been lacking a genuine and eager interest in occasions of less sensational consequence.

CARUSO'S TRIUMPH

To begin with, we have had the inestimable Caruso—the chief artistic joy, after all, of the season. This incomparable tenor, with his announced répertoire of forty rôles, revealed his accomplishments for the first time on the opening night of the season, in the part of the rakish *Duke* of Verdi's "Rigoletto." He won us at once, or at least after his *Donna e Mobile* scene. He has not the intangibly appealing personality, the dexterously beautiful art of the immortal Jean de Reszke; and there must have been many feminine hearts which refused to be melted by his lamentably unromantic solidity of build and his conspicuous lack of comeliness. But for those whose sentimental needs are no longer importunate Caruso has been a fresh and unfailing delight. No such voice as his, it is safe to say, has been heard at the Metropolitan since the gracious days of Campanini. It is a voice which will suggest to the rhapsodic listener crowding images of richness and beauty—velvet, gold, the mellow sweetness of old violins.

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MOTTL AND HIS WORK

After Caruso, we have found most gratification, perhaps, in Mottl—the great and veritable Felix of Bayreuth and Carlsruhe. He was brought over by Mr. Conried for the particular purpose of directing the fortunes of the Wagner works—excepting, of course, "Parsifal," which has been in charge of the industrious and brilliant Hertz. Mottl came to us with his Bayreuth honors thick upon him; but, by some thoughtful exception of Providence, he has not been spoiled by the egregious Widow of Wahnfried—whose chief aim in life seems to be the reversing of her husband's expressed and definite wishes. No one since the death of Anton Seidl has given us such superb performances of the Wagner scores. Mottl has, indeed, something of the masterful repose in action of the great dead Hungarian—he has, too, the magisterial eye-glasses, the imperturbable masque, the serene magnificence of gesture. "Tristan" under his baton was incandescent, a surging lava-flood of orchestral passion.

THE ADMIRABLE VIGNA

Of Arturo Vigna, the admirable Italian leader, we have fragrant memories. He is easily the best Italian conductor we have ever known in New York, and a grateful relief after the enervating Mancinelli. A conductor of ardent temperament, zeal, and uncommon skill, he inspired the weary Metropolitan orchestra to stirring expositions of "Tosca," "Bohême," "Aïda," and the older works of the Italian répertoire. It would be highly interesting to hear him do a Wagner score—"Tristan" or "Walküre" would be stimulating, or at least surprising, under his Latin guidance.

TENORS AND OTHERS

Ernst Kraus, heroic in girth and raucous as to voice, has been with us once again. He sang in New York some years ago under Mr. Damrosch's management with even less of vocal charm than he possesses to-day. Mr. Conried saw fit to cast him in the bigger Wagner parts—*Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Siegmund*, *Siegfried*, *Tristan*. He gave, on the whole, little pleasure—although he has some fine and impassioned moments in the third act of "Tristan," his best part. Dippel, the faithful and indefatigable, is ever with us—an artist of capable mediocrity, whose répertoire embraces, seemingly, every rôle in the operatic list except *Juliette* and the "Siegfried" Bird. Burgstaller—to finish the principal tenors—has done nothing except *Parsifal*. Van Rooy and Plançon, Scotti, Campanari, Blass, and Reiss, are familiar and excellent friends. Goritz and Klöpfer, newcomers, were more than competent and welcome.

TERNINA AND SEMBRICH

To come to the women, who are none the less appreciated by being, for variety's sake, considered after the men—we have found the highest delight, perhaps, in Ternina, whose epoch-making *Kundry* was discussed in EVERYBODY'S last month. She is a wonderful, and, to-day, an incomparable artist, this slight and agreeably homely woman, whose histrionic genius grows yearly in subtlety and power. Grave fears of her possible vocal impairment were awakened early in the season. She sang during her first appearances with distressing difficulty and imperfection, but improved with the progress of the season. Her *Isolde* seemed greater, more beautiful and inspired than ever, and her *Brünnhilde*, *Elisabeth*, *Elsa*, *Fidelio*, and *Tosca* have deepened, if anything, in conviction and significance. Of Sembrich we have seen and heard much, but not too much. Her fascinations, her exquisite art, need no new descriptions.

CONCERNING CALVÉ

And Calvé!—Calvé as *Carmen*, for the tenth (or thereabouts) year. But, alas! age has withered and custom also staled her infinite variety. Calvé now exaggerates and, as the actors say, "guys the part," in a diverting but most inartistic manner. She has been soundly scored for it by the critics—the good public still loves her dearly and is comfortably blind to her extravagances. Of course, as she confessed in an interview, the engrossing Emma, like the rest of the operatic sister-and brotherhood, "never reads the criticisms." So there is, it seems, small hope of a reform; especially in view of the lady's delightfully frank admission that it makes no difference what the rude and inconsiderate critics say of her—"so long," says she, "as I continue to sing to crowded houses. But when the public begins to tire, when the audiences begin to grow smaller, I shall know that there is something wrong. I shall say to myself,

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'Ma petite Calvé, it's time to go—la comedia e finita.' " That is all very brave, no doubt, and charmingly independent. The critics are hereby warned to take notice in coming seasons; meanwhile Calvé herself is busily "finishing the comedy."

NEW AMERICAN SINGERS

The season has been graced by the *début* and presence of three Americans—Miss Marion Weed, who did pleasant things with the rôle of *Kundry* on the "Parsifal" off-nights; Miss Edith Walker, an acceptable *Amneris;* and Miss Olive Fremstad—an uncommonly effective and persuasive *Venus.* Miss Fremstad is by far the most promising and delightful among the younger American contingent. She has beauty of a haunting sort, temperament (would that there were another word!) and an enviable artistic equipment. Her *Santuzza* is claimed by some of her more energetic admirers to be superior to Calvé's; I should not care to go quite to that length in my appreciation, but the impersonation is undeniably vivid and moving.

THE NEGLECT OF FRENCH OPERA

Aïno Ackté, the pretty Parisian Finn, and Fran Naval, a Slovenian who has earned artistic laurels in Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna, were imported late in the season for the French soprano and tenor rôles, respectively,—which invites comment upon the extraordinary neglect of the French repertoire during the major portion of the winter. Think of an opera season at the Metropolitan in these days with no performance of "Faust" until its thirteenth week, and with no French work at all until the beginning of the eleventh week! The reasonable excuse is that Mr. Conried, before then, had no tenor and no soprano who could have contributed anything of importance to representations of the French list. As it was, the first French performance of the season, "Carmen," on February 1st, offered the amiable and long-suffering subscribers a *Don José* according to Mr. Dippel, who left we need not say how much, to be desired in his version of the part.

GADSKI AND HOMER

Of such true and tried friends as Gadski and Louise Homer little need be said, save to note that Mme. Gadski essayed the three *Brünnhildes* of "Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung" for the first time—rôles for which she has neither the requisite presence nor temperament, although she has abundant art. Mrs. Tauscher, talented and winning as she is, lacks the necessary emotional stature for these parts, which are to be successfully attempted only by such supreme artists as Lehmann, Ternina, and Nordica. Louise Homer, with her lusciously beautiful voice and her engaging personality, has contributed some excellently artistic work to the sum of the season's best achievements. Her *Brangäne,* in particular, is a notably true and effective impersonation—as just in its revelation of Wagner's appealing character as any we have known here. Mme. Homer is to be counted among Mr. Conried's most valuable possessions.

EVEN the unemotional amateur of the arts, who is in the habit of seeing everything current, must have found much to sustain interest during these last weeks. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on which all eyes are focussed, has definitely taken rank as the largest, though by no means the most æsthetically satisfactory, of World's Fairs. There are special features which show both charm and ingenuity, but the aggregate is more impressive than beautiful. As already intimated in these columns, it is the sculptors who have carried off chief honors. The various groups which adorn the buildings and enliven the grounds are notable for spirited handling and consistent propriety. Mr. Karl Bitter, the Director of Sculpture, is to be congratulated not only on his individual work, but on the results achieved by such men as Mr. Isidore Konti, Mr. Solon H. Borglum, and others. Mr. Konti's groups entitled "The Atlantic Ocean" and "The Pacific Ocean," and Mr. Borglum's "Pioneer Seeking Shelter," deserve to rank not only as exposition sculpture, but among permanent contributions to national sculpture.

NEW LIFE AT THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE

A new president and a new policy are jointly responsible for the success of the Nineteenth Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League. For the past few years these

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exhibitions have enjoyed increasing vogue, and this season's show has been even more heartily indorsed by the public. It was a sagacious move on the part of the president, Mr. Arnold W. Brunner, to secure as speakers at the annual dinner such men as Commissioner McAdoo and Rev. Dr. Rainsford. The vital connection between civic beauty and public morals is obvious, and yet one which cannot be too often emphasized. In every respect the League's Exhibition proved an advance upon its predecessors. The exhibits were greatly reduced in number and were, for the first time, obliged to pass the gauntlet of a jury. A distinct effort was made to include the important and exclude the trivial or merely experimental, and the general arrangement of the galleries was vastly better than ever before. It is obvious that the League is at present in a position not only to give admirable dinners, but to do much toward the creation of that City Beautiful about which its orators speak with such convincing idealism.

LITHOGRAPHY COMES INTO ITS OWN

Germany of to-day has taught the rest of the world some valuable lessons, but in art, more than in any other form of expression, save perhaps in the tone-poems of Richard Strauss, has she shown a deep, searching originality. It is to be hoped that those interested in the graphic arts may have noted the exhibition of original etchings and lithographs by contemporary German artists recently on view at Keppel's. Something over two hundred subjects specially selected by Professor Dr. Hans W. Singer, of Dresden, comprised a display which for novelty and variety would be hard to surpass. The etchings, which were by such masters as Hagenbart, Orlik, Liebermann, and Klinger, were, however, less absorbing than the lithographs, most of them in color, and each in its way thoroughly characteristic. The simplicity of Orlik's "Laborers Resting," the delicate gradations of Grethe's "Ships," the clear-cut luminosity of Kallmorgen's "Spitzbergen," or the subdued mediaevalism of Hans Thomas' "Guardian of the Valley," add new notes to modern art. In technique and in freedom from routine these Germans have gone far, very far ahead of their neighbors. To them belongs above all the honor of having made the justly despised lithograph one of the factors in modern æsthetic expression.

YOUNG AMERICAN TONALISTS AND COLORISTS

Few of the occasional exhibitions of the current season have been more frank or refreshing in appeal than the collection of paintings by contemporary American artists recently held in the galleries of the National Arts Club. The average sensation-seeker either stopped away altogether or swept through the galleries with mild disdain, but those who believe in the integrity of American landscape painting found much to give pause. The canvases numbered less than fifty in all, but there was throughout a high standard of achievement, and it was impossible not to feel that these painters were striving in honesty and without exaggeration to reflect the multiple beauty of meadow, mountain, and sea. With the exception of Emil Carlsen's "Blackfish and Clams," which seemed somewhat out of place, Elliott Dangerfield's "Favrile," and one or two studies of less importance, nearly all the contributions were pure landscape. Albert Groll, whose work gathers depth and beauty each season, sent three canvases, and Gifford Beal, Frank De Haven, Lewis Cohen, F. B. Williams, George H. Bogart, and Jules Turcas were each well represented. Mr. Turcas's "Autumn Woods" and "Moonlight" were among the delights of the display. As long as we have in our midst a body of artists so sincere and so reverent, the future of native landscape painting will never seem hazardous.

ENTER WILLIAM STRANG

Only a slender segment of the public and a few lovers of art have realized that there has been here among us almost unheralded one of the greatest of modern etchers, an artist whose work stands at times close to that of Rembrandt. A recent exhibition of Mr. Strang's etchings, dry points, and mezzotints at Keppel's revealed in his true capacity an artist known chiefly through his remarkable portrait of Kipling. Mr. Strang continues the tradition of his great predecessor and master, Alphonse Legros, with whom he studied at the Slade School. Real command of line and force in characterization mark the portraits of Thomas Hardy, Herr von Seidlitz and Austin Dobson, while for delicate penetration and simple charm the seated portrait of Ian Strong has few equals. In the "Sick Tinker," "Knackers," and "The End," as

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well as in "Anarchy" and "War," Mr. Strang touches a macaberesque note and shows himself the possessor of imagination as well as a superb technical equipment. The homely strain of the Lowland Scot gives all Mr. Strang's work an honest force and directness, and it is a pleasure to record that his success here has been ample both personally and professionally.

INNES IN THE MAKING

No more remarkable tribute to the genius of George Innes could well be cited than the enthusiasm shown by the public during the current sale of sketches and paintings at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. While the paintings were on view the rooms were crowded, and during the sale bidding was lively, the top price being $3,450, which was paid for "The Evening Glow." Nearly two hundred canvases changed hands, many of them being experimental studies and unfinished bits, dating over a considerable period. In most respects an Innes in process or a tentative Innes, is not, even to the specialist, an absorbing object, yet certain of these sketches apparently proved of positive interest to the casual layman, as well as to the buyer. Innes' work was transitional; the old could not be shaken off entirely, and the new was as yet too new. His sense of nature was in many instances greater, more subtle, than his powers of expression, and when by a happy combination great results were achieved, they came more as the outcome of a vivid subjective impression than a careful transcription of nature. And this is perhaps why his studies as a rule prove disappointing, and the finished painting immeasurably their superior. It matters little, however, how the result be attained, and even a great painter is not under obligations to furnish a curious public with masterly fragments—masterpieces will answer.

A PATRIOT-COLLECTOR

It would be well if all American collectors were as nationalist in taste as the late Frederick S. Gibbs. The Gibbs Collection, recently sold at auction, included some of the best examples of native landscape painting ever brought to the block. Thirteen canvases by Innes, ten by Homer Martin, twenty-one by J. Francis Murphy, and fourteen by Wynant is true patriotism.

Books

Book criticism in this country is now for the most part conducted on the following exalted lines:

The daily newpapers notice the books of the houses that advertise.

The literary magazines are owned by the book-publishing houses, which issue them for the purpose of "boosting" their own books.

Sometimes they trade "boosts," that is, review the book of another house in exchange for a review of one of their own books.

In these ingenious arrangements, where does the reader come in? He doesn't come in; he stays out.

The book trade is in the worst state of depression it has known for years, and such are the curiosities of the human mind that with these obvious facts before them some publishers wonder why.

Now and then somebody gets tired of being chained to the commercial chariot and lets drive. Short work is made of that rebel.

After a book-buyer has been "boosted" into buying three or four works that he does not want, he stops, disgusted. Even the supply of rural "come-ons" eventually failed to support the green-goods industry.

Absolutely impartial, untrammelled criticism is the publisher's best friend, but it seems impossible to make him think so.

A new edition has been published of that tiresome old reactionary romance and study in snobbery, "Ten Thousand a Year," and for the cheering of the dull season it is said that the editor has "cut out two-thirds of the original matter."

Good work. Now let somebody cut out what is left of it.

"Sergeant," says Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his "Reader's History of American Literature," "bring up that fellow Poe. Poe, you are no good. You sneered at our Holy City of Boston and jeered at the great Longfellow. Off with his head!"

By this summary court-martial proceeding the excellent Colonel disposes of all the base men of letters and singing rogues and vagabonds that like him not. His code is simple, compendious, effectual. Good literature is

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literature written within an area whose radius measures twenty-four miles from the State House in Boston. The rest is on the bias, or at best but so so. The spectacle of this good man on his knees before his imagined Himalayas of letters that the rest of the world has long agreed are but moderate eminences is interesting but not edifying. He has written (for those that like it) a good rhapsody on Boston literature. The rest is stuff.

Mr. Alfred Austin continues to worry about the injustice of the American copyright laws. Now this is a singular thing for him to worry about. Nobody in America would want any of Mr. Austin's books, laws or no laws.

The naval victories of the War of 1812 are not to be permitted to destroy the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain, if President Roosevelt's chapter on that interesting struggle, in Mr. William Laird Clowes's "History of the Royal Navy" can help it, as the following specimen sentences prove:

"In hundreds of single-ship fights, in which the forces engaged on each side were fairly equal, the monotonous record of Britain's triumphs had been broken by less than half a dozen defeats." (Page 29.)

"British captains, in single-ship contests, had not been accustomed to weigh too nicely the odds against them; and in the twenty years during which they had overcome the navies of every maritime power in Europe they had repeatedly conquered in single fight where the difference in force against them had been far heavier." (Page 37.)

"During the preceding twenty years the traditions of the British navy had taught that it was possible to win against odds. This had been proved scores of times in single fight at the expense of the French, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Danes, and the Turks." (Page 47.)

"The victories of Nelson and Jervis had been gained against odds greater than those encountered by the frigates which succumbed to the *Constitution* and the *United States*. Time and again, moreover, the British had won against odds as great, or greater, in single combat." (Page 61.)

These explain why it took the historian 180 quarto pages to tell his story, which after all seems hardly worth telling—in his way.

It is a conspicuous addition Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster is making to Macmillan's "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" in the form of "The Duke of Cameron Avenue." It is a story of a social settlement, its big-bodied, big-hearted, and big-minded warden, and of a little-hearted, little-minded, and little-bodied practical politician who runs the ward where the settlement-house is situated. Victory is born of defeat in the exciting election that follows, and the book will be as strange to the comfortable burgher and his fattening wife as if it dealt with the problems of North Borneo. There is a love story in the book, too, but that is not Mr. Webster's fault. The dear women who constitute our American reading public, *vice* their husbands busy making money to buy books with, will have a love-story in any book, whether it helps or hinders. And therefore literary crimes are committed in their name.

The Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, Senator from Indiana, opens the oyster of his literary world with a crow-bar. His book is called "The Russian Advance." It is a cross-performance. Here is one of its gems of thought: "When you reflect that . . . the United Kingdom has only 40,000,000 of people and that we sell it over $530,000,000 worth of goods every year . . . and then reflect that China has 400,000,000 and that we sell her not more than $25,000,000 worth of goods . . . a child can see the possibilities of trade expansion in Asia." It is to think thoughts for us like these that we keep United States Senators, but must they write books also?

One sentence that Mr. Beveridge, being a person of much solemnity, probably never heard of, will involuntarily be supplied by most of the readers of his work. "And each and every one of them has sore eyes."

THE underlying idea of "The Mills of Man" is, that compared with the mills of God, the human burrs move more rapidly, but grind out their grist far coarser and more inexactly. There is some applicable truth in the idea as concerns the output of the spout represented by Mr. Philip Payne. For one thing, he has ground out too much politics; for another, his personages come through not bolted fine enough. And yet, if he has not produced flour, he has produced a good quality of meal that makes up into wholesome, palatable cornbread. Toned down

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and motived—not forcing themselves so boldly and unflinchingly on us, and a little more explaining themselves to us through the parts they play, not by what is said of them—the men and women of this story would take strong hold.

"Henderson" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a skeleton of a book, a story of love waiting and rewarded reduced to its lowest terms; but it is a real book. Covering years in its scope, it is told in five episodes; a three-volume novel in shorthand. Miss Rose E. Young, who wrote "Sally of Missouri" a year ago, wrote this, and her heroine is so ideal a woman that one may wish to know the writer to whom this sort of woman is an ideal. There is a deal of talk about commercialism creeping into literature; but if the business-man's habit of reducing things to their lowest terms to save time and labor is to result in taking all the non-essentials out of a fine romance and leaving all the essentials in, after the manner of this, it can be welcomed by a generation wearied with meanderings and maunderings in literature. For, mind you, all the feeling, the sentiment, the reality, is retained—and in an hour a reader may know them all, in another reread the book, and at the end *have* something.

Heraldry is a lost art in America. Richard Harding Davis's "The Bar Sinister" is embellished with a shield on its cover showing a *bend* sinister, which heraldic primers say, italics and all, "is *not* the sign of illegitimate birth." But American ignorance does not excuse the Macmillans for the coat-of-arms on Eden Philpotts' "The American Prisoner." The author describes it on page 4 as "or, chev. gules inter three nettle-leaves vert," which means a red chevron between three green nettle-leaves on a golden background. Both the cover and the back of the book show *red* nettle-leaves about a golden chevron on a silver background — impossible heraldry, not so much for having red nettle-leaves, though these are bad enough, but for putting gold on silver, and so violating a fundamental law. Mr. Philpotts tells us of a man who had been "a trapper in the Rockies" before the War of 1812, and he makes this curious blunder: A man appears distant from human habitations and worn out with dragging a great bag of leather. Its sole contents are afterward shown to be two hundred pounds sterling in gold. Now that amount of gold bulks less than five and a quarter cubic inches and weighs a trifle more than three and a half pounds avoirdupois—not such a very wearying load, nor one so huge that it had to be dragged!

The Hon. John D. Long has written "The American Navy," in two volumes, to inform the world that his conduct as secretary was exemplary, and that the conduct of everyone else in the department was exemplary, with the exception of the horrid Schley, and of the presumptuous Dewey who expressed his sympathy with the horrid Schley. These officers committed the only errors made in the war with Spain, according to former Secretary Long, just as they won the only victories—curious coincidence! Perhaps the most delicious bit of unintentional irony in the book is Mr. Long's pellucid explanation of the reasons why his navy, as distinguished from all the navies that were not his, had no smokeless powder. It begins as follows: "During the war with Spain smokeless powder was introduced into the American navy." How clever of him to introduce it at just that time!

Germany is getting the truth about militarism at last, and the pill is not in the least sugar-coated because it is told as fiction. One Lieutenant Bilse wrote "Kleinen Garnison," Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand has translated it into English, and the Frederick A. Stokes Company publishes it as "A Little Garrison." With startling frankness it tells the truth about the German army. If the American army ever grows large enough to dominate civilian life, someone will write just such a book about the American army. And the curious thing about it all is that nowhere does there seem to be the least realization that, just as the poisonous thing about cigars, cigarettes, pipes, chewing tobacco, and snuff is tobacco, so the thing behind the diluted tale of theft, dishonor, drunkenness, lechery, abuse of power, bullying, duelling, and mediævalism generally in this book is militarism. In the original the translator says the story was much worse; he has toned it down to fit in with our Anglo-Saxon prejudices about decency. Mr. von Schierbrand seems to be of large guileless faith.

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UNION SQUARE NORTH

WE are trying a better grade of paper in this number. If it does what we hope for it we shall run it regularly. That, of course, will cut down this year's profits, but we are not working for this year. We would spend the entire profits in improving the magazine if we could find sensible ways to do it. Some publishers hold that it is folly to use good paper in a magazine. They say you don't know the difference. Some think that 112 pages is as much as you ought to expect for ten cents. We find ourselves crowded in 144 pages. Every month we must omit something that we feel sure you would appreciate. As for quality, we have held from the start that you know good paper and good press-work and our unexampled growth proves it. We expect to add another hundred thousand to our circulation during this year. We do not intend to force it either, except by force of merit.

Ideals are queer things. We know that we have made constant improvement in this magazine since our first number last June, and yet we are no nearer our ideals than we were then. Ideals, the pesky things, grow out of all reason. It is like climbing a mountain. A mile up adds miles to the horizon. The publisher who can announce twelve months in advance what he is going to give his readers has seen everything—or his readers will miss something. There is one place where we have an advantage over older magazines. Any old business is liable to get into "ruts." They have done things in the same way so long that they don't know how or don't dare to change. Meantime the taste of the reading public is undergoing constant changes. The literary Boniface who serves pork and beans every day or even terrapin is inviting the auctioneer. "Don't blow out the gas" signs are not necessary nowadays, for hotels have improved and people know more. Some magazines could well afford to send their editors abroad on a life pension.

If your attention has not been attracted by the new Index to Advertisements turn right back and examine it. You will find it on page two, following the Table of Contents. We want you to appreciate this because it costs us five or six thousand a year and it is meant for your convenience. Possibly you have not been in the habit of patronizing advertisers. You are missing something. Manufacturers advertise their very best bargains and their very newest products. They make it very convenient for you and you can patronize any one advertising in our pages with every feeling of security. Not only will you get what you order, but it will be as advertised. Our advertisers go on the theory that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement. This index will be a revelation to you. It is in fact a monthly "log book" of the world's progress.

If you have not read what Dr. Hillis has to say about consolidating the Churches it will pay you to read his article beginning on page 479. In the June number we shall give the opinions of clergymen and laymen of the plan proposed by Dr. Hillis. If you have views on the subject we shall be glad to hear from you. Letters should reach us by April 1st. We believe that a general discussion will prove both interesting and profitable.

FIVE GOOD THINGS AND MORE

An idea came to us: we have selected "five good things from EVERYBODY'S" and

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we are printing them in a booklet with an attractive cover in "EVERYBODY'S style." In this booklet also are many hundred reasons "Why" EVERYBODY'S has made such a decided success in so short a time. These reasons are interesting, too. They show a wonderful amount of thought and ability, and any reader of EVERYBODY'S will be interested in what is said by everybody from everywhere about EVERYBODY'S.

The "five good things" mentioned are:

Everybody's Babies,	Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
The Call of the Mountains,	Albert Bigelow Paine.
The Cæsar of Tobacco,	Alfred Henry Lewis.
The Lotus and the Cockleburrs,	O. Henry.
Successful Men Who Are Not Rich,	Francis Bellamy.

The pamphlet is a very attractive one and we shall print anywhere from a quarter to a half million copies.

Even though you have read these stories and articles, you will be interested in the pamphlet and we will, upon request, send you a copy post-paid. We make one simple condition—or request—and that is, in your letter send us the names and addresses of five of your friends who are interested in good literature, and to them also we will mail a copy post-paid. They will be pleased to receive it, for there is no one in Christendom who could not find in at least one of these articles or stories something interesting and profitable. May we have a hearty response from you? And do it now, while the thought is with you.

AU REVOIR BUT NOT GOOD BYE

You may recall that we started with about sixty thousand subscriptions which had been secured at cut rates when the magazine sneaked in through the back fence like a yellow dog. We have one good subscription month ahead of us, but we can tell now about where we are coming out. You remember that we were worried lest these 60,000 would not pay the $1 for a renewal in place of fifty cents as formerly. We have the melancholy consolation of knowing that we worried in the right place. We didn't hold ten per cent. of them. But don't you begin to worry in the wrong place. Listen! The 5,000 we got back brought us full price instead of fifty cents. And we secured enough spick-and-span new subscribers at $1 a year to make a difference in our favor of at least twenty thousand dollars. We now have a subscription list that means something. Sometimes it is a real comfort to get right down to rock bottom.

The things that find their way to the bargain counter are the things that the merchant can't dispose of any other way. That is what the bargain counter means. We don't care for the society of bargain-counter magazines. Furthermore, we are reasonably certain that the friends who dropped out because we put the price up will come back to us again. They will not forget our magazine. Lots of people get tired of a magazine, even a good magazine. It does folks good to get away from home once in a while. They like home all the better for it. We are printing 275,000 of this April number. The newsdealers are finding our magazine a wonderfully good seller. We suspect that some of our old subscribers find that they must have EVERYBODY'S and are buying on the newsstands. The increase that some dealers have made in the sale of our magazine the last few months almost passes belief. Here are a few of the hundreds:

		Average Monthly Sale when we bought Everybody's.	Average Monthly Sale Now.	Percentage of Gain.
Devin & Nice	San Bernardino, California	0	75	
J. V. Wilkie	Dayton, Ohio	0	65	
F R. Goodard	Ogden, Utah	0	50	
Fred Hale	Bowling Green, Ohio	0	90	
W. A Wright	Port Townsend, Washington	8	82	925
W. A. Woodward	Omaha, Nebraska	7	213	2945
D. Mitchell	Ithaca. New York.	1	60	5900
John New	Watertown, Connecticut	7	66	842
Capel Norman	Vancouver, British Columbia	8	72	800
Michael Addieg	New York City, New York	36	441	1225
A. R. Diege & Co.	Salt Lake City, Utah	30	95	216
J. H. Vosburg	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory	25	100	300
O. E. Hill	New Orleans, Louisiana	31	126	306
B. F. Gardner	Los Angeles, California	222	550	147
W. H. Johnson	San Francisco, California	54	169	213
B. R. Rich	Portland, Oregon	85	249	192
B. & N. Jett Co	St. Louis, Missouri	80	182	127
F. A. Easton	Worcester, Massachusetts	200	375	87
Foster & Orear	San Francisco, California	615	932	51

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